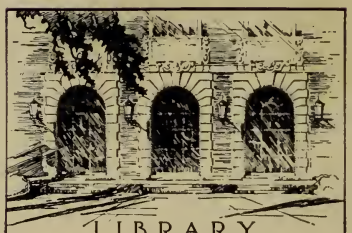
WITTY, WISE,
STARTLING, INSTRUCTIVE
AND
HUMOROUS
STORIES

McCLURE.

Mark Twain
$6 first part



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

817
F963

Return this book on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below. A charge is made on all overdue books.
University of Illinois Library

Dec 16, 46

M32

FUNNIEST BOOK

OF ALL.

SKETCHES

BY THE

POPULAR HUMORISTS OF THE DAY:

MARK TWAIN, *JOSH BILLINGS,*

DETROIT FREE PRESS MAN,

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE MAN, *OIL CITY DERRICK MAN,*

BROOKLYN EAGLE MAN,

AND OTHER BRILLIANT WITS.

CHICAGO:
Copyright 1880, by
RHODES & McCLURE, PUBLISHERS.

1882.

"HE NEVER TOLD HIS LOVE."

817
F963

THE FUNNIEST BOOK OF ALL.

JUST WHERE HE HAD 'EM.

Half an hour before the departure of a lake steamer from her wharf yesterday the Captain was approached by a stranger who had been inspecting the boat from the dock for the last ten minutes. Introducing himself as a would-be passenger, he asked:

"Captain, is this boat provided with life-preservers?"

"She is."

"Are they all right?"

"They are."

"Can your crew launch a life-boat?"

"They can."

"Is your life-raft all right?"

"It is."

"Is the fire-hose all ready for instant service?"

"It is."

"Will your engineer stand to his post in case of a disaster?"

"He will."

"Do you call yourself a cool and collected man in the presence of danger?"

"I do."

"Do you know exactly what you would do in case of a terrible gale or a fire?"

"I do."

"Can the mate be depended on to second all your efforts?"

"He can."

"And will your crew stand by and obey you?"

"They will."

"Are your green and red lights all right."

"They are."

"Machinery in perfect order?"

"It is."

"Going to overload the boat?'

1111031

"No, sir."

"Expect to do any racing?"

"No, sir."

"Is she fixed to blow off at forty-six pounds?"

"She is."

"Donkey-engine working all right?"

"It is."

The stranger heaved a deep sigh and was walking away when the Captain asked if his baggage was aboard.

"No, and I guess I'll go afoot," was the reply. "Every boat which has burned up or gone down for the last five years had everything in the nicest kind of order, and I'll either look for a craft making six feet of water an hour, or run the risk of going through a railroad-bridge. Good-bye, Captain; I shall look in the dailies all this week to see who of your passengers were saved."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TOM POTTER'S SHOOTING.

MAX ADELER.

They had been talking about the remarkable performances of Dr. Carver, the marksman, who shoots with a rifle, glass balls, which are sent into the air as fast as a man can throw them. Presently Abner Byng, who was sitting by, said:

"That's nothing."

"What is nothing."

"Why, that shooting. Did you ever know Tom Potter?"

"No."

"Well, Potter was the best hand with a rifle I ever saw; beat this man Carver all hollow. I'll tell you what I've seen Potter do. You know, may be, along there in the cherry season, Mrs. Potter would want to preserve some cherries; so Tom 'd pick 'em for her, and how do you think he'd stone 'em?"

"I don't know. How?"

"Why, he'd fill his gun with bird-shot, and get a boy to drop half a bushel of cherries at one time from the roof of the house. As they came down he'd fire, and take the stone clean out of every cherry in the lot! It's a positive fact. He might

occasionally miss one cherry, may be, but not often. But he did bigger shooting than that when he wanted to."

"What did he do?"

"Why, Jim Miller—did you know him? No? Well, Tom made a bet once with Jim that he could shoot the buttons off of his own coat tail, by aiming in the opposite direction, and Jim Miller took him up."

"Did he do it?"

"Do it! He fixed himself in position, and aimed at a tree in front of him. The ball hit the tree, carromed, hit the corner of a house, carromed, struck a lamp-post, carromed, and flew behind Tom, and nipped the button off as slick as a whistle. You bet he did it."

"That was fine shooting."

"Yes, but I've seen Tom Potter beat it. I've seen him stand under a flock of wild pigeons, billions of them coming like the wind, and kill 'em so fast that the front of the flock never passed a given line, but turned over and fell down, so that it looked like a kind of a brown and feathery Niagara. Tom did it by having twenty-three breech-loading rifles and a boy to load 'em. He always shot with that kind."

"You say you saw him do this sort of shooting?"

"Yes, sir; and better than that, too. Why, I'll tell you what I've seen Tom Potter do. I saw him once set up an India-rubber target at three hundred feet, and hit the bull's-eye twenty-seven times a minute with the same ball! He would hit the target, the ball would bounce back right into the rifle-barrel just as Tom had clapped in a fresh charge of powder, and so he kept her a-going backward and forward, backward and forward, until at last he happened to move his gun, and the bullet missed the muzzle of the barrel. It was the biggest thing I ever saw; the very biggest—except one."

"What was that?"

"Why, one day I was out with him when he was practicing, and it came on to rain. Tom didn't want to get wet, and we had no umbrella, and what do you think he did?"

"What?"

"Now what do you think that man did to keep dry?"

"I can't imagine."

"Well, sir, he got me to load his weapons for him, and I

pledge you my word, although it began to rain hard, he hit every drop that came down, so that the ground for about eight feet around us was as dry as punk. It was beautiful, sir; beautiful!"

And then the company rose up slowly and passed out, one by one, each man eyeing Abner, and looking solemn as he went by; and when they had gone, Abner looked queerly for a moment, and said to me:

"There's nothing I hate so much as a liar. Give me a man who is the friend of the solid truth, and I'll tie to him."

MARK TWAIN'S REMARKABLE GOLD MINES.

I have just seen your dispatch from San Francisco in Saturday's *Evening Post* about gold in solution in Calistoga Springs, and about the proprietor having extracted $1,600 in gold of the utmost fineness from ten barrels of water, during the past fortnight, by a process known only to himself.

This will surprise many of your readers, but it does not surprise me, for I once owned these springs myself. What does surprise me, however, is the falling off in richness of the water. In my time, the yield was a dollar a dipperful. I am not saying this to injure the property in case a sale is contempleted. I am saying it in the interest of history. It may be that this hotel proprietor's process may be an inferior one. Yes, that may be the fault. Mine was to take my uncle (I had an extra at that time, on account of his parents dying and leaving him on my hands) and fill him up and let him stand fifteen minutes, to give the water a chance to settle. Well, then I insert him in an exhausted receiver, which had the effect of sucking gold out through his pores. I have taken more than $11,000 out of that old man in a day and a half.

I should have held on to those springs but for the badness of the roads and the difficulty of getting the gold to market. I consider that the gold-yielding water is in many respects remarkable, and yet no more remarkable than the gold-bearing air of Catgut Canon, up there toward the head of the auriferous range. This air or this wind, for it is a kind of trade wind which blows steadily down through 600 miles of the

richest quartz croppings during an hour and a quarter every day, except Sundays, is heavily charged with exquisitely fine, impalpable gold.

Nothing precipitates and solidifies this gold so readily as contact with human flesh heated by passion. The time that William Abrahams was disappointed in love he used to step out doors when that wind was blowing, and come in again and begin to sigh, and I would extract over a dollar and a half out of every sigh. He sighed right along, and the time that John Harbison and Aleck Norton quarreled about Harbison's dog they stood there swearing at each other; and they knew how, and what they did not know about swearing they couldn't learn from you and me, not by a good deal, and at the end of every three or four minutes they had to stop and make a dividend. If they didn't their jaws would clog up so that they couldn't get big nine-syllabled ones out at all, and when the wind was done blowing they cleared up just a little over $1,600 apiece. I know these facts to be absolutely true, because I got them from a man whose mother I knew personally.

I did not suppose a person could buy the water-privilege at Calistoga now at any price, but several good locations along the course of the Catgut Canon gold-bearing trade-wind are for sale. They are going to be stocked for the New York market. They will sell, too; people will swarm for them as thick as Hancock veterans in the South.

MARK TWAIN.

JOSH BILLINGS' ADVICE TO A NEW CHOIR-SINGER.

DEAR MISS: This is an important epock into your life. The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little.

Put your hair in cirl papers every Friday nite soze to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair. If he is very rich buy some more and build it up high onto your head; then get a high-priced bunnit that runs up very high at the high part of it, and get he milliner to plant some high-grown artificials onto the high-

est part of it. This will help you sing high, as soprano is the highest part.

When the tune is giv out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on the 2d seet from the front on the left-hand side, has her bunnit with the same color exact she had last year, and then put you book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the soprano. Coff and hem a good eel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake the artificials off your bunnit, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side, and open your mouth the widest on that side, shet the eyes on the same side just a triphle, and then put in for dear life.

When the preacher gets under hed way with his preachin, write a note on the blank leaf into the fourth part of your note book. That's what the blank leaf was made for. Git sumbody to pass the note to sumbody else, and you watch them while they read it, and then giggle.

If anybody talks or laffs in the congregashun, and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a goot chants for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher darsent say anything to you bekaus you are in the quire, and he can't run the meetin' house at both ends without the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire, give him the mitten,—you ought to have somebody better now.

Don't forget to giggle.

"OUR FUTURE."—LIME-KILN CLUB PROCEEDINGS.

As soon as the meeting was fairly under way Brother Gardner announced that Judge Affidavy Martin, late of Alabama, but now traveling in the North as the agent of a patent fish-hook, was present and desired to address the Club on the subject named above. It was voted to hear the address, and after being received in due form and introduced, the Judge stood upon the platform and began: "We mus' not look in

de past fur our fuchur. No man kin tell what de nex hun'erd y'ars will bring fo'th by lookin' ober de fence of ole graveyards. What am our fuchur? Who kin tell what dis nashun will amount to if it keeps on in the way it hez begun? If any one had told you twenty years ago dat to-night I would stan' befo' you wid a paper collah on my neck, you would have set him down as an assassin. Yet de march of improvement has accomplished eben mo' dan dat. For de sum of fifty cents you kan have a brass watch chain fixed up so nigh like gold dat you kin work it on a hoss trade for $50. Ef anybody had told George Washington dat de day would come when shirts would button behind, what would dat great man have said? Dis kentry am a mighty clock. Ebery time de pend'lum swings a child am bo'n. Ebery time de minit-hand takes a jump somebody comes to the front wid a new sort o' stomach bitters or an improved rat-trap. Ebery hour ticked off am a mile o' railroad built, a bridge laid down, a hill leveled or a forest cleared. Such of us as kin remember back a hun'erd y'ars realize de change mo' dan de young folks. Sich of us as lib a hun'erd y'ars in de fuchur will not be surprised to see jugs wid free handles, coffee-pots dat shet up like a jack-knife, rat-traps dat illuminate de house, an' rockin-cha'rs dat sail aroun' on wheels." The speaker closed amid cheers and applause, and for the remainder of the evening was given the seat of honor under the Bear-Trap.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"*SAVING THE COUNTRY.*"

"They are saving the country at Noblesville to-day," the fat passenger remarked before we came away Monday morning.

"Yes," the sad passenger said, "it is disunion and anarchy, or Diffendorfer for Trustee."

"Elect Diffendorfer Trustee," said the cross passenger, "and the throes of dissolution seize on this wretched and enslaved country the next day."

"A vote for Diffendorfer," shouted the tall, thin passenger, "cements more closely, and binds more firmly, the union already laid in the best blood of our fathers."

"Elect Diffendorfer," the fat passenger said, "and the malice and hate of 500 centuries of despotism is crowned with success, and the fair republic that has repelled the assaults of all the world, dies by the parricidal hand of its own ungrateful, traitorous and blood-dyed children."

"Elect Diffendorfer," said the man with the green goggles, "and the reeling thrones of the effete monarchies of Europe crumble to the dust, and the barbarous despotisms in the far Orient fall to the earth amid the crushing of broken dynasties that have been upheld by centuries of lawless and pitiless power."

"Elect this man Diffendorfer," snorted the fat passenger, "and you will live to hear the death knell of liberty ring through the land. Make him Township Trustee and you will see the sacred rights of man, the honor of citizenship, the glories of the Republic, the sanctity of the fireside, the purity of the home, the holiness of the church, the sacred retirement of the cloister, are trampled ruthlessly under his cruel and polluting feet; elect Diffendorfer ——"

"Diffendorfer ain't a running," said the woman who talks bass, and as usual, when she croaks, she cuts off the debate as with the previous question, to the great disappointment of the man with the green goggles, who was just ready to launch out with a crusher as soon as the fat passenger was out of breath. And so we came away from Noblesville.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

LOOKING FOR THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

About 8 o'clock yesterday forenoon a man whose form was full of wrinkles, and kinks, and twists, crawled out of a coal-shed on the wharf and began yawning and rubbing his eyes like one who had put in a heavy night. A policeman lounged that way, gave the man a looking over, and asked:

"Sleep in there last night?"

"Yaas, kinder," was the reply.

"Looking for work?"

"N-n-o, not exactly."

"You'll be run in if you hang around in this way," remarked the officer.

The man put his hands on top of a snubbing post, laid his chin on his hands, and after a long look at Canada he turned and said:

"I dunno exactly what I'm going to do. I did live out here about eight miles, but I've separated from the old woman. Yes, separated last night."

"What's the trouble?"

"Waal, she was my second, and I was her second, and we never got along any too sweet. We both of us think we know it all, and neither feels like giving in. We came to see the circus."

"Ah! you did?"

"And that's where the separation took place—right in front of the sacred hyenas from Japan. You know they advertised an electric light there?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'd never seen one. When we got into the menagerie, there stood the elephant. Then came the camels. Then we came to a darned old bear. Further on were the lions and tigers and monkeys, but no electric light. We walked three times around that old tent without coming to his cage, and I got mad. Says I to one of the chaps over the rope: 'Whar in thunder is the cage with the electric light in? We want to see him or have our money back!' The feller he grinned all over, and lots of folks laffed right out, and my wife she flew up and said I'd made a fool of myself. 'How?' says I. 'Why, the electric light is not an animal at all,' says she, 'but it has something to do with the clown.' We had a big jaw right there. She caved my hat in, and I broke her parasol, and then I separated."

"And you won't make up?"

"Make up! Never! She can take the electric light and bake and eat him, but I'm a man who never crawls! I'm going down to Toledo, I am, and by this time to-morror, I'll be drunker'n a horse!"

"And you didn't see the electric light after all?"

"No! I don't believe they had any! Maybe they thought they could work that 'ere rhinoceros off on the public by an-

other name, but I tumbled in a minit. I'm an old rhinos myself, and my wife is another, and when I think of how I stood there and let her call me a fool afore all the people, I'm mad 'nuff to walk clear home and pizen her half of the yoke of oxen!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

TOOTH PULLING IN OIL CITY.

An Oil City man was standing in front of a dentist's office with an anxious, unhappy look in his eyes, and two yards of flannel round his lower jaw. He cast sorrowful glances upward to the dentist's sign, and in a hesitating sort of way placed his foot on the lower stair; then came out to the street again as if he had forgotten something. Sol. Solon came along at this moment, and, with a thoughtful interest in the man's welfare, said:

"Toothache, eh? Goin' to have it pulled? Ever have a tooth pulled? No? Well, you'd better go right up afore your courage fails you. Worst thing in the world is pullin' a tooth. I've been through the war, had both lungs shot away, fifteen bullets in my head, and doctors run a probe through a hole in my shoulder right down through my body to my toe—thought 'twould kill me. But, man alive, I never knew what pain was 'till I had a tooth pulled. Maybe you think the toothache is horrible. It is. It's awful! But wait till the dentist runs them air iron tongs in your mouth, pulls the tooth right down through your jaw-bone, and then yanks away as if he was pulling on an old engine, and yer'll think the toothache ain't no more to be compared to it than a flea-bite is to a railroad accident. Yer had better go right up though, and have it out. Don't let anything I said cause yer to back out. I merely wanted to prepare your mind to it. An' don't take ether. Knew a man oncet who took ether an' he died. It's dangerous. Just go right up, an' have it out. I'll go up with yer, and see how yer stand it when he begins twistin' the bones round. Yer won't sleep a wink to-night if yer don't have it out; and may be yer won't anyhow, for sometimes the tooth breaks the jaw, imflammatory rheuma-

tism strikes the what's its-name nerve, and the what-they-call-it sets in."

Just at this moment a young man practicing on a French horn in one of the upper rooms blew a long ear-piercing blast, like the yell of a man in torment, and as the last sound echoed through the hall, the Colonel said, "That's it, there's some one gettin' a tooth pulled now, and the dentist hasn't any more than just give the first twist either. Come right up an' have yours yanked. Whoop! there he goes again!" as another terrible blast from the horn came down the staircase. "Hold on, hold!" yelled the Colonel—but he wasn't quick enough to stop the man with the aching tooth, who rushed out of the doorway and down the street so fast that his two yards of flannel became unwound and streamed behind him like signals of danger,—while the villainous old Colonel sat down on the lower step and laughed till his eyes ached.—*Oil City Derrick.*

HIS LOST HANNER.

The police yesterday had a call from an old man who had come down from Isabella county with his wife to see the State Fair. He was in a heap of trouble over the fact that they had become separated, twenty-four hours previously, and all his hunting and inquiring had failed to get trace of her. He explained the separation as follows:

"You see, we was looking at the runnin' races. Sich things allus excite me, fur I've bin thar' myself. The hoss I bet on was losin' ground, and I tried to climb a stump to swing my hat and encourage him. That let the crowd in between me and Hanner, and fust I know I couldn't find her."

"How old is your wife?" asked the officer.

"About 22," replied the old man, as the red came to his face. "She's my third wife, you see, and maybe I was a leetle foolish."

"Did she have any young lovers?"

"Piles of 'em."

"Were any of them at the State Fair?"

"I believe I saw two or three."

"Old man," said the officer, after a long pause, "I want to ask you a question, and I hope you won't be offended."

"No, sir, I won't be miffed at anything you ask."

"Suppose, now, that your wife had—had——? That is to say, suppose——?"

"By gum!" exclaimed the old man, as he shut up his jack-knife, "I believe I ketch your meaning. If Hanner has played that trick on me, somebody'll git shot."

"That's only my theory," mused the officer. "Perhaps she loves you and wouldn't think of eloping."

"I dunno about that—I dunno. I gave her a hundred and twenty acres of mighty nice land before she'd have me. What shall I do? I feel as if I stood on a hot gridiron."

"Take one more look over the grounds, and I'll see you at the grand stand in an hour."

The old man hurried off at a canter, and when the hour was up the officer walked down to the stand. There he found a cross-eyed, lop-shouldered woman, sitting on the fence, with her No. 7 feet displayed to the gaze of thousands. Beside her was the old man. When he saw the officer, he got down and shook hands and whispered:

"That's her, and she never even thought of eloping."

The officer looked the young wife over from head to foot, and was turning away when the old man whispered:

"I kin see them feet, and them eyes, and that shoulder, just as plain as you kin, but I'm no fool! Her mother is the only woman in our county who weaves rag-carpets, and her dad has lent me $200 without an indorser! And, say—"

"Yes."

"The land I gin her has twelve tax-titles and a mortgage on it! See? Keluck—whoop! I'm no chicken."

And he climbed up beside her, put his arm around her waist, and yelled out that he would back the roan horse against the field.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MARK TWAIN ON THE ANT.

In his "Tramp Abroad," Mark says: "Now and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him—certainly nothing to change my

"Well, if a hero jumped in after me I'd lean my head on his shoulder like this, and let him put his right arm around my waist and support me until help arrived."

"Hero be hanged! A hero would look nice holding up 190 pounds, wouldn't he?"

"He'd look as nice as you would! I don't believe you could keep your head above water to save your life."

"I couldn't, eh! Then I won't learn you a single stroke about swimming!"

"Then you needn't!"

"And if any man ever jumps overboard and rescues you, I'll punch his head."

"And if you ever jump in after anybody, I know I'll have to pay their funeral expenses out of my share of this property!"

"Very well," said Mr. Hopkins as he put on his coat. "I see I am not wanted in my own house. If I am not home to-night it won't do you any good to telephone me at the office, for I shall have the wire grounded."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS.

Formerly the blackberry was regarded as merely a bramble in this country. It is still quite generally so regarded. When a man gets to thinking it is not a bramble, all he has to do is to go waltzing around in a healthy patch, with nothing on him but a cotton shirt and a pair of tow trousers, and he will come out restored to the faith of his fathers. The greatest enemy the blackberry has is boys. Five boys, from town, can eat more green blackberries in a day than would ripen in a week. For many years the great desideratum has been a hardy berry that could resist the premature onslaught of boys from the town. It is a great desideratum still. The Schneider, a variety that was invented by an Iowa horticulturist, is the nearest approach to it. It is bred from a perfectly green persimmon, crossed with a dog-wood tree, and still further propagated with a hybrid of wormwood-bush and crab-apple. It is not a perfect defense, but there are very few boys who care to eat more than a quart of them. Nobody else, however, can go past the field where the Schneider is growing, without being

attacked with Asiatic cholera, and this tends to weaken the partial success this hardy berry has achieved. Then there is a bug—I do not know the name of it—that crawls over the berries now and then. When you eat a berry that has been glorified by a visit from this bug, you lie down in the briers and pray Heaven to take you home in just about three seconds. And, if you live, you can wake up in the night, along in the middle of the next winter, and shudder as you taste of that berry.

When your blackberries grow too thickly, you will want to thin them out. To this end you must kill some of them. This can be done by digging a well where the plant stands, then turn the farm upside down and let it dry out thoroughly for a couple of years, then turn it over, upside down, and start a brick-yard on the back of it. This will kill off some of the plants. There may be some shorter and cheaper method of killing blackberry bushes than this, but I never heard of it, and it isn't likely that there is any.

If you want to devote about forty acres of ground to the cultivation of blackberries, plant about three healthy vines in some corner of the field, about the 1st of April. Then, about the 1st of May, the man who owns the farm on the other side of the road will bring civil action against you, and try to collect damages for destruction of his two fields of wheat by a raid of blackberry vines.

It is not known just at what season of the year blackberries ripen. The blackberry has never been known to ripen. If the hucksters and boys should all die in June, it is probable that the berries would ripen some time in July or August. But they have never had a chance to see what they could do at ripening.

The blackberry is so named because it is blue, in order to distinguish it from the blueberry, which is black.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE NEW "ANNIHILATOR."

Bright and early yesterday morning, Prof. James K. P. Burlingame made his appearance on several streets in Detroit almost at the same moment. You would have known him to

be a Professor, even if you had seen him tangled up with the wheels of a butcher-cart. That tall plug hat, carrying the stains of years—that linen duster girted at the waist—his long hair hanging down to keep his shoulders warm, was a dead give-away on his title.

The Professor came here to dispose of individual rights to use his "Fly Annihilator," and he didn't let thoughts of the next Presidential election set him down on a bench. His piccolo voice inquired of a woman at the front door of a house on Congress street east:

"Madam, have you ten seconds to spare this morning?"

"No, sir!" was her prompt reply.

"Very well; then you will miss seeing my Fly Annihilator," he remarked, as he walked off. "Thousands have missed it to their everlasting sorrow—thousands have accepted it and been made happy for life."

"It's some kind o' pizen!" she called after him down the street.

"Warranted free from all drugs or chemicals dangerous to the human system, and recommended to people troubled with sleeplessness," he called back as he briskly retraced his steps.

"I've got screens in every window, and yet the flies get in," she continued, as he opened his satchel on the steps.

"Of course they do—of course. A fly is like a human being. Bar him out and he is seized with a desire to get in at any price. Tell him he can't, and he will or break his neck. Fling away your screens and depend entirely on my fly-annihilator, warranted to kill on sight, and can be worked by a child four years old. This is the application."

He took from the satchel an eight-ounce bottle filled with a dark liquid and provided with a small brush, and, holding it up, continued:

"One 25-cent bottle does for twenty doors, and I give you directions how to make all you want. No poison here—nothing in this bottle to trot little children up to the cemetery"

"Why, you don't put it on the flies, do you?" she asked.

"Not altogether, madam. Any child can use it, as I said before. Just watch me a moment."

He swung the front door open, and with the brush applied

the mixture to the back edge, giving it a thin coat from top to bottom.

"Now, then," he said, as he swung the door back, "flies like sweet. This mixture is sweet. The fly alights on the door, and you swing it shut, and he is jammed against the casing and crushed in an instant. Every door is capable of killing 1,000 flies per day. If you have twelve doors your aggregate of dead flies will be exactly 12,100. When you have crushed about 2,000 on a door, take an old knife and scrape them off and begin over again."

"Do you suppose——!" began the indignant woman, but he interrupted her with:

"Don't suppose anything about it, except that it will mash flies and never miss. All you have to do is to open every door, apply the mixture, and then shut them in succession. If you have twelve doors and twelve children, you can leave it all to the children. And only 25 cents per bottle."

"Do you think I want all my doors daubed up with flies and molasses?" she shouted, as she made a cuff at the bottle.

"Just as you prefer, madam," he quietly replied. "Some do and some don't. Some won't have it at any price, and others even set up extra doors in the back-yard in order to use lots of it. I'll warrant this liquid to draw 'em, if you'll only open and shut the doors."

"I won't buy it—I won't have it!" she shouted, as she jammed the broom against the door.

"Very well, madam; very well. If you prefer a fly on your nose to one on the door I can raise no objections. Remember, however, that this is my farewell tour previous to appearing before the crowned heads of Europe, and you will not have another chance to secure the annihilator. All you have to do is to take your sewing on your lap and open and shut the door at regular intervals."

"If my husband was here he'd—he'd——"

"He'd buy the right for this county and make $20,000 in two months; but, as he is not here, we'll bid you good-day and pass on. Sorry, madam, but some folks prefer to kill their flies with a pitchfork, and the man with pitchforks will call here in fifteen minutes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BRO. GARDNER'S LIMEKILN CLUB.

"Las nite, soon arter de bells struck 'leben," began the old man as the meeting opened, "some pusson to me unknown hurled a ten-poun' rock agin my front doah. By de time I could get outer bed an' git my collar an' neck-tie on de said pusson had made his escape. I has libed in dis town risin' of nineteen y'ars, an' dis am de fust time[war eber disturbed. It shows dat sounthin' said heah agin some of de bad habits which some of our cullud folkses has fallen into has hit de mark an' gone home. I shall, howsumbeber, keep right on talkin' to de bes' ob my ability, and would furder add dat if I cotch any low-down man in de act of bangin' my house wid a rock, I shall, for de space of de succeedin' seben minnits, forgit dat I eber jined de church or rung de bell for de Thursday ebenin' prayer-meetin'. I menshun dis circumstance simply bekase dar was a report on de streets yesterday dat a murderer had broken inter my cabin an' killed de' ole woman an' crippled me for life. We will now purceed wid de straight-aiged order of business."

The Committee on Agriculture submitted the following well-written report:

WHAR'AS, Great big red-cored watermellyons from de Stait of Alabama hev made dar 'pearance in market; an',

WHAR'AS, De openin' of de mellyon sezun am an occashun fur gineral rejoicin' 'mong de cullud populashun; now, darforte,

Resolved, Dat dis Club does hereby rejoice an' soun' de loud cimball in honor of de event.

The report and resolution were accepted, and the janitor was instructed to see that the next meeting was supplied with at least ten large and well-developed specimens of the watermelon tribe.

A communication from the office of the Secretary of the State of Indiana, signed "per Smith," inquired if the Limekiln Club was in harmony with an Indianapolis organization known as "The Dusky Knights of Honor." The said Association had been getting trusted for crackers and herrings on the strength of being a branch lodge of the Detroit Club.

The Secretary was instructed to repudiate the organization,

tooth and nail, and to forward a postal card to every Limekilner in Indiana, warning him to beware of it.

Some time since the relations between pastor and congregation in a certain colored church in Michigan became so inharmonious that it became necessary to bounce one party or the other. At a church meeting the preacher was called a liar, and in return he upset a deacon with a blow on the jaw. It was decided to submit the case to Brother Gardner in the following form:

"'Sposen you was a preacher of de gospel, an' de leadin' elder of your church called you a liah?" Would you hit him or forgib him?"

"If dey wants my opinyun on dat case it can soon be gibben," said the old man as he rose up. "If I war a preacher of de gospel an' de leadin' elder, or any odder elder, called me a liah, an' he war in dead airnest, I'd light down on him like an elefant rollin' ober a lamb! Yes I would, an' den I'd ax him if he had any friends who wanted to see me wid my coat off an' my muscle worked up. I doan go a cent on de man who gets such a fill of religion dat folks can make a foot-ball of him."

George Washington Harmony, of Richmond, Va., farwarded a communication to the effect that he was the inventor of a patent whitewash brush which worked by means of a crank and hopper, and in case his expenses were paid to Detroit and back he would deliver three lectures on the patent, and present one to the Club. He further inquired if the membership tickets used by the Club would admit the bearer into a circus.

The Secretary was instructed to write for a cut of the invention, and to reply to the last inquiry that an arrangement had been proposed by Barnum, but the contract had not yet been signed. It may be stated here that the tattooed man is an honorary member of the Club, and that Mr. Barnum has promised to present it with a stuffed giraffe at the earliest possible day.

A favorable opportunity having presented itself, the Glee Club wrestled with the following, which Giveadam Jones composed several weeks since, and which he wanted sung as an experiment:

Experience has amply proved,
And the fiat of the Medical
Faculty authenticates the
Statement, that quinine is

The most reliable specific
For malarial fevers and a
Tonic and nervine of singular
Efficiency. In its usual

Form the bitterness of the fla-
Vor constitutes an objection
To it with—"

At this point the President's gavel came down with such a bang that the musician who was playing the fastest and singing the loudest was nearly upset. Inquiries were made as to the author of the poem, and Mr. Jones was walked to the front and asked to explain. A few words convinced him that his experiment was a failure, and he was warned that any further public efforts on his part to add to the harmony of the proceedings by song-writing would give him a seat on the back benches.

The Committee on Internal Improvements here announced their readiness to make a special report. Some days since Brother Samuel Shin, one of the charter members of the club, was charged with drunkenness, and the committee was instructed to investigate and bring their findings before the lodge. The report was as follows:

"De charge was dat on a certain day an' date Brudder Shin was noticed to fall down five times while gwine from a certain butcher-shop to his house, a distance of two blocks. Fo' white men an' a boy testified to dis fack befo' dis committee. Brudder Shin came befo' dis committee wid de statement dat when de wind am in de east and de air full o' 'lectricity he am subject to blindness, as was de case dat day. His statement am s'ported by his wife an' dorter, who hev eben known him to fall down on de doah-step at midnight. Dis committee, takin' all fings inter considerashun, hez arrove at de conclushun dat Brudder Shin hez cl'ared hisself of de charge of drunkenness, an' do so report."

There was deep silence for half a minute, and then Brother Gardner quietly observed:

"Brudder Shin, you hev bin investigated an' cl'ared of de charge, but in de fucher I want you to keep your eye on de wedder-vanes aroun' town, an' when you see de wind shiftin' do you make tracks fur hum. We will now dissolve.—*Detroit Free Press.*

POET AND NEWSPAPER-MAN.

Anybody could tell what he had. Every man in the sanctum knew in a minute. The timid knock at the door gave him clear away at the very start. No man or woman ever knocks at a sanctum door unless he comes on that fatal errand. Then he came inside and took off his hat and bowed all round the room, when every man on the staff roared out in terrible chorus, "Come in!" Then he asked for the editor, and when the underlings, with a fine mingling of truth and grammar, pointed to the youngest and the newest man in the office and yelled, "That's him!" he walked up to the young gentleman designated, and before he could unroll his manuscript we knew the subject of it, and a deep groan echoed around the room.

"Poetry, young man?" asked the editor.

"Yes, sir," said the poet; "a couple of triolets and a sonnet on the marriage of my sister with an old college friend."

"Old college friend male or female, young man?" asked the editor, severely.

"Male, sir," said the young man.

He said "sir" every time, and every time he said it all the young gentlemen of the staff, save the young gentleman who personated the Governor, snickered. He looked severe.

"Anything more, young man?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the infant Tennyson; "a kind of an idyl, an ode inscribed 'To My Lost Love.'"

"Love been lost very long?" asked the journalist, very critically.

"Well, it's immaterial, that is," stammered the young man; "it's indefinite—it's——"

"Ever advertised for it?" asked the reporter who was writing a puff for Slab's tombstones, but who was instantly frowned down.

"Anything more?" asked the principal interlocutor, "anything more, young man?"

"Yes, sir," was the hopeful response; "a threnody in memory of my departed brother."

"Brother dead, young man, or only gone to Sagetown?"

"Dead, sir."

"Your own brother?"

"No, sir. I never had a real brother; it's only imaginary."

"Can't take this, then, young man," was the chilling reply. "Poetry, to find acceptance with the *Hawkeye*, must be true. Have to reject this threnody, not because it is not very beautiful, but because it is not true. Now, how much do you want for those others?" And he fingered them over like a man buying mink-skins.

The poet really didn't know. He had never published before; he had barely dared to hope to have his verses published at all. A few copies of the paper containing them, he was sure——

"Oh, no," the editor broke in, "oh, no, no, sir; can't do that; we don't do business that way. If a poem or sketch is worth publishing, it is worth paying for. Would $15 pay you for these?"

The poet blushed to the floor with gratitude, and the young journalist grandly wrote out an order and handed it to the poet.

"Take that to the court-house," he said, "and the Auditor's clerk will give you the money."

The poet bowed and withdrew, and with great merriment the journalists burned his poems and resumed their work.

That wasn't the funny part of it, however. The next day the simple minded poet presented his order to the clerk designated. And it was so that the clerk owed the paper $18 for subscription and advertising, and he promptly cashed the order and turned it in when his bill was presented, and the manager just charged it to the salary account of the smart young journalist who signed the order, and the happiest man and the maddest man in America are living in Burlington. One of them is a happy, green, unsophisticated young machine poet, and the other is a wide-awake, up-to-snuff, know-the-world, get-up-and-dust young journalist, who is already a rival of Horace Greeley in some of the verbal departments of journalism.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MARK TWAIN ON BLUE JAYS.

Mr. Mark Twain's two volumes of European travel, entitled "The Tramp Abroad," contain his estimate of the blue jay. With his well-known proclivity for modesty the author presents this estimate in the words of a certain "Jim" Baker, a California miner: "There's more to a blue jay than any other creature. He has got more moods and more different kinds of feeling than any other creature; and mind you, whatever a blue jay feels he can put into language. And no mere commonplace language, either, but rattling, out-and-out book talk—and bristling with metaphor, too—just bristling! And as for command of language—why, you never see a blue jay get stuck for a word. No man ever did. They just boil out of him. And another thing, I've noticed a good deal, and there's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a blue jay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well, a cat does—but you let a cat get excited once; you let a cat get to pulling fur with another cat on a shed, nights, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lockjaw. Ignorant people think it's the noise which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so, it's the sickening grammar they use. Now, I've never heard a jay use bad grammar but very seldom; and when they do, they are as ashamed as a human; they shut right down and leave.

"You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, in a measure—because he's got feathers on him, and don't belong to no church, perhaps; but otherwise he is just as much a human as you be. And I'll tell you for why. A jay's gifts and instincts and feelings and interests cover the whole ground. A jay hasn't got any more principle than a Congressman. A jay will lie, a jay will steal, a jay will deceive, a jay will betray; and four times out of five a jay will go back on his solemnist promise. The sacredness of an obligation is a thing which you can't cram into no blue jay's head. Now, on top of all this, there's another thing; a jay can outswear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can; but you give a blue jay a subject that calls for his reserve powers, and where is your cat? Don't talk to me—I know too much about this thing. And there's yet another

thing; in the one little particular of scolding—just good, clean out-and-out scolding—a blue jay can overlay anything, human or divine. Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humor, a jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do—maybe better. If a jay ain't human, he'd better take in his sign, that's all."

LONG RANGE SHOOTING.

Nat. Willey did not like to give up beat when it came to yarns of shooting; for Nat., in his youth and early manhood, had been somewhat noted as a sportsman, both with the gun and the fishing rod. Born and reared in the shadows of the White Mountains; nearly related to the unfortunate family whose monument in the "Willy Notch" is the work of thousands of sympathizers—he had lived in the time when game was plenty, both in wood and water.

On a certain autumnal evening Nat. sat in the spacious barroom of the Conway House, where a goodly company were gathered around a great open fire of blazing logs, when the conversation turned upon rifle-shooting as compared with the shot-gun; and those who advocated the rifle based their claims for superiority partly on its longer range. And this led to stories of *long ranges;* and the distances to which one or two of those present had fired a rifle-ball, with killing effect, was wonderful. Nat. had listened, but had said nothing of his own prowess. One man, from Virginia, told several marvelous stories, one of which was to the effect that his father, who had been one of the pioneers into Kentucky, had once owned a rifle with which he had killed a deer at the distance of two miles!

"I know it seems almost incredible," he said, in conclusion; "but the ground was measured by a practiced surveyor, and that was the sworn result."

A brief silence followed this, which was broken by Charley Head, who said to Old Nat.:

"Look here, Uncle Nat., how about that rifle that General Sam. Knox gave to you? If I don't forget, that could shoot some."

"You mean the one that I had to fire salted balls from, eh?"

"Yes. Tell us about it."

"Pshaw! It don't matter. Let the old piece rest in its glory.'

And the old resident would have sat back out of the way, but the story-tellers had become suddenly interested.

"Let us hear about it," pleaded the gentleman whose father had been a compatriot with Daniel Boone. "Did I understand you that you salted your bullets?"

"Always," said Nat., seriously and emphatically.

"And wherefore, pray?"

"Because," answered the old mountaineer, with simple honesty in look and tone, "that rifle killed at such a distance that, otherwise, especially in warm weather, game would *spoil with age before I could reach it.*"—*S. C., Jr., in Ledger.*

BEATING A CONDUCTOR.

A passenger going West from Detroit by rail, the other day, had a pass to Chicago. When the conductor took it up he asked several question to satisfy himself that the pass had not been transferred, and the holder of the pasteboard didn't take it as good-naturedly as some men would. He didn't have much to say, but he was determined on revenge. As soon as the conductor left the car, the man changed seats, removed his linen duster, took off his hat, and looked like a different person altogether. After the train left the next station the conductor came along with an eye out for new passengers, and presently reached out for the holder of the pass.

"I haven't got any ticket," was the surly answer.

"Then you must pay your fare."

"I won't do it."

"See here," said the conductor, as he began to wake up, "you must either pay your fare or produce a ticket. If not, I'll drop you on the road."

"Drop and be hanged!"

The train was not stopped, but after a run of ten minutes it reached a station, and arrangements were made for bouncing the man. When all was completed he showed his pass.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a pass?" roared the conductor.

"Why didn't you ask me?" shouted the traveler.

"Well, I don't like such fooling."

"Nor I, either."

The train went on, and the man put on his duster, traded hats with a passenger, and again looked like some one else. He changed his seat to the front end of the car, and was seemingly sound asleep when the conductor again had occasion to pass through. He took two fares, and then held out his hand to the traveler. There was no response. He shook the sleeper gently, but the latter slept on. Then he shook him good and stout, and called "ticket" in his ear.

"How dare you shake me around in this manner?" shouted the man as he awoke and stood up.

"Ticket, please."

"But I don't please! How dare you come to me every time the train leaves a station?"

The conductor looked down the aisle, thought he saw the man with the pass in his old seat, and said to the other:

"Come, sir, don't bother me. I want your ticket."

"You can't have it!"

"Then I'll put you off!"

He reached for the bell-rope, but seeing a general grin all around the car he stopped and looked more closely at the man, and recognized him as the one with the pass. He went out without a word, and when he returned, half an hour later, he expected another trap. He looked carefully over the car, and was going slowly along in search of new faces, when a man with his coat off, and under the influence of liquor called out:

"Shay, Captain, I hain't got any ticket!"

"Ah, you can't beat me again—knew you as soon as I entered the car?" chuckled the official, and he walked on with a broad grin on his face.

It was not until he saw the shirt-sleeved man get off at the next station that he knew he had been mistaken again, and

had let him travel for nothing, while the man with the pass was in the smoking-car.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HAD HIS POCKET PICKED.

On the fair-grounds yesterday an honest-looking old chap walked up to a policeman, and, after passing a few remarks on the weather, let out with:

"See here—I've had my pocket picked."

"Is that so?" asked the officer. "How long ago was it?"

"Yesterday forenoon."

"And didn't you report it?"

"No; this is the first I've said about it."

"How much did you lose?"

"Wall," slowly replied the visitor, "I didn't lose much. I believe it was only about 30 cents, or along there. I first thought I wouldn't say anything, as folks might think I was green, but after a hard struggle of most two days I have concluded that justice must take her course, no matter how bad it makes me feel. If you can recover the money, I'll divide even up with you, and mebbe we can scare the feller into paying me 50 cents for my worry!"

The pickpocket still rejoices in his freedom.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SIGNS AND PORTENTS.

When the crescent of the young moon sets supinely, its horns in the air, it is a sign of dry weather, because in this position it holds all the water, thus preventing its fall to the earth. This is also a sign of wet weather, the explanation in this case being that a waterfull moon is emblematic of a water-soaked earth. Don't forget this sign of the new moon. It is rarely you will find one so impartially accommodating.

Whoever finds a four-leaf clover is generally a liar. It is so much easier to detach one leaf from a five-leaf stalk than to hunt for one with four that the temptation to mendacity is too much for average clay.

When a mouse gnaws a hole in a gown, some misfortune may be apprehended. The misfortune has already happened to the gown, and may be apprehended to happen to the mouse.

An old sign is that a child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than 12 months old. But what the average infant can see in a mirror to make it proud is difficult for any but its parents to understand.

A rosy sky in the west at evening indicates that the next day will be pleasant, barring accidents of rain, snow, and hail.

If you take down your shingle, preparatory to putting it up in a new location, it is a sign you are moving.

If a hen runs across the street directly in front of you, it is a sign that a hen will soon be on the other side. If she crosses over just behind you—pshaw! who ever knew a hen that wouldn't die in her tracks rather than cross one's pathway in his rear?

When you see a cat running around furiously, it is a sign that the crockery or glassware is in danger.

When you drop a knife and it sticks in the floor, it is a sign that some one is coming. If you are a small boy, that some one may be your mother, and her coming be to remonstrate with you with her slipper.

To dream of a wedding is a sign of inanition.

To dream of a funeral betokens too much pork and cabbage.

To dream of finding money betokens that it is easier to dream of finding money than to work for it.

To dream that it is Sunday morning is heaven.

To be suddenly awakened from your sweetest sleep to find that it is not Sunday is—that is to say, very disagreeable. It is a sign that you will be unhappy.

A great many more equally infallible signs might be given, but the reader has probably had enough for one day. The man who believes in signs is credulous enough to believe that our knowledge in that line, as well as in every other line, is inexhaustible.—*Boston Transcript.*

BRUDDER GARDNER'S PATRIOTISM.

"To die for one's kentry am glorus," began the old man as he arose in his majesty, "but to live to plant beans and set

out onions and raise taters am bettah still. I want to say now and heah, befo' de polityeal campaign is busted, dat any member ob dis club who neglects his garden patch to hurrah for any candidate, or help along any boom, will be walked up heah powerful sudden! Polyticks nebber yit put a dollar in any honest man's pocket, nor added an honest loaf of bread to any laborin' man's cupboard. De offis-hunter who will shake hands wid you an' buy vile whisky fur your stomach, will, to-morrow, coldly pass you by an' see you want for bread. Let 'em alone. Let dem do de hurrahin', de boomin', de marchin', an' de drinkin', an' you'll hab a bettah-lookin' coat on yer back, an' more respect fur yerself under your wests. Dat's all just now, but I shell keep de subjec' in pickle fur a furder occashun."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE STATE FAIR TRICK.

Soon after breakfast, yesterday morning, a negro who was crossing the Campus Martius was halted by a run-down white man with a bad kink in his left eye, and asked if he intended to visit the State Fair during the week.

"Yes, sah—Ize gwine up dar at least fo' times," was the reply.

"Boy, are you up to snuff?" whispered the stranger.

"Well, sah, I knows a trick or two."

"Good—I thought you did. Now, then, I want 10 cents to get a drink, and I'll tell you how you can make your way through any of the gates without the least trouble."

"Wouldn't I be cotched?"

"Not a bit of it. I'll warrant you to go through without a word, and I only want 10 cents for telling you how. I wouldn't give it away to anybody but a sharp, keen man like you."

"Well, I'll take dat in," said the negro as he handed over a dime. "Now, den, how kin I pass de gates?"

The white man put his mouth close to the other's ear and replied:

"Pay 'em 50 cents!"

It would have been a pretty even fight, but an officer came along and squelched it in the blossom.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE DIGNITY OF OFFICE.

A Detroiter, who was rusticating in one of the wilderness counties of Michigan, was one day out hunting when he came upon a hamlet consisting of a saw-mill, two houses and a log barn. The sign of "Post Office" greeted his vision over a door in one of the houses, and he investigated. The office was an eight by ten room, and the boxes for mail matter numbered just four. A written sign on the wall announced that the mail arrived and departed once a week, and the Postmaster sat behind a pine table reading the *Postal Guide* and chewing a sassafras root.

"Any letter for John ——?" asked the Detroiter, as he looked around.

The P. M. didn't shake his head and crush the inquirer's hopes all at once, as some officials do, but slowly arose, looked carefully into each one of the six empty boxes, peered into an old cigar-box on the window-sill, and then answered:

"I don't see anything just now, but it is only four days till the next mail."

"Is this a money-order office?" continued the stranger.

"Well, no, not exactly, though we handle considerable money here."

"Can I get a dollar's worth of threes?" asked the Detroiter, after a pause.

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the official, looking into his wallet. "I guess I can spare five or six now and the rest next week."

There was another pause as the Postmaster vainly tried to make change for a quarter, and the Detroiter finally remarked:

"This isn't rated as a first-class post-office, is it?"

"Well, no, not exactly," was the confidential reply. "Fact is, we don't do a very rushing business here, and sometimes I think it would pay me better to go back to the farm."

"I don't suppose you make $20 a year here, do you?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but I don't look at that altogether. The position that it gives us in society here must be taken into consideration, you know!"

The population of the hamlet, including a tame bear and a dog, was only thirteen souls.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AGRICULTURAL COMMENT ON THE CARS.

"The wheat never looked better," remarked the sad passenger, gazing out of the window.

"Where is there any wheat?" asked the fat passenger.

"I don't know," was the calm reply; "I don't really know that there is any wheat in Wyandotte County, but everybody always talks about the wheat looking finely at this time of the year, and I know that it must be the proper thing to say."

"That is wheat in the field on our right," said the man on the wood-box.

"That green stuff?" echoed all the other passengers, rushing to the window.

"Yes," he replied, "that bright, dark-green stuff."

"Why," they chorused again, in disappointed tones, "it looks like grass."

"I thought wheat was yellow," said the passenger with the sandy goatee; "don't they always talk about the yellow fields and the golden grain?"

"That's when it is ripe," exclaimed the man on the wood-box.

"Wheat yellow when it's ripe?" incredulously cried the sad passenger. "I guess you're thinking of corn-meal. How could they make white bread out of yellow wheat?"

"There are two kinds of wheat, aren't there?" asked the tall, thin passenger.

"Yes," said the man on the wood-box, "spring and winter."

"How do they differ?"

"Well," the man on the wood-box said, "spring wheat is planted in the spring, and winter wheat is planted in the winter."

"I have heard farmers talk of fall wheat," the fat passenger said.

"Yes," the man on the wood-box assented; and then, in answer to their looks of inquiry, he added, "it is planted in the fall."

"I thought," the passenger with the sandy goatee remarked, "that spring wheat was planted in the fall and harvested in the spring?"

The man on the wood-box said: "Yes, he believed, come to think of it, that was the way of it."

"And winter wheat, then," the sad passenger suggested, "is planted in the spring and harvested in the winter?"

The man on the wood-box shifted uneasily in his seat and looked nervously up and down the car.

"Well, yes," he said, "he guessed it was that way."

"Then fall wheat?" asked the fat passenger, earnestly.

And the man on the wood-box bit off the end of a match, took off his hat and looked into it, and finally said he believed it wasn't planted until next fall.

"Then you get three crops of wheat," said the sad passenger, "off the same field in one year?"

The man on the wood-box said "yes," but so faintly that he had to repeat it twice before they could hear him.

"Which is the best wheat?" asked the tall, thin passenger.

The man on the wood-box was heard by a strange passenger to whisper to the stovepipe that "he wished he was dead," but he rallied a little and said:

"For bread?"

"Yes, for bread."

The man on the wood-box opened his mouth to reply, when he caught the eye of the woman who talks bass fixed upon him with a strange, intense expression. He got off his perch, walked down the aisle to the disused and abandoned water-tank, looked around for the long-lost tin cup, drew some hypothetical water into it out of the empty tank, took a long drink of nothing out of it, and as he came back to his seat, the subdued croak of the woman who talks bass and the composed countenances of the other passengers convinced him they had been laughing about something. But he didn't seem to care what it was about, for he didn't ask, and presently he drew his hat down over his eyes and dissembled sleep.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE INDIAN AND THE TELEPHONE.

An amusing application of the wonders of the telephone as an assistant detective of crime comes to us from Julian. Several horses were recently stolen in that neighborhood, and

suspicion fell upon a certain Indian as the thief. Some one having introduced a telephone up there, the same was being exhibited, when it occurred to the owner of the stolen horses to get the Indian to come in and hear the "Great Spirit" talk. The Indian took one of the cups and was thrilled with astonishment at being apparently so near the Great Keeper of the Happy Hunting Grounds. After some little time spent in wonderment, the Indian was solemnly commanded by the Great Spirit to "give up those stolen horses!" Dropping the cup as if he had been shot, the Indian immediately confessed to having stolen the horses, and tremblingly promised, if his life was spared, he would restore the "caballos" at once, and he did so.—*San Diego (Cal.) Union.*

A TELEPHONE STORY.

"You've got a telephone here, haven't you?" asked a citizen as he yesterday entered an office on Griswold street in a seeming great hurry.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I never believed in 'em to any great extent, but I want to order some coal from a yard up the river."

The owner of the office proceeded to "call," and when he got the coal dealers he said:

"Mr. Blank is here, and he wants to know if you have any soft coal?"

"Yes—500 tons," was the answer.

"Well, he wants you to send him up a ton."

"We'll see him blowed first! He has owed us a bill for over two years!"

"Yum!" muttered the man as he stepped back.

"Did they say they'd send it?" asked the other.

"N–o, not exactly."

"What did they say?"

"I—I didn't catch it very well. Let me repeat." Picking up the trumpet again, he stood with it to his ear and asked:

"Did you say you'd send it?"

"Not by a blamed sight," came the response.

"Well?" asked the man as a painful pause ensued.

"Well," replied the operator, "this line isn't working very well this morning, and you'd better go to the office four doors below. The dealers seem to hear me well enough, but I don't get hold of their anwser plainly. The other instrument is probably working all right."

"But I shan't bother any one else," growled the man. "As I said before, I never did believe in 'em to any great extent, and now I've lost what little faith I had. Much obliged, —good day."

If his ear had been at the trumpet his faith would have been as big as a mountain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

GOING TO "STICK."

Three or four days ago a gentleman passing up Griswold street was halted by a very courteous, but very hard-up tramp, who said:

"Will you give me money enough to enable me to purchase a dish of fried oysters?"

"Fried oysters! Great lands! But you are mighty particular for a penniless man!" exclaimed the pedestrian.

"So I am—so I am. I was brought up that way, sir. I'm out of money, hungry as a wolf, and want fried oysters and their appropriate surroundings."

He didn't get them. Next day he was encountered on the post-office steps, looking more hungry than the day before, and the gentleman inquired:

"Have you concluded to come down to beef and potatoes yet?"

"No, sir,—I still stick for fried oysters," was the reply.

At dark that night the high-toned tramp encountered the same man in a grocery on Woodward avenue, and without waiting to be questioned he began:

"I still call for fried oysters."

"And you haven't got 'em?"

"No, sir."

"And you are about as near starved as you want to be?"

"Nearer, sir. In fact, I am about to die! I was born a gentleman, I'm naturally high-toned, and I want to die decently. We will skip over the subject of fried oysters, and I will ask you to lend me a pair of red woollen mittens and a cigar-holder, to aid my corpse in making a decent appearance before the Coroner and reporters!"

The crowd contributed 30 cents to buy him the fried oysters.

SPOOPENDYKE'S INCONVENIENCE.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, feeling up the chimney, "have you seen my gold collar button?"

"I saw it the day I bought it," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerily, "and I thought it very pretty. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I've lost the measly thing," responded Mr. Spoopendyke, running the broom handle up into the cornice, and shaking it as if it were a carpet.

"You don't suppose it is up there, do you?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Where did you leave it?"

"Left it in my shirt. Where do you suppose I left it?—in the hash?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tossed over things in his wife's writing desk, and looked out of the window after it.

"Where did you leave your shirt?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where did I leave my shirt? Where do you suppose I left it? Where does a man generally leave his shirt, Mrs. Spoopendyke? Think I left it in the ferry boat? Got an idea I left it at the prayer meeting, haven't you? Well, I didn't. I left it off, Mrs. Spoopendyke, that's where I left it. I left it off. Hear me?" And Mr. Spoopendyke pulled the winter clothing out of the cedar chest that hadn't been unlocked for a month.

"Where is the shirt now?" persisted Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where do you suppose it is? Where do you imagine it is? I'll tell you where it is, Mrs. Spoopendyke, it's gone to Bridgeport as a witness in a land suit. Idea! Ask a man

where his shirt is! You know I haven't been out of the room since I took it off;" and Mr. Spoopendyke sailed down stairs and raked the fire out of the kitchen range, but did not find the button.

"Maybe you lost it on the way home," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, as her husband came up, hot and angry, and began to pull a stuffed canary to pieces to see if the button had got inside.

"Oh, yes, very likely! I stood up against a tree and lost it. Then I hid it behind a fence so I wouldn't see it. That's the way it was. If I only had your head, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I'd turn it loose as a razor strop. I don't know anything sharper than you are;" and Mr. Spoopendyke clutched a handful of dust off the top of the wardrobe.

"It must have fallen out," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh! it must, eh? It must have fallen out? Well, I declare, I never thought of that. My impression was that it took a buggy and drove out, or a balloon and hoisted out;" and Mr. Spoopendyke crawled behind the bureau and commenced tearing up the carpet.

"And if it fell out it must be somewhere near where he left his shirt. Now, he always throws his shirt on the lounge, and the button is under that."

A moment's search soon established the infallibility of Mrs. Spoopendyke's logic.

"Oh, yes! Found it, didn't you?" panted Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bumped his head against the bureau and finally climbed to a perpendicular. "Perhaps you'll fix my shirts so it won't fall out any more, and maybe you'll have sense enough to mend that lounge, now that it has caused so much trouble. If you only tended to the house as I do to my business, there'd never be any difficulty about losing a collar button."

"It wasn't my fault—" began Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Wasn't, eh? Have you found that coal bill you've been looking for since last March?"

"Yes."

"Have, eh? Now where did you put it? Where did you find it?"

"In your overcoat pocket."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"*TO RENT.*"

Yesterday morning a card of "To Rent" was nailed to a house on Brush street. It was a large card, and the printing was plain. A bold line at the bottom said that people should inquire next door, and pretty soon the calls commenced. The first man who came began:

"Is the house next door to rent?"

"Yes."

"Then it is not for sale?"

"No, sir."

"Isn't, eh? I thought it was for sale," he said as he went away.

The next man stood looking at the card for a full five minutes, and then called next door and said:

"I s'pose that house is empty, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then it is to rent?"

"Yes."

"How long has it been to rent?"

"Only one day."

"How long will it be to rent?"

"Can't tell."

"Well, if I can't find out anything about it here, I'll go to the owner. I s'pose he's in Europe, isn't he?"

"No; he's in New York."

"Ah! that's always the way. Well, if I conclude to take the house, I'll call around again."

The third caller was a lady. She looked in to the empty house and then called next door and said:

"I see that you have a house to rent."

"Yes."

"Will it be painted this spring?"

"Yes."

"Was the last family very respectable?"

"Yes."

"Has it ever been a boarding house?"

"No."

"It has a cellar and hot and cold water?"

"Yes."

"And folding doors and grates?"

"Yes."

"Well, we have had some thoughts of moving this spring. I don't much think we shall, but if we do, and this house is to rent when we get ready, I'll look through it."

The fourth caller was also a lady. She looked in all the windows, entered the back yard and called next door and asked:

"Can you tell me if this darling little house is to rent?"

"It is."

"It is the sweetest little house in all Detroit, and I know that a family would be happy in it. It reminds me of a romantic little house in the outskirts of Paris. How much is the rent?"

"Eighteen dollars per month."

"Eighteen dollars! That's highway robbery! Why, it's a squatty little pig-pen, no sun, no air, and as gloomy as a prison! You must be crazy! Do you think war times have come again? That's all I want to know. I didn't care about changing, anyhow, but being out for a walk, and seeing the card up, I thought I might as well inquire."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN HUMBLE PRINTER.

A Dutchman, sitting in the door of his tavern, in the far west, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward, on foot, with a bundle hung on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell, Mister Valkin Stick, vat you vant?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Rest and refreshment," replied the printer.

"Supper and lochin' I reckon?"

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee peddler, mid chewelry in your pack to cheat der gals?"

"No, sir, I'm no Yankee peddler."

"A singin' master, too lazy to work?

"No, sir."

"A shenteel shoemaker, vat loves to measure der gal's feet and hankles better tan to make der shoes."

"No, sir, or I should have mended my own shoes."

"A book achent vot bodders der school committees till they do vot you wish, choost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again, sir; I am no book agent."

"Ter tyefuls! A dentist preaking der people's jaw at a dollar a schnag, and runnin' off mit a daughter?"

"No, sir; I'm no tooth-puller."

"Phenologus, den; feeling der young folk's heads like so many cabbitch?"

"No; I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, den, vat ter tyefuls can you be? Choost tell, you shall have the best sassage for supper, and sday all night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of whisky to start out mit in de morn'."

"I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Votsch dot?"

"A printer, sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot printsch noosepapers! Oh, yaw, yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vat printsch noosepapers! yaw! yaw! Valk up! A man vot printsch noosepapers! I vish I may be shot if I did not tink you vas a poor tyeful of a dishtrick schoolmaster, who works for nodding, and boards round. I tought you vas him."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

HOW LINCOLN AND JUDGE B—— SWAPPED HORSES.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and a certain Judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of $25.

At the hour appointed the Judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a

wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, and exclaimed: "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

SPOOPENDYKE'S NEW BATHING SUIT.

"My dear," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper, "I think I would be greatly benefited this summer by sea baths. Bathing in the surf is an excellent tonic, and if you will make me up a suit and one for yourself, if you like, we'll go down often and take a dip in the waves."

"The very thing," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke; "you certainly need something to tone you up, and there's nothing like salt water. I think I'll make mine of blue flannel, and, let me see, yours ought to be red, my dear."

"I don't think you caught the exact drift of my remark," responded Mr. Spoopendyke. "I didn't say I was going into the opera business, or that I was going to hire out to my country village as a conflagration. My plan was to go in swimming, Mrs. Spoopendyke, to go in swimming, and not to grow up with the country as a cremation furnace. You can make yours of blue if you will, but you don't make mine of red, that's all."

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flannel—"

"Most undubitably, Mrs. Spoopendyke, but if you think I am going to masquerade around Manhattan beach in the capacity of a ham, you haven't yet seized my idea. I don't apprehend that I shall benefit by the waters any more by going around looking like a Santa Cruz rum barrel. What I want is a bathing suit, and if you can't get one up without making me look like a Fulton street car, I'll go and buy something to suit me."

"Would you want it all in one piece, or do you want pants and blouse?"

"I want it easy to get in and out of. I'm not particular

about following the fashion. Make up something neat, plain and substantial, but don't stick any fancy colors into it. I want it modest and serviceable."

Mrs. Spoopendyke made up the suit under the guidance of a lady friend, whose aunt had told her how it should be constructed. It was in one piece, and when completed was rather a startling garment.

"I'll try it on to-night," said Mr. Spoopendyke eyeing it askance when it was handed him.

Before retiring, Mr. Spoopendyke examined the suit, and then began to get into it.

"Why didn't you make some legs to it? What d'ye want to make it all arms for?" he inquired, struggling around to see why it didn't come up behind.

"You've got it on sideways," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You've got one leg into the sleeve."

"I've got it on sideways? There ain't any top to it. Don't you know enough to put the arms up where they belong? What d'ye think I am, anyhow? A star-fish? Where does this leg go?"

"Right in there. That's the place for that leg."

"Then where's the leg that goes in this hole?"

"Why, the other leg."

"The measly thing is all legs. Who'd you make this thing for—me? What d'ye take me for—a centipede? Who is going to get in here with me? I want somebody else. I ain't twins I can't fill this business up. What d'ye call it, any way, a family machine?"

"Those other places ain't legs. They're sleeves."

"What are they doing down there? Why ain't they up there where they belong? What are they there for—snow shoes? S'pose I'm going to stand on my head to get my arms in those holes?"

"I don't think you've got it on right," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It looks twisted."

"That's the way you told me. You said, 'Put this leg here and that one there,' and there they are. Now where does the rest of me go?"

"I made it according to the pattern," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'Then it's all right and it's me that's twisted," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'll have my arms and legs altered. All I want is to have my legs jammed in the small of my back and get my arms stuck in my hips; then it'll fit. What did you take for a pattern, a crab? Where'd you find the lobster you made this from? S'pose I'm going into the water on all fours? I told you I wanted a bathing suit, didn't I? Did I say anything about a chair cover?"

"I think if you take it off and try it on over again it'll work," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, of course. I've only got to humor the blasted thing. That's all it wants," and Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched it off with a growl.

"Now pull it on," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Suit you now?" he howled. "That the way you meant it to go? What's these things flopping here?"

"Those are the legs, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, dejectedly.

"What are they doing here? I see; oh, I see, this is supposed to represent me making a dive. When I get this on I'm going head first. Where's the balance? Where's the rest? Give me the suit that represents me head up," and Mr. Spoopendyke danced around the room in fury.

"Just turn it over, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and you are all right."

"How'm I going to turn it over?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "S'pose I'm going to carry around a steam boiler to turn me over when I want the other end of this thing up? S'pose I'm going to hire a man to go around with a griddle spoon and turn me over like a flap-jack, just to please this dod blasted bathing suit? D'ye think I work on pivots?"

"Just take it off and put it on the other way," urged Mrs. Spoopendyke, who began to see her way clear.

Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the thing up to the ceiling, and plunged into it once more. This time it came out all right, and as he buttoned it up and surveyed himself in the glass the clouds passed away and he smiled.

"I like it," he remarked; "the color suits me, and I think you have done very well, my dear; only," and he frowned slightly, "I wish you would mark the arms and legs so I can

distinguish one from the other, or some day I will present the startling spectacle of a respectable elderly gentleman hopping around the beach upside down. That's all."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

GLASS BEADS.

Stretch a man out on a bed ov sikness, and hiz pride, infidelity, and government coupons look like a kruel mockery to him.

Thare are people who kan liv, and keep fatt on hate. I would rather be a snaik.

I hear ov streams all over the kuntry whare 2 pound trout are plenty, but I hav allwuss managed to get to them about 10 days to late.

Sassy children git their edukashun at home, and when the dog meets yu with a wagging tale at the threshold, yu may be sure ov a kindly greeting at the fireside.

The people that I admire the least are thoze who admire themselfs the most—thare is no accounting for tastes.

Thare is now and then a man who kan make a cirkumstanse, but as a general thing, cirkumstanses make men.

The lov of applauze haz a valuable germ in it, but too the yung it iz full ov treachery.

I luv men and their ways, but the happiest hours I hav ever spent, hav been alone in the wilderness.

Genius is a diffikult thing to hide. I hav even seen it revealed in blowing the noze, or handling a tooth pik.

I thank God for one thing, that helth and poverty are so often found together.

Yung man, all that yu kno, yu hav had to learn, therefore don't never laff at the ignorense ov others.

It iz a pleasant thing to kno that cunning men, sooner or later, git kaught in the traps they set for others.

The man who iz satisfied with the simple necesitys ov life, may think he iz happy, but he don't amount to mutch enny how.

Dangers suspekted are allwuss overrated; a hole in the ground iz often more dreaded than ennything that kan possibly cum out ov it.

It iz sed that adversity iz the best for us, but if I kan hav prosperity, I will try to git along without enny adversity.

Man iz the only animal I kan think ov who kant swim without learning how: in fakt, man haz to learn all he knows, even how to eat.

HOW HE'D DO IT.

Several men were gathered at the door of a blacksmith-shop on Cass avenue, the other morning, when a school-boy, not over nine years of age, came along with tears in his eyes, and one of the group asked:

"What's the matter, boy,—fall down?"

"N-no, but I've got a hard 'rithmetic lesson, and I expect to get l-licked!" was the answer.

"Let me see; I used to be a king-bee on fractions."

The man took the book, turned to the page, and read:

"RULE 1—Find the least common multiple of the denominators of the fractions for the least common denominator. Divide this least common denominator by each denominator, and multiply both terms of the fractions by the quotient obtained by each denominator."

He read the rule aloud, and asked if any one could understand it. All shook their heads, and he then continued:

"Well, now, I think I should go to work and discover the least uncommon agitator. I would then evolve a parallel according to the intrinsic deviator, and punctuate the thermometer."

"So would I!" answered every man in chorus, and one of them added: "I've worked 'em out that way a thousand times!"

Not one of the men, all of whom were in business, and had made money, could even understand the working of the rule, much less work examples by it, and yet it was expected that a nine-year-old boy should go to the blackboard and do every sum off-hand. *Detroit Free Press.*

A BIG NIGHT IN LIME-KILN CLUB.

"A nite or two ago," began Brother Gardner, as the meeting opened in due form, "a sartin member of dis Club cum softly inter my house an' axed me if I had any objeckshuns to his enterin' into a walkin' match. Yesterday anodder member hinted aroun' about organizin' a cullud base ball club to sweep de kentry. To-day a third member serusly proposed de ideah ob fastin' fur fo'ty days, on de Tanner principle. Fur two long hours dis afternoon I sot on de back stoop an' pondered ober dese fings, an' bime-by I got what I believe am de k'rect ideah. At sartin sezuns of de y'ar de atmosphere am 'pregnated wid some sort o' vapor dat creates a desiah on de part of about six men out of ten, to make fools of demselves. Dis vapor am now prevailin' aroun' dis nayburhood at hullsale rate, an' if it affects de white folks, why shouldn't it have mo' or less influence on de cull'd people? In order to diskiver what effect it has had on dis club, I now inwite all you who am in favor of base ball, fastin' an' walking-matches to riz up."

Not a foot moved. The hall was as quiet as a cow in a garden after cabbages.

"Waal, den, all who am 'posed will please stretch up," continued the President.

Every person in the hall got his feet in under him as soon as possible, and stood erect for a full minute.

"Werry well, gem'len—you kin sot down," remarked the old man as a smile crept into the corner of each eye. "I guess I am all right about de vapor, but I guess de vapor sorter slides away from de cull'd race. Now let me say to one an' all, as follers: Two weeks wid a spellin' book will do any of us mo' good dan two y'ars wid a base ball club. If you want to walk, go out an' look for work. As to the question of fastin' dar's a full dozen of you in heah who'll git all you want of it afore next spring, onless you make your brushes fly faster dan you have fur a month past. De man who builds up his frame on an empty stomach, will drap out o' sight all of a sudden. It's pleasant to be a hero, but de man who airns his dollar a day, pays his debts, speaks de truf, brings up his chill'en in de right way, and wins de respect ob his nayburs, am sailin' his sand-scow 'bout as nigh de true light as he kin go. We will now attack de usual order of bizness."

Petitions were received as follows: From Ohio, two elders and a captain; from Georgia, two judges and two trustees; from Virginia, one Colonel and a Justice of the Peace; from Illinois, one Overseer of Highways, and two reverends. A petition from Mobile read as follows:

Gents—I am known in this city as Dr. Lightfoot, the Great American Herb and Root Physician. I extract corns, cure ingrowing toe nails, knock chilblains into the middle of next week, deliver addresses on all subjects, hold funeral exercises, clean and repair clothing, make insect powder, and desire to join the Lime-Kiln Club.

P. S.—I also reveal the future, and tell the whereabouts of lost or stolen property. Charges reasonable. In case I am admitted to the club, I will read the future of any member who will send on his name.

N. B.—I also interpret dreams. I can tell by your dreams whether you are going to find a lost wallet chuck-full of greenbacks, or fall off the wharf and be drowned. Please give this your earliest attention.

DR. LIGHTFOOT, P. D. Q.

Elder Toots at once arose and moved that the petition of the Doctor be acted on under a suspension of the rules.

Sympathy Hastings seconded the motion. He had dreams every night, and if there were any lost wallets coming to him he wanted to make his arrangements accordingly.

Judge Boldface hoped the motion would prevail. He had lost a dog, and he wanted to know the whereabouts of the animal, powerfully bad.

"Gem'len, sot down," observed the President, as he slowly tore the letter to pieces. "If dis club has corns, it can git 'em pared down nigher by dan Mobile. Dis doctah may be werry powerful wid his roots an' yarbs, but I doan' like de tone of his applicashun. As to dreams an' sich, come right to me if you want 'em 'splained. It doan' look well fur sich old men as Brudders Boldface an' Hastings to be filled up wid signs, an' dreams, an' whims. De time wasted by de cull'd race of dis kentry, in dreamin' of black cats, an' lookin' fur lost pocket-books, would raise 'nuff taters to keep everybody fat. De Committee on Petishuns needn't bodder wid dis case, nor try to find out what P. D. Q. means."

The followin' candidates were made notorious: Elder Haggle, Trustee Turnover, Anatom Calwell, Col. Jackson, Nevertheless Simpson, Henry Jones, George Spofford, Major Hercules Sidebar, and Judge Walkingbow.

A communication from Lockport, N. Y., stated that Reliable Parker, an honorary member of the club, living in that village, was under a cloud, from having been discovered and arrested with half his body in a grocery window at midnight. He had been tried and discharged on suspended sentence, but the people of Lockport thought it best to inform the club of the incident, and leave it to take such action as it deemed proper. The prisoner's defense was that he was walking in his sleep.

"I can't see de need of raisin' any fus ober dat," said Circular Smith, as he arose and wiped off his chin. "Deed sah, Ize in de same habit o' walkin' in my sleep, an' I am liable to be found in a grocery any night."

"If you eber am," slowly replied the President, "your conneckshun wid dis club will be chopped off quicker dan chain-lightnin'. De Secretary will drap a letter to Brudder Parker, to de effeck dat it will be a great deal better fur him in de fuchur to do his walkin' in his back doah yard or out on de commons."

The leader of the Glee Club finished his nap about this time and signalled that it was perfectly proper to rush in on the following, which is the joint production of Waydown Bebee and Whalebone Howker:

De udder dark night ole Joe had a dream,
An' it's made his old heart berry sore;
Once mo' he saw de cabins down in de shady lane,
An' de little black niggers in de doah.

Chorus—

Oh! whar' am gone dem good old days,
Oh! whar' has dem pickannies fled?
An' de warm souf wind am saying unto me,
Dat de meadow grass kivers my dead.

Ole mass'r on de stoop, in his big rockin' cheer,
An' ole missus wid a kind word for all;
While de cabins of de niggers had plenty hoe cake,
An' de bes' kind o' bacon in de fall.

Chorus—

Oh! whar' am gone dem good old days, etc.

Dar was heaps to do but de days was long,
  An' we hadn't any whip fur to fear ;
An' each nigger he was ready at de brake of day,
  For de ho'n of de pushin' oberseer.

Chorus—

Oh ! whar' am gone dem good old days, etc.

But de days am fled—dey'll neber return,
  No, we neber shall see dem any mo' ;
'Till de angels gibs de word an' we all step away
  Fur de hills on dat Heaven-blessed sho'.

Chorus—

Oh ! whar' am gone dem good old days, etc,

During the singing of this song Elder Toots, Rainbow Cooper, Giveadam Jones, and other old veterans broke down and wept like children, and Samuel Shin, Strychnine Thomas, Mulberry Turner and other young men stuck their heads out of the window to hide their tear-dimmed eyes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ARTEMUS WARD IN BOSTON.

A letter from Artemus Ward to his "dear Betsy" says:

"The winder of my room commands a exhileratin view of Copp's Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich, lies berrid. I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. '& this,' I said to a man who was driving a yoke of oxen, 'this is where our Revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!' 'Wall,' the man said, 'its good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, tain't worth a —.' I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smilin' in a seductiv manner I said to the girl in spectacles, 'Don't I remind you of somebody you used to know?' 'Yes,' she

said, 'you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the pennytentiary for stealin' a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I conclood you ain't him.' I didn't pursoo the conversation."

JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.

I kum to the conklusion lately that life was so onsartin that the only way for me to stand a fare chance with other folks was to git my life insured, so I kalled on the agent ov the Garden Angel Life Insurance Co., and answered the following questions which were put tu me over the top ov a pair ov specs, by a slick old fellow, with a round gray head on him as any man ever owned: Are yu mail or femail? and if so, state how long you have been so. Had you a father or mother? if so, which? Are yu subject tu fits? and if so, du yu hav more than one at a time? What is your precise fiting wate? Did yu ever hav any ancestors? and if so, how much? Du yu hav eny nightmare? Are yu married or single, or are yu a bachelor? Have you ever committed suicide? and if so, how did it affect yu? After answering the above questions like a man in a confirmative, the slick little fat old feller with specs on sed I was insured fur life, and probably would remain so fur some years. I thanked him and smiled one ov my most pensive smiles.

BACHELORS AND FLIRTS.

Some old bachelors git after a flirt, and don't travel as fast as she doz, and then concludes awl the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt is a rough thing to overhaul unless the right dog gets after her, and then they make the very best of wives.

When a flirt really is in love she is as powerless as a mown daisy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into

fear, her spurs into a halter, and her pruning-hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is tew travel the other way from which they are going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes round.

Old bachelors make the flirts, and then the flirts get more than even, by making the old bachelors.

A majority of flirts get married finally, for they hev a great quantity of the most dainty tidbits of woman's nature, and alwus have shrewdness to back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in po'try and water grewel: they have got to hev brains, or else somebody would trade them out of their capital at the first sweep.

Disappointed luv must uv course be all on one side; this ain't any more excuse fur being an old bachelor than it iz fur a man to quit all kinds of manual labor, jist out uv spite, and jine a poor-house bekase he kant lift a tun at one pop.

An old bachelor will brag about his freedom to you, his relief from anxiety, hiz indipendence. This iz a dead beat, past resurrection, for everybody knows there ain't a more anxious dupe than he iz. All his dreams are charcoal sketches of boarding-school misses; he dresses, greases hiz hair, paints hiz grizzly mustache, cultivates bunyons and corns, to please his captains, the wimmen, and only gets laffed at fur hiz pains.

I tried being an old bachelor till I wuz about twenty years old, and came very near dieing a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than I hev had since, put it all in a heap. I was in a lively fever all the time.—*Josh Billings.*

THE CENSUS.

The Sences taker in our town being sick he deppertised me to go out for him one day, and as he was too ill to give me informashun how to perceed, I was consekently compelled to go it blind. Sitting down by the roadside I drawd up the follerin list of questions which I proposed to ax the peple I visited:

Wat's your age? Whar was you born? Air you marrid, and if so how do you like it? How many children hav you,

and do they sufficiently resemble you as to proclood the possibility of their belongin to any of your nabers? Did you ever hav the measles, and if so how many? Have you a twin brother several years older than yourself? How many parents hav you? Do you read Watt's Hims regler? Do you use boughten tobacker? Wat's your fightin wate? Are you trubeld with piles? How does your meresham culler? State whether you are blind, deaf, idiotic, or got the heaves? Do you know any Opry singers, and if so how much do they owe you? What's the average of virtoo on the Ery Canawl? If 4 barrils of Emptins pored onto a barn floor will kiver it, how many plase can Dion Bourcicalt write in a year? Is beans a regler diet in your family? How many chickens hav you, on foot and in the shell? Air you aware that Injianny whisky is used in New York shootin galrys instid of pistils, and that it shoots furthest? Was you ever at Niagry Falls? Was you ever in the Penitentiary? State how much pork, impendin crysis, Dutch cheese, popler suvrinty, standard poetry, children's strainers, slave code, catnip, red flannel, ancient histry, pickled tomaters, ole junk, perfoomery, coal ile, hook skirt, etc., you have on hand?

But it didn't work. I got into a row at the first house I stopt to, with some old maids. Disbeleven the ansers they giv in regard to their ages, I endevered to open their mouths and look at their teeth, same as they do with hosses, but they floo into a vilent rage and tackled me with brooms and sich. Taking the senses requires experiunse, like any other bizniss. —*Artemus Ward.*

"*OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN AN EDITOR.*"

The man who knows how to run a newspaper came into the *Derrick* office yesterday. He sat down in the best chair, pulled all the exchanges into his lap, and began his criticism

"I ought to have been an editor," said he, "just to show you fellows how easy it is to run a newspaper. Why don't you pitch into the city council? People want some kind of excitement. Give the police thunder for not attending to business; it will wake the people up. Cæsar! wouldn't I make it hot for 'em if I had anything to do with a paper."

"S'pose you run this office for two hours to suit yourself."

"All right, just let me do it. I'll show you the hottest articles you ever saw. Give me the pencil."

We left him sitting in the editorial chair, working away for dear life. On the stairs we met Jim Jones, a driller from Alamagpezelum.

"Where's the editor?" said he.

"Up stairs at his desk," was the reply.

Jones had blood in his eyes, and he bounded up two steps at a time, while we waited at the foot of the stairs for developments. In about two minutes we saw the dictionary fly out of the upper window, then there was a sound as of a chair being smashed, followed by loud yells, and in two seconds the door flew open, and the would-be editor came rolling down the stairs.

"What's your hurry?" we asked, as he flew by us. "Sit down and tell us how to run a newspaper," we continued, as he struck the sidewalk. But he never stopped. He just flew across the sidewalk and fell on his back in the gutter. And such a sight. His nose was knocked crosswise, one eye was as black as a thunder-cloud, his hair stood on end, his coat was ripped down the back, and one sleeve torn out. Jones was coming down the stairs, and the would-be editor jumped and ran up the railroad, with Jones close at his heels, yelling, "I ain't the editor," at every jump he took. He hasn't returned. We fear his youthful dream of running a newspaper has been nipped in the bud by the frost of adverse circumstances.—*Oil City Derrick.*

We will certainly be called on to record the sudden and violent death of that fellow, Gilhooly. Yesterday he stopped in front of a fruit-stand on Galveston avenue, and picked out several peaches, squeezed them until the stuffing came out of them, trying to find out if they were ripe, and then he put them back. "Look here, I can't sell them peaches after you have squeezed them." "You didn't sell 'em before I squeezed 'em did you?" "No, but—" "Well, if you don't sell 'em after I've squeezed 'em, you ain't any worse off than you were before. You must learn to reason, man, before you talk.—*Galveston News.*

LES INCOMPREHENSIBLES.

A La Victor Hugo.

BOOK I.

A man sat on a picket fence.

Picket fences were invented by Charlemagne and improved upon by Charles II. of England.

Still the man sat on the fence.

BOOK II.

The fence surrounded a tall, gloomy building. The building had shutters at the window. The man was a Frenchman. There were other Frenchmen in the same neighborhood. They were in bed. Frenchmen were discovered by Oliver Cromwell, and subsequently patented by the author. They are copyrighted. All Frenchmen not bearing the signature of the author are spurious.

It was night. It was a dark night. Darkness is a shadow that rises from the ground when the snn goes down.

The man on the fence was thinking. His name was Lippiatt.

BOOK III.

Lippiatt loved Maronette. Maronette was a girl. She knew Lippiatt. She did not know that Lippiatt loved her.

Maronette lived in the gloomy house. Lippiatt did not tell Maronette that he loved her. He was contented to sit on the fence in front of her house. He was a quiet man. Like all Frenchmen, he was the bravest man in thirteen counties. He was a tailor. A tailor is a man who promises to have your clothes done Saturday, and then brings them around week after next.

Lippiatt was poor. All heroes are poor.

BOOK IV.

Maronette opened a window and shied an old boot at Lippiatt.

"Is that you, Lippiatt?" she said.

"Yes," said Lippiatt.

Maronette laughed.

"My father says I must marry the man who will bring him the Norwegian maelstrom," said Maronette.

Lippiatt got off the fence and walked away.

BOOK V.

Like all tailors in France, Lippiatt was a good sailor. He stole a boat and started for the coast of Norway. A fearful storm came on. The world drew on a heavy cloak to protect it from the storm. The sea opened a thousand mouths to swallow Lippiatt. It was hungry for him. His beard and hair were filled with salt. Great grasping hands of darkness reached down to snatch him.

Lippiatt only laughed.

The scene grew wilder. Monsters of water crowded against the boat. They were reaching for Lippiatt. He steered his boat to avoid them.

A wave averages twenty feet in height. It contains 400 tons of water. It is thicker at the base than at the top. In that respect it is like a pyramid. But it is not three-cornered. It is oval in shape. A round wave is a water-spout. A water-spout is thick at the top and bottom and slender in the middle.

Lippiatt knew this.

He was afraid of waves. He was fearful of water-spouts.

BOOK VI.

In four days Lippiatt arrived at the maelstrom.

"It is for Maronette," said he.

The maelstrom is shaped like a funnel. The lower end is at the bottom. The mouth is at the top. It is caused by the tides. The Norwegians suppose it is caused by a hole in the ground. Lippiatt knew better.

He went down in the maelstrom and fastened a rope around the lower end. To this rope he adjusted blocks and pulleys. Then he climbed out of the pit and fastened the other end of the rope to the masthead. The blocks gave him a purchase.

He rested.

BOOK VII.

Having rested, Lippiatt pulled on the rope. He pulled the maelstrom inside out. The bottom was then at the top. It spun around like an inverted top.

Lippiatt drove a staple into it and fastened his line. Then he set sail. The maelstrom followed.

"I shall marry Maronette," he said.

BOOK VIII.

Another man sat on the picket fence. It was Goudenay. Goudenay loved Maronette. Maronette loved Goudenay.

Goudenay saw something coming in the harbor.

"What's that?" he asked.

It looked like an inverted funnel. It was 1000 feet high.

"I don't know," said Maronette.

She was right. She didn't.

BOOK IX.

Lippiatt disembarked. He took the maelstrom on his shoulders. Then he went to the gloomy house. He hung the maelstrom on the picket fence.

"How do you do, Goudenay?" he asked.

He knew Goudenay. He had disappointed him about some trousers.

"I am happy," said Goudenay. "I am going to marry Maronette."

Lippiat looked at Maronette.

"Yes," she said, "I marry Goudenay this morning."

BOOK X.

Lippiatt went to the wedding.

He gave Maronette a silver card-receiver.

Maronette smiled.

Lippiatt went back to the picket fence. He ate the maelstrom up.

BOOK XI.

As the wedding party went home they saw a dead body lying beside the picket fence. The point of the maelstrom was sticking out of the mouth.

"Good gracious!" said Maronette.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Goudenay.

It was Lippiatt.

BILLINGS' "PROBABILITIES."

Josh Billings, who is as usual passing his summer in the White Mountains, has put it in the way of the editor of the *White Mountain Echo* to print a few component parts of his new book to be published in the fall. Its title will be "Old Probabilities: Perhaps Rain—Perhaps Not;" and it will have for its leading motto: "Truth iz sed to be stranger than fickshun; it is to most pholks." The selections are these:

About the hardest thing a fellow kan do iz to spark 2 gals at one time and preserve a good average. Try it.

Don't dispize your poor relashuns. They may be taken suddenly ritch sum day, and then it will be awkward to explain things to them; undoubtedly so.

Next to a klear konshience for solid comfort cums an easy boot. Try both.

If a young man hain't got a well-balanced head, I like to see him part his hair in the middle. Don't you!

I don't take any foolish chances. If I wuz called upon to mourn over a dead mule, I should stand in front ov him and do my weeping.

There is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I hev seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.

I say to 2 thirds of the rich people in this world, make the most on your money, for it makes the most ov you. Happy thought.

I never argy agin a success. When I see a rattlesnaix's head sticking out of a whole, I bear off to the left and say to miself that hole belongs to that snaix.

The infidel argys just az a bull duz chained to a post. He bellows and saws, but he don't git loose from the post, i notiss. Not much.

I thank the Lord that thare is one thing in this world that money kant buy, and that iz the wag ov a dog's tail. Yure unkle.

I have seen men so fond of argument that they would dispute with a guideboard at the forks of a kuntry road about the distance to the next town. What fools.

Thare are but fu sights in this life more sublime and pathethick than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a mustach. It iz thus.

I notiss one thing, the man who rides on the kars every day is satisfied with one seat; but he who rides once a year wants 4. That's so.

Flattery is like colone water, to be smelled of, not swallowed.

The man whom you kant git to write poetry or tell the truth until you git him haff drunk aint worth the investment.

Whenever I see a real handsome woman engaged in the wimmin's rights bizziness I am a going to take off mi hat and jine the processhun. See if I don't.

HOW CAIN GOT HIS WIFE.

A few years ago, says *Harper's Magazine*, while the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad was in process of construction, it was a favorite field for colored preachers to labor and take up collections "for de spread ob de Gospel." Among these a frequent visitor was old Father Helms, from Tennessee, whose vivid eloquence and practical "spounding ob de Sacred Word" were attentively listened to by large congregations of the sable race, with no small delegation of interested white listeners upon the outskirts. Upon one occasion, assembled in a lovely Alabama grove, he addressed his congregation thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen ob my beloved congregation—Havin' cotched a bad cold de odder evenin', I shan't attempt

to preach to yer dis Sabbath mornin', but will read a chapter from de Bible, and spound it as I go along." He then read the fourth chapter of Genesis, after which he continued his remarks: "De odder evenin' I tuk for my tex' de tragedy in de garding ob Eden—de killin' ob Abel and de cuss and drivin' out of Cain. And after de sermon one ob yer smart young darkies—one ob dese yer thin-skinned, saleratus-complexioned niggers—steps up to me, and says he, 'Fader Helms, yer disremember to tell us who Mr. Cain married down in de land ob Nod: was it his mudder?' Dere was a grinnin' crowd ob no-count, triflin' niggers wid him, and I 'spected at once dat de white folks had sent him up to ax de question. I was so obercome wid a sense ob de sinfulness and great 'sumption ob sinners, bofe white and black, dat I could say nuffin. I had nuffin to say. I tuk de question under prayerful consideration, an' de answer were made plain. I'm gwine to spound dat part ob de scripter to yer. Who Cain's wife was, and whar he got her, is plain to de all-seein' eye ob faith. In de garding ob Eden, Cain raised right smart ob craps and garding truck and sich. But after de slewin' ob his Christian brudder Abel, we don't read ob his workin' no mo'. He tuk his gun and dogs and went down into dat sleepy, lazy, no-account section ob Nod, and loafed aroun' dat country; an' havin' lost all ob his plantation and mules, and all ob his self-respec', and pride ob family and state, de nex' we hear ob him he had got so low down an' triflin' dat he married a gal ob one ob dose no-'count, poor, white-trash families, which de inspired 'postle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de Holy Word."

The reverend "spounder" gazed around upon his admiring congregation with an air of triumph, and a brother struck up the hymn, "Whar, oh whar am de Hebrew chill'en."

A CHEAP MARRIAGE.

While a Detroit Justice of the Peace sat warming his feet by the stove, and his nose by a cigar, a stranger entered and presently inquired:

"Judge, how much will you charge me to read over about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I have?"

"Why, can't you read them?" replied his Honor.

"I can, but I want to hear how they sound when read aloud. I'll give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," said the Justice. "I can't earn two shillings any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment, and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand, and said:

"Begin at the pencil-mark there, and read slowly."

His Honor's chin dropped exactly eighteen inches by dry measure as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't back down from his word. It was the cheapest marriage he ever attended, and he didn't half enjoy the chuckles of bride and groom as they went out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

Young Ben he was a nice young man, a carpenter by trade; and he fell in love with Sally Brown, that was a lady's maid. But as they fetched a walk one day, they met a press-gang crew; and Sally she did faint away, while Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words enough to shock a saint, that though she did seem in a fit, 'twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head—he'll be as good as me; for when your swain is in our boat, a boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her, and taken off her elf, she roused, and found she only was a-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?" she cried and wept outright; "then I will to the water-side and see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her: "Now, young woman," said he, "if you weep on so, you will make eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben, to sail with old Benbow;" and her woe began to run afresh, as if she'd said "Gee woe!"

Says he, "They've only taken him to the tender ship, you see." "The tender ship!" cried Sally Brown—"what a hardship that must be! Oh! would I were a mermaid now, for then I'd follow him; but oh! I'm not a fish-woman, and so I cannot swim. Alas! I was not born beneath the Virgin and the Scales, so I must curse my cruel stars and walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place that's underneath the world; but in two years the ship came home, and all her sails were furled. But when he called on Sally Brown, to see how she got on, he found she'd got another Ben, whose Christian name was John. "Oh, Sally Brown! oh, Sally Brown! how could you serve me so? I've met with many a breeze before, but never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box, he heaved a heavy sigh; and then began to eye his pipe, and then to pipe his eye. And then he tried to sing "All's well;" but could not, though he tried; his head was turned—and so he chewed his pigtail till he died. His death, which happened in his berth, at forty odd befell; they went and told the sexton, and the sexton tolled the bell.—*Thomas Hood.*

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

They were fond of each other, very, and had been engaged. But they quarrelled and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house—to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She answered his ring at the door bell. Said he: "Ah, Miss——, I believe; is your father within?" "No, sir," she replied, "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?" "Yes, Miss," was his bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business." And he very proudly turned to go away. "I beg your pardon," she called after him as he struck the lower step, "but *who shall I say called?*" He never smiled again.

GOING ON AN EXCURSION.

They had been preparing for the excursion for about two weeks. The day at last dawned, and as the boat was to start early, the young wife determined to be on hand. The clock struck 8, and still she was in the kitchen, her hair down her back, packing edibles in her basket.

"Hurry up!" said John, her young husband.

"I'll be ready presently," and away she darted to blacken her shoes and put on a clean collar. Then she stuck her head out of the back window, to ask her next door neighbor to lend her a breastpin.

"Hurry up, John," said she. "You bring the basket. Now I'm all ready and am going down to the boat. And, say, John, don't forget a box of sardines you'll find in the closet, and bring the pickles and tongue, and be sure and bring a big knife. Do you hear me, John?"

John reeled into the kitchen and began his work. He was interrupted by his wife's voice from below, yelling:

"John, there's a can of strawberries in the ice-box; don't forget them. Now hurry,—we'll be fearful late; and say, bring one or two more handkerchiefs and a sun-umbrella—or, I don't know, it looks like rain, bring my water-proof. O! you old poke! you're going to stay there all day. Now run back and close those back shutters, and put the cat in the kitchen, and leave a pan of milk for her; and say, just stop around to the butcher's and tell him we won't need any meat to-day; and leave the key of the cellar under the parlor-door mat. Now hurry, John. I'm off. And don't forget anything or I'll go wild!"

He didn't forget anything; but when he reached the wharf he found the boat had been gone two hours.—*N. Y. Express.*

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA

ORIGIN

—OF—

FAMILIAR THINGS.

Rise of the Hat.

How FEW of us have traced the history of the hat! The felt hat is as old as Homer. The Greeks made them in skull caps—conical, truncated, narrow or broad brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet has an elevated cap without a brim, the apex turned over in front. It is known as the Cap of Liberty.

An ancient figure of Liberty, in the time of Antonius Livy, A. D. 145, holds the cap in the right hand. The Persians wore soft caps; plumed hats were the head-dress of the Syrian corps of Xerxes; the broad brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver.

The Armenian captive wore a plug hat. The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver; Charles VII., in 1469, wore a felt hat lined with red and plumed. The English men and women in 1510 wore close woolen or knitted caps; two centuries ago hats were worn in the house. Pepys, in his diary in 1664, wrote:

"September, 1664, got a severe cold because I took off my hat at dinner;" and again, in January, 1665. he got

another cold by sitting too long with his head bare to allow his wife's maid to comb his hair and wash his ears. And Lord Clarendon, in his essay, speaking of the decay of respect due the aged, says, that "in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner." In the thirteenth century, Pope Innocent IV. allowed the Cardinals the use of the scarlet cloth hat. The hats now in use are the cloth hat, cork hat, embossed hat, felt hat, fur hat, leather hat, paper hat, silk hat, opera hat, spring brim hat and straw hat.

Origin of Gloves.

Gloves with separate fingers and covering the wrist were first worn in France in the time of St. Louis (1215–1270). The gauntlet was a later invention. If we may trust a MS. Chronicle of Bertrand Guesclin, it was known at the end of the fourteenth century.

Skins with the hair on were frequently used in the middle ages, as, according to the passage of Musonias quoted by Casaubon, they had been by the ancients. They are frequently mentioned as having been worn by husbandmen in England.

The modern ladies' glove of four-and-twenty buttons has its prototype; for in the fourteenth century the nobility of France began to wear gloves reaching to the elbows. These gloves were, at times, like the more familiar stocking which they must have much resembled, used as purses. Notwithstanding their length, it was always looked upon as decorous for the laity to take off their gloves in church, where ecclesiastics alone might wear them. The custom still obtains in the Church of England at the sacrament, though it is plain that it had not arisen in this connection in the first instance, since in the Roman ritual the communi-

cant does not handle the consecrated wafer. It was perhaps regarded as a proof and symbol of clean hands, for to this day persons sworn in our law courts are compelled to remove their gloves. There is probably, too, some relation between this feeling and a curious Saxon law which forbade the Judges to wear gloves while sitting on the Bench.

The gloves of the Judges were, like those of the Bishops, a mark of their rank. The portraits of the Judges painted by order of the Corporation of London in the reign of Charles II., and hanging in the courts at Guildhall, represent them with fringed and embroidered gloves. It was probably not in reference to the Judges that a cant term for a bribe was a "pair of gloves."

When Sir Thomas More was Chancellor, he happened to determine a cause in favor of a lady named Croaker, who displayed her gratitude by sending him a New Year's gift of a pair of gloves with forty angels in them.

Sir Thomas returned the money with the following letter: "Mistress—Since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the lining, I utterly refuse it."

It was a mark of respect in the Middle Ages, and even down to our fathers' days, though fast disappearing, to remove the glove in greeting. At several towns in England, it has been the custom from time immemorial to announce a fair by hoisting a huge glove upon a prominent place.

Timepieces.

Bowls were used to measure time, from which water, drop by drop, was discharged through a small aperture. Such bowls were called water-clocks. It was then observed how much water from such bowl or cask, from sun

rise till the shortest shadow, trickled down into another bowl placed beneath; and this time, being the half of the whole solar day, was divided into six hours. Consequently, they took a sixth of the water which had trickled down, poured it into the upper bowl, and, this discharged, one hour had expired. But afterward a more convenient arrangement was made. They observed how high the water, at each hour, rose in the lower bowl, marked these points, and counted them, thus finding out how many hours were till sunrise.

With the Chinese, the water-clocks, or clepsydras, are very old. They used a round vessel filled with water, with a hole in the bottom, which was placed upon another vessel. When the water in the upper vessel passed down into the lower vessel, it subsided by degrees, announcing thereby the part of time elapsed. The Babylonians are said to have used such instruments; from them the Greeks of Asia Minor got them, at the time of King Cyrus, about the year 550 before Christ. The Romans did not get the first water-clock before Christ. But, though the hours of the clepsydras did not vary in length, they still counted from the morning.

When the clock with us strikes seven, the ancients counted one; when the clock with us strikes twelve, the ancients counted six, and so forth. This method of counting the hour was, according to the New Testament, also customary in Palestine at the time of Christ. The water-clocks had the advantage that they could be used in the night, and the Romans used them to divide their night watches, which were relieved four times, both summer and winter. Comformably to these, four night watches were counted, not only in Rome, but wherever a Roman garrison was stationed; consequently, also in Palestine after it had become a Roman province.

A Curious Account of the Origin of the "House that Jack Built."

As THE occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile day in an English nursery recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile, jingling legend, "The House that Jack Built." Very few, however, says a writer in the London *Congregational Magazine*, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. Fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact.

The original in the Chaldee language is now lying before me, and I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation as given by P. N. Lebrecht, Leipsic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in Sepher Haggadah, volume 23:

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.

2. Then came the cat and ate the kid
   That my father bought
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.

3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
   That ate the kid,
   That my father bought
   For two pieces of money:
   A kid, a kid.

4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
   That bit the cat,
   That ate the kid,

That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came the water and quenched the fire
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came the butcher and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,

That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signified the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the Caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show, that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

Professor Huxley's Origin of the Domestic Dog.

In his second lecture on dogs at the Royal Institution, in London, Professor Huxley considered the problem of the origin of the domestic dog. He thought they could see their way to solving it if they began upon a solid basis of fact. Such a basis of fact was supplied by what they knew of the origin of dogs of North America. The Indians of the northwestern parts of America were all in possession of half-tame cur-like dogs living in the same way as the dogs in Egpyt, in a semi-independent condition. In the same country there existed a wild animal—the *Canis Latrans*, or prairie wolf.

It was impossible to point out any distinction between the prairie wolves and the domesticated dog of the Indians. It was difficult to understand how these wild and fierce animals could be tamed; and yet, when one knew their habits, it was easy enough. The smaller wolves and jackals, although predacious and fierce, were endowed with a singular curiosity; that curiosity directed them toward man and his doings. There was not one of these animals which, if caught young—whether jackal or small wolf—

could not be tamed and made as attached and devoted to man as any ordinary dog. It was not difficult to understand, therefore, how these animals became acquainted with man, how they became trained, and how from them sprang a race of domesticated animals which, curiously enough, were far more attached to their masters and the animals with which they were brought up, than to members of their own family.

If they could depend upon the fact that this one domestic dog originated in the taming of an indigenous wild animal, then the general problem of the origin of domestic dogs would take this form—Could they find in all parts of the world in which domestic dogs were known, wild stock so similar to the existing race of dogs that there was nothing unnatural in supposing that they had the same origin as the Indian dog? They might trace dog-like animals farther and farther west, until, in Northern Africa, they had a whole series of dog-like animals, usually known as jackals. He believed that these wild stocks were the source from which, in each case, the savages who originally began to tame dogs had derived the stock.

This view was confirmed by the archæological researches. They had preserved to them, on the monuments of ancient Egypt, a great variety of forms of dogs, and it was significant that the further back they went the fewer were the varieties, until, at the time of the third and fourth dynasties—that is, about six thousand years ago—there were only two well-marked forms of dogs. One of them was a comparatively small cur-like dog, similar to that which was to be seen in the streets of Cairo at the present day, and the other was like a greyhound.

The cur was, no doubt, a tame species of the wild jackal, which was still to be found in the same country; and with respect to the greyhound, there was in Abyssinia a very

long-headed dog, which was very much of the same form as the greyhound, and which, it could hardly be doubted, was the source from which it sprang. Assuming that there was no doubt that the origin of dogs could be traced to these sources, the more modified forms of the domestic animal were simply the result of the selected breeding, which had given rise to the same modification in dogs as it had done in the case of pigeons.

Romance of the Rose.

In Germany there are numerous superstitions connected with the rose, of which a few as specimens are subjoined. Rose leaves are thrown on a coal fire for good luck, and great importance is attached to the ceremony and the reverent manner in which it is performed. The relations of this flower to blood are widely believed. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, a drop of one's blood buried under a rosebush is said in a short time to produce rosy cheeks.

It is also believed in Germany, that a white rose appears in the chair of any one about to die, and it would seem that the soul was thought occasionally to take the form of a white rose. It is also a German notion that if a white rosebush blossoms unexpectedly, it is a sign of an approaching death in the nearest house; whereas, the blossoming of a red rose in autumn is said to denote an early marriage. Many, too, dislike throwing a rose in a grave, as it is supposed to be unlucky.

To scatter rose leaves on the ground has been held to be ominous. As an illustration of this, we may quote the following sad incident from the "Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis." The lady to whom the portent happened was Miss Ray, who was murdered at the piazza

entrance of Covent Garden Theater, April 7, 1779. When the carriage was announced, and she was adjusting her dress, Miss Lewis made some remark on a beautiful rose which Miss Ray wore in her bosom. Just as the words were uttered, the rose fell to the ground. She immediately stooped to regain it, but as she picked it up the red leaves scattered themselves on the carpet, and the stalk alone remained in her hand. The poor girl, who had been depressed in spirits before, was evidently afflicted by this incident, and said, in a slightly faltering voice:

"I trust I am not to consider this an evil omen." But soon rallying, she expressed to Mrs. Lewis in a cheerful tone, her hope that they should meet again after the theater —a hope, alas! which was never realized.

In Italy the red rose is considered as an emblem of an early death, and it is regarded as an evil omen to scatter its leaves on the ground.

The rose is not without its weather lore, and it was formerly a common idea that when roses and violets flourished in autumn there would be some epidemic in the ensuing year. The training white dog rose is commonly considered to have been the most chosen by the house of York. The white rose, however, has a very ancient interest for Englishmen, for long before the brawl in the Temple gardens, the flower had been connected with one of the most ancient names on the island. The elder Pliny, in discussing the etymology of the word Albion, suggests that the land may have been so named from the white roses which abounded in it.

Discovery of Petroleum—An Interesting Story.

It was by the merest accident that Colonel E. L. Drake's attention was first directed to the value of petro-

leum, in 1858. Half a century before that date, Nat Carey had peddled the peculiar oil which was skimmed in small quantities from the waters of Oil Creek, and had paraded its virtues as a purgative and liniment. He called it Seneca oil, from the fact that Red Jacket, the Seneca chief, had imparted to the whites the secret of its powers. Its fame as a medicinal agent was purely local, when Carey, with vials of the stuff, plodded from hamlet to hamlet, and established a demand for it that brought him no small profit.

An attempt by General Franklin to introduce this "great natural medicine" to a Southern market later on ended disastrously, the Baltimore merchant to whom a wagon-load of it was consigned, dumping it into the Chesapeake Bay, unable to endure the odor which it sent forth, and unwilling to believe that his Southern customers could accustom themselves to the remedy, no matter what the nature of their ailments. Northern patients, however, took more kindly to it, but among them even it was known more as a liniment than as a medicine.

For several years, until 1858, a firm in New York had received from Titusville, Pa., about a gallon of this oil a day, which, mixed with other ingredients, they sold as the then celebrated "Mustang Liniment." Their supply of oil was gathered in the very primitive method of dipping blankets in a spring permeated with the article and wringing them into pans. This spring was owned by the firm, and when they were unable to meet their indebtedness to persons in New Haven, Conn., the latter took the Titusville property in payment. This was in 1858. Colonel Drake was then a conductor on the New York & New Haven Railroad, whose shrewdness had already attracted the attention of the owners of the newly-acquired property. They sent him to Pennsylvania to perfect their title to it.

He became satisfied from his observations, that Seneca oil was possessed of more properties than had ever been credited to it, and that a fortune was in store for the man who could secure it in any quantity.

He suggested the idea that the oil could be obtained in paying quantities by sinking a well. He was laughed at as a lunatic by the Pennsylvanians. Returning to New Haven, he succeeded in interesting some capitalists in the novel theory, and in organizing the Seneca Oil Company, of which he was appointed manager. In the spring of 1859, he commenced sinking a well on Watson's Flat, at a spot about a mile below Titusville. The move was considered so ridiculous that it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could hire assistance in the work. He finally secured the services of an old salt-borer, named William A. Smith, and his two sons. The boring of the first petroleum well was begun on the 1st of July, 1859. When the three men quit work at sundown on the 29th of August, they had drilled to a depth of sixty-nine feet six inches. The elder Smith was first at the hole the following morning, and to his astonishment it was filled with oil. A barrel of it was dipped out in a few minutes, and the news of Colonel Drake's sanity ran like wildfire up Oil Creek Valley. The discovery was flashed over the country, and then began the ever-memorable oil excitement, which made and beggared men before it subsided. To-day the oil region is honeycombed with wells, the supply of petroleum far exceeds the demand, and farmers who own no oil stock are skimming from the waters of the same creeks over which old Nat Carey labored, hundreds of gallons of the stuff, which is running to waste.

Origin of the Dial.

MAX MULLER, in the *Contemporary Review*, says: If in our language we are Aryan, in our letters Egyptian, we have only to look at our watches to see that we are Babylonian. Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, our minutes into sixty seconds? Would not a division of the hour into ten, or fifty, or a hundred minutes, have been more natural? We have sixty divisions on the dials of our watches simply because the Greek astronomer Hipparchus, who lived in the second century B. C., accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians knew the decimal system, but for practical purposes they counted by *sossi* and *sari*, the *sossos* representing 60, the *saros* 60x60, or 3,600. From Hipparchus that system found its way into the works of Ptolemy about 150 A.D., and thence it was carrried down the stream of civilization, finding its last resting-place on the dial-plates of our clocks.

Horse-Racing.

HORSE-RACING, it appears, first came into fashion in France, in the days of Louis XVI. A writer of the time says: "A jockey is nowadays more thought of than a runner. Ladies go to the races and seem to have no pity for those youths with closely-cropped hair, who render themselves wheezy and asthmatic in order to enable M. Le Duc to win the prize." The first racing men, were Philippe d'Orleans, who afterward became Phillip Egaiite, the Duc de Penthievre, the Chevalier Saint Georges, and the Comte d'Artois, afterward Charles X. The race-course was the high road from Paris to St. Denis.

In those days, however, racing was an expensive luxury in which only a few Anglo-maniacs indulged. It was not

until after the Revolution of 1830, that the passion for racing, which has ever since gone on increasing in ardor, took possession of the French nation, and more especially of the Parisians. The great owners then were Mme. Latache de Fay, and the eccentric Lord Seymour, who had his stables, in the very center of Paris, on the Boulevard des Italiens where the Theater des Nouveautes now stands. A writer on the manners of 1830 declares, in spite of the comparative popularity of the races, that the passion for horse-flesh was only a caprice of fashion, and that it would not last. "Its apparition on the Parisian horizon," he says, "marks only a new phase in what is called Anglo-mania.

"Before the fall of the Empire, a Frenchman rode on horseback according to the old principles, and enjoyed equitation after the manner of the routine of the past. The end of the Continental blockade was the signal for the introduction of 'sport,' the 'turf,' 'steeple-chases.' The 'gentleman rider' crossed the Channel under favor of the same wind which carried the Bellerophon and its illustrious captive to St. Helena. In spite of the favors of fashion, in spite of the foundation of a famous Club, the origin and name of which are essentially horsey, in spite of the more serious establishment of the Societe d'Encouragement, for the improvement of the race of horses. 'sport' has scarcely entered into our manners any more than the word has into our language." For years, in fact, the public did not attend the races; the members of the Jockey Club and of the Societe d'Encouragement used to be present almost alone and awarded the prizes with grave dignity.

Under the Second Empire, however, these equestrian ceremonies began to assume a festive air. The public of the first representations, the "*tout Paris des premieres*,"

shone in the first ranks of the Grand Stand, and the ladies in grand toilet chatted with the young "sportsmen" about the horses that were entered. It was then that some noble Anglo-maniac imported a mail-coach from England, and four-in-hands became at once a fashion and a stumbling-block to French orthographists.

Among the most brilliant of the gentlemen riders of that time was the Duc de Grammont-Caderousse, a singular combination of elegance and ignorance, and one of the last of the "*viveurs*" of Paris. At present, in spite of the prophet whose words I have quoted above, horse-racing is becoming more and more popular in France. The height of elegance and the quintessence of *chic* is to own race-horses. It is the acme of luxury. Nowadays a man has neither power nor influence unless he keeps race-horses, owns a newspaper, and provides the bulk of the funds for some theater.

Origin of Certain Names.

Anna-bella is not Anna-bella, or Fair Anna, but is the feminine name of Hannibel, meaning gift (or grace) of Bel. Arabella is not Arabella, or beautiful altar, but Grabilla, a dying woman. In its Anglicized form of Orabel, it was much more common in the thirteenth century than at present. Maurice has nothing to do with Mauritius, or a Moor, but comes from Amalric—himmel-reich—the kingdom of heaven. Ellen is the feminine of Alain, Allan, Alian, and has no possible connection with Helen, which comes from a different language, and is older by about a thousand years at least. Amy is not from aimee, but from amie. Avice, or Avis, does not exactly mean advice, as some seem to think. It comes from Æd wis, and means happy, wisdom. Eliza has no connection with Elizabeth.

It is the sister of Louisa, and both mean the daughters of Heloise, which is Heelwis, another form of Louisa, or rather Louise, which is the feminine of Louis, but this was scarcely heard of before the sixteenth century. The older Heloise form of the name, Aloisa, or Aloysia, was adopted into mediæval English as Elesia—a name which our old genealogists always confuse with Alic. Emily and Amelia are not different forms of one name. Emily is from Æmylia, the name of an Etruscan gens. Amelia comes from the Gothic amala—heavenly. Reginald is not derived from Regina, and has nothing to do with a queen. It is Reinalt—exalted purity. Alice, Adelias, Adelaide, Alisa, Alix, Adeline, are all forms of one name, the root of which is adel—noble. But Anne was never used as identical with Annis or Agnes (of which last the old Scotch Annas is a variety), nor, it is maintained, was Elizabeth ever synonymous with Isabel.

The Origin of Ghosts.

On the appreciation of the simple fact that the brain is the true seat of the senses, says *Chambers' Journal*, rests the whole explanation of the ghosts and apparitions which occasionally attend the footsteps and meet the eyes of humanity. When we are conscious of looking at a real object, a sensation of sight is formed on the brain, as we have seen. Such a sensation we call an "objective" one, because it is derived from a veritable object. So also when we hear a tune played by a person whom we see, or of whose existence, even when unseen, we entertain no doubt, the sensation of sound is then called "subjective." But there are many familiar instances in which the power of the mind to reproduce the sensations, sights and sounds we have received, is demonstrated.

The day-dreamer can sometimes bring the scenes in which he has once taken part, so vividly before his mental gaze, that his reverie may actually be broken by the words which unconsciously flow from his lips as his imagination starts into bodily action. Such a power of fancy and imagination, is the beginning or faint imitation of a still more powerful means which we possess, of bringing before ourselves the forms and scenes which have once been objectively present with us. In the dream, this power is illustrated typically enough

From the background of consciousness, so to speak, we project forward, in our sleep, the pictures which a busy brain is producing, or it may be piecing together from the odds and ends of its fancy, to form the ludicrous combinations we are familiar with in the "land of Nod." And if we carry the idea of this same power being exercised in our waking moments, to form the ghosts of science, the explanation of the otherwise curious and mysterious subject of illusive visions will be completed.

Arab Auguries.

The Bedouins take auguries from birds. A single raven in one's path is a very bad token, but two are extremely lucky. They say "Akhdharegn Falan zein"—two green (i. e., black) ones, a fair omen.

The Bedouins have many other superstitions about animals. The superstition as to the flesh of the rock badger, which Palmer noted in the peninsula of Sinai, is unknown here; but there is a similar idea about the number of monkeys which frequent Mount Kara. These, it is said, were once men, who came to visit the prophet. He set before them milk and water, directing them to drink the former and perform their ablutions with the latter.

The perverse visitors drank the water and washed with the milk, and were transformed to monkeys for their disobedience. As they were once men, their flesh is not eaten.

This legend is closely akin to what one reads in the fabulous history of early Arabia, about Nasnas and the Wabar in the great sandy desert. Both these words are monkey names, quite current in the present day, though not recognized by the lexicons. The latter is an ape, the former a monkey with a tail. Except in this monkey story, we could find no trace of the superstitious rejection of the flesh of any animal. But some kinds of flesh have a magical virtue attached to them. A man who suffers in any member of his body, seeks a cure by eating the corresponding part of a hyena. The hyena is also eaten in the neighborhood of Suez, for a friend who shot one near the wells of Moses was requested by the Bedouins to give them a leg. A similar virtue attaches to the flesh of the gemsbok (Wudneyhy), a rare species of antelope, found far in the interior. When eaten, it draws an obstinate bullet from a wound.

How Ice First Came into Use--Conscientious Scruples of the Puritans Against its Use in Summer.

Looking for the ice-cart in the morning with more longing than we look for butcher or baker, it becomes a matter of astonishment what the world did without that refrigerating crystal before it was invented, or at least before it became an article of commerce.

There were long drouths and blazing hot summers many times in each century before this, in which it is our privilege to draw cold water from a tin fountain, yet it was reserved to this century to discover that ice could not

be done without; that it is a solid comfort in health and the most soothing of all luxuries in sickness.

It was very natural that a Bostonian should have made that discovery. Granite and ice are said to be the principal productions of Massachusetts. Of course the native Yankee turned the first into building material; and as to the latter, he made the world ashamed of itself that it had done without it so long. The process was a slow one of forcing ice down the throats of the people.

The old Puritans thought it was flying in the face of Providence to use ice in the summer-time. They believed that, if He had intended it for any good purpose then, He would have furnished it in July instead of December. While waiting for conscience and comfort to come into harmony, the export trade was begun, and Brazil was favored with Yankee ice before the Yankees themselves began to use it.

It was many years before the business rose to any importance. The War of 1812 stood in the way; the navigation of the country was in its infancy, and invention had not been exercised upon appliances for preserving an article which to-day is, but to-morrow is not.

In 1805, the first year of exportation, but a hundred and thirty tons of ice were shipped from Boston, and more than twenty years later the export amounted to but four thousand tons. Indeed, it was forty years from the first commencement of the business before it began to assume importance, but since then it has risen rapidly until millions of dollars are invested in it.

The article is now sent to India, the West Indies, South America and our own Southern States; to Mexico and wherever else the climate can thus be antidoted. It is the convenient ballast of vessels seeking foreign cargoes, and great ice-houses are built with triple walls and quintuple

roofs against which the rays of the tropic sun beat in vain. The consumption abroad, however, is small, compared with what is used here.

New York and Brooklyn alone take over eight hundred thousand tons to keep them in a state of atmospheric equilibrium, three or four times as much as is used in Great Britain. After the American fashion in other things, ice is employed with a prodigality that borders on wastefulness. Ice pitchers are filled until there is little room for water; the amount employed in the cooling of soda water fountains is no small item; ices and frozen creams take many tons daily.

What was done before ice came into use? In Oriental countries the devices were few and simple. A low temperature was attained by the evaporation of the water through porous jars, the bottles or other articles to be cooled being placed inside. The waters of deep wells were eagerly sought for, and are to-day as much in demand as they were in the time of Christ. Aside from these, there is but little comfort in tropical climates where ice is yet unknown, and the pious Mussulman resigns himself to fate with much more philosophy than a Christian shows under the same circumstances. Here, even at the present day, in many parts of the country, the customs of the forefathers are followed. Articles to be preserved are suspended half-way down the wells, or cellars are dug, deep enough, with the aid of thick stone walls, to defy the heat.

The Pin.—A Slow Development of Four Thousand Years.

Pins are of very ancient invention, as they were manufactured by the Egyptians in the time of the Pharaohs. Many of these useful articles were found in the tombs of

the kings in the Pyramids. Some of them were of quite elaborate manufacture, and must have been costly, as they had gold heads, and were six to eight inches in length. Needles are also supposed to be of great antiquity, and their introduction into Europe is said to have taken place at the time of the Saracen invasion and conquest of Spain. The first needles made in England were manufactured at London by a negro, who came there from Spain during the reign of Queen Mary. He died without imparting the secret of his art; but it was subsequently recovered in 1565, by one Elias Growse. A century later, one Christopher Greening was instrumental in establishing a factory at Long Creadon, in Buckinghamshire.

Pins have now been in pretty general use in this country for nearly four hundred years. They were at first merely clumsy iron spikes, but in 1540, brass ones were introduced from France. The importance the ladies of those days attached to them, may be gathered from the fact that they induced Parliament to pass an act "to avoid the sleighty and false making of pinnes, which be dayly vented, uttered, and put to sale within this realme, to the no little hurte and damage of the Kinge's subjects, byers, and occupiers of the same."

"Be it enacted," continued the old law, "that no manner of persons shall vent, utter, or put to sale by retayle, engrosse, or otherwise, any manner of pinnes within this realme, but only such as shall be double headed, and have the heades soudered fast to the shank of the pinne, wel smothed, the shank well shaven, the poynt well round, filed, canted, and shaped."

From this curious old enactment, it appears that at that time of day, pins were made pretty much as they were ever since until recent years. Improvements were effected

in the various operations, and the division of labor, was, in course of time, carried to a very remarkable extent.

It has been reckoned that no fewer than twenty-seven persons were formerly employed in making a pin. This probably included all who had any thing to do with the metal from the mine upwards. But even in the manufacture of the actual pin, as many as twelve or fourteen were concerned. One would straighten the wire, another cut it into handy lengths, another make the points, several would be engaged in making heads, others in putting them on, and so forth. Clearly, therefore, when pins were made by hand, a very large proportion of their cost went to the maintenance of workpeople, and the industry maintained thousands of hands.

The machine came in, and all but abolished the operative. Wire is put in at one end, and pins come out at the other. A child may tend five or six of these wonderful pieces of mechanism, each of which will turn out pins at the rate of 300 a minute. Thus, in the present day, a child may produce at the rate of 1,500 to 2,000 pins a minute, each of which, a few years ago, would individually have required the attention of twelve or fourteen persons.

Rise and Fall of the Drum.

We have been told, says a Parisian gentleman, that the drum comes to us from the East, and that the Moors first brought it into Europe. Certain is the fact, that the most savage races have always rejoiced in their tam-tams, and as the pleasure of making noise is inherent in human nature, perhaps the most effective way of creating a din was invented by Adam's sons or grandsons. But the drum does not appear to have been used in the French army until towards the close of the fourteenth century, and its intro-

duction is attributed to the English invasion under Edward III. Its general adoption by the infantry dates back to the time of Louis XI., when the Swiss element was largely infused into the royal forces.

The drum at that epoch was a shapeless instrument, and served more for rallying the troops, or for the conveyance of the word of command, than for regulating the step, which was far from being as measured as it is now. Each captain had a drummer in his private livery, and he employed him to carry his orders or his instructions as much as for beating the word of command; the drummer in those days appears to have been a kind of aid-de-camp. The covering was usually made from the hide of some animal—generally of an ass—though if it be true that John Zisca, the avenger of Huss, bequeathed his skin to his gallant companions in arms, to form the covering of a drum which was to summon them in case of danger, material more noble was at least once made to serve the purpose.

The drum was not used for drilling infantry to keep step until the middle of the eighteenth century, and the roll, such as we now know it, was only regulated some hundred years ago. The drummer's art then became more difficult, and to perfect it regimental schools were established, the master of which was the drum-major, who in recent times still was such a prominent and popular personage in each French regiment. The period of his greatest glory was the First Empire, when the drum-major of the grenadiers of the guard had rank as a captain and wore a uniform which cost Napoleon one hundred and twenty pounds. Under the restoration and the monarchy of July, drum-majors were given to the regiments of firemen, and even to those of the national guard, but of late years their prestige has diminished in a great extent, and also their stature;

they are no longer such imposing clothes-horses, all lace and feathers, towering above ordinary mortals; the race has in fact been visibly deteriorating.

Such as they are, however, they will now disappear from the head of French regiments with their drums. The Minister of War explained before the Budget Committee, that his reason for adopting the change is because drummers are not combatants, so he proposed to replace them by trumpeters, who do come under that category. Like the white leather aprons of the sappers, which have disappeared for some time, the little parchment-covered cylinders are henceforth doomed.

Legends of Flowers.

LEGENDARY lore informs us, that the rose was consecrated to Venus, and Cupid wore its freshest blooms. The origin of the red rose is thus explained. One accounts for it by saying, that Venus was wounded by its thorns, and her blood flowed upon the pure white and changed it red. Another affirms, that Eve, wandering in the bowers of bliss, stopped to kiss the waxen whiteness, which, blushing, retains the vermilion hue. But Herrick says, that

> As Cupid danced among
> The gods, he down the nectar flung;
> Which, on the white rose being shed,
> Made it, forever after, red.

We have heard the origin of the name "forget-me-not" is ascribed to the following incident: Two lovers had wandered far until they reached a grove, all flowers and moss beneath and leaves above. Within this wood was a deep blue lake, with islands gemming its peaceful breast.

> "Those little blue-eyed-flowers!" the maiden cried;
> "O see them, Ernest, drooping o'er the brink
> Of that sweet isle! Now shall thy love be tried,

Thou gallant knight! So swear that, swim or sink,
Those flowers around my brow thy hand shall link!"
The lover, smiling, vowed it o'er and o'er
And leaped right gayly toward the flowery plot,
But fell alas! and sunk—yet not before
He grasped the flowers, and threw them toward the spot
Where Mary sat, crying "Forget-me-not."

The passion flower owes its name to the missionaries who discovered it while they were traversing South America. It is said its ten petals were fancied by them to represent the ten Apostles, besides Judas, who betrayed, and Peter, who denied, his Master. The stamens compare to a radiance or glory issuing from the cup of the flower; the small purple threads at the base of the style, to a crown of thorns; the style, to which the malefactors were bound when scourged; the clasper to the cord, and the palmate leaf to the hand. The three divisions at the top of the style represent the three nails. One of the five stamens being taken for the hammer, the other four remain to form the cross. The time between the opening and closing of the flowers, in its native country, being three days, completes the representation.

Of one tender flower, Shakespeare says: "The more it is trodden under foot, the faster it grows; yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears." The following anecdote is told of it: During the Revolution, a British officer, walking in the garden, eagerly inquired the names of the various plants cultivated. Coming to one bed, he asked the mistress of the ground (who attended him with evident reluctance) what was the name of that low plant.

"The rebel's flower," replied she with firmness.

"Why so called?" questioned the officer.

"Because," was the bold reply, "it flourishes the more it is trampled upon."

Wordsworth says:

As long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story.

So we must not pass them by. In the fourteenth century, a golden violet was awarded as a prize to the author of the best poem in the Provencal language. In the festival of the Feralia, celebrated by the Romans in honor of their dead, violets were strewn as offerings. But even more do we love our old friends looking up from their bed of green—the pansies; for we remember Ophelia's touching words, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there's pansies, they're for thoughts." The couch of Eden was formed of

Pansies and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinths, earth's freshest, softest lap.

Narcissus indicates egoism and self-love. Echo, the nymph, loved the beautiful young Narcissus. Finding he did not reciprocate her affection, she pined away until at length she was changed to rock, and nothing but her voice remained. But Aphrodite avenged the injury to her sex on Narcissus, who in his self-love had scorned the lovely nymph. As he was hunting one day, he went down to quench his thirst from a spring, clear as a crystal, and beheld his own image reflected therein. The goddess caused him to fall in love with his own shadow, which being unattainable, he, too, pined away from pure longing, and, ever since, the flower named after him has continued an emblem of heartless beauty and self-love.

In some climates the cactus forms dense thickets, so impervious as not to be penetrated by man. Since it has been introduced into our green-houses, it has rapidly been growing in favor. 'Tis said that one once raised its tall bare branches amid the blooming flowers of a conservatory, and 'twas deemed so ugly that it was thrown aside; sud-

denly it put forth a hundred flowers, and its perfume fell with every breeze. Enraptured, the gardener exclaimed:

Most gorgeous of the flowers of earth,
Like love, thou waitest want and shame
To call thy beauties into birth.
O, teach me, wise and noble flowers,
To train my simple heart to meet
Misfortune's dark and friendless hours
With smiles like theirs, serene and sweet!

First Locomotive in America.

The first locomotive run in this country was built by Peter Cooper, of New York, and run from Baltimore to Ellicott City, Md. The young people took to making wedding trips of eight miles at once, and the custom has grown and developed with the country. The following is the first "time-table" advertised:

"Office of the Baltimore & Ohio
R. R. Co., June 16th, 1830.

"From the depot on Pratt street, there will start:

"A train of carriages at 9 o'clock, A.M.

"A train of carriages at 3 o'clock, P.M.

"A way carriage at 6 o'clock, P.M.

"Persons who are desirous of obtaining seats are requested to be punctual, as the carriages start precisely at the time stated. Round trip only 75 cents."

First Message by Telegraph.

The first message by telegraph was sent from Mt. Clare Depot, Baltimore, to the Supreme Court chamber, at Washington. The words were: "What hath God Wrought?" and were sent by Miss Annie Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, to Professor

Morse. She received this privilege as a reward for informing the Professor that Congress had passed the bill to test his experiment. He was in despair after years of effort. It reads like a passage of our own times, to learn that Congressional wits moved amendments, including experiments in *millerism and mesmerism*, to the act. Such, however, is the fact. He was afterwards honored by all nations, and the European powers presented him with 400,000 francs.

The Origin of Language—Early Efforts of Man to Communicate with His Fellows—The Progress from Vagueness to Precision.

Professor Abel believes the early Egyptian language was anciently a language of homonyms, confused by the use of one sound for a multitude of things, and by the converse phenomenon of a great variety of sounds, all signifying the same thing. These imperfections of language Professor Abel identifies with what he terms a literature of pictures. And even as these signs and symbols were needed to piece out the sense of written words, so might it well be supposed that gestures must have accompanied lingual speech.

The further back we go in the history of man, the more sensuous must have been the subjects of his discourse. As ideas became familiar, a selective process would gradually have fixed the meaning of words, and would have rejected hieroglyphic aid. Professor Abel shows, by way of illustration, how thirty-seven words, all signifying the same thing in the earliest hieroglyphic writing, were reduced in number to ten, in the subsequent Coptic literature.

The same development from vagueness of sound to clearness and precision he considered by analogy to have

been probable in the Aryan and Semitic tongues, and indeed in all forms of language whatever. The rank luxuriance of synonyms was thinned as soon as the systematic process of planting began.

Such ascertained phenomena as those adduced, in regard to the most ancient of now decipherable languages, would, he conceives, negative the idea that speech originated in an outburst of inspiration.

He shows, also, inversions of sound, inversions of sense, and inversions both of sound and sense. Among words whose meaning was exactly inverted in ancient Egyptian literature, he mentions those which stand antithetically for strong and weak, to cut to pieces and to unite, to take and to let lie, to receive and to give, to hold fast and to let go. Vast numbers of homophonic words, he contends, were far from fortuitous; contrasts and antitheses being necessary to the understanding of all things.

The school-boy, in a scientific age, must know what one kind of angle is before he can define another kind. In the childhood of mankind, there was doubtless a mental wrestling after the most elementary meanings. A thing and its contrary, had, therefore, a logical connection so close that, in the infancy of speech, it might very naturally find expression in the same word, slight phonetic differentiations distinguishing between the several meanings of the same word.

Contradictory propositions, compounded of two opposites, Professor Abel observes to be frequent not only in the ancient Egyptian language, but in modern German and English. He instances notably the words "without," "withhold," "withstand" and "withdraw," observing how opposed each was to the sense of the monosyllable word "with."

Age of the World--Reade Makes it Six Hundred Millions of Years.

Geologists, astronomers and physicists alike, have hitherto been baffled in their attempts to set up any satisfactory kind of chronometer which will approximately measure geological time, and thus give us some clue to the antiquity of our globe. It is therefore worth noting, that Mr. Mellard Reade, of Liverpool, has recently contributed to the Royal Society a very suggestive paper, in which he endeavors to grapple with the question by employing the limestone rocks of the earth's crust as an index of geological time.

Limestones have been in course of formation from the earliest known geological periods, but it would appear that the later found strata are more calcareous than the earlier, and that there has in fact been a gradually progressive increase of calcareous matter.

The very extensive deposition of carbonate of lime over wide areas of the ocean-bottom at the present day, is sufficiently attested by the recent soundings of the "Challenger." According to the author's estimate, the sedimentary crust of the earth is at least one mile in average actual thickness, of which probably one-tenth consists of calcareous matter.

In seeking the origin of this calcareous matter, it is assumed that the primitive rocks of the original crust were of the nature of gigantic or basaltic rocks. By the disintegration of such rocks, calcareous and other sedimentary deposits have been formed.

The amount of lime salts in waters which drain districts made up of granites and basalts, is found, by a comparison of analyses, to be on an average about 3.73 parts in 100,000 parts of water

It is further assumed, that the excesed areas of igneous

rocks, taking an average throughout all geological time, will bear to the exposures of sedimentary rocks a ratio of about one to nine. From these and other data, Mr. Reade concludes that the elimination of the calcareous matter now found in all the sedimentary strata must have occupied at least 600,000,000 of years. This, therefore, represents the minimum age of the world.

The author infers, that the formation of the Laurentian, Cambrian and Silurian strata must have occupied about 200,000,000 of years; the old red sandstone, the carboniferous, and the poikilitic systems, another 200,000,000; and all the other strata, the remaining 200,000,000. Mr. Reade is, therefore, led to believe, that geological time has been enormously in excess of the limits urged by certain physicists; that it has been ample to allow for all the changes which, on the hypothesis of evolution, have occurred in the organic world.

The Rise and Progress of the Finger-Bowl.

The history of dinner-table etiquette, as far as the cleansing of the fingers goes, has caused a great deal of discussion.

Table manners and table equipage have been derived from the French. Strange as it may seem, a great many dinner amenities owe their origin to the East. Bibliophile Jacob says somewhere, that the napkins during a repast were possibly brought into use in Europe after the Crusades. Oriental habits at dinner, where the Turk of the old school to-day, having no knife or fork, plunges his fingers in the pillau, are but a continuation of customs of the times of Saladin.

The Oriental is excessively clean in his habits, and between the fingering of the viands and some of the manip-

ulations of a cook with his dishes, really the difference is only this—that the Turk who picks out a peculiar nice titbit to offer to his guest, does it in view of everyone, while the cook's prior actions are not seen. As fountains were ever spurting and gurgling in Haroun-al-Raschid's banqueting halls, opportunities to cleanse one's fingers in the flowing waters must have been ever at hand. Oriental people retain the habit of hand or finger washing after a dinner.

The method is not, perhaps, adapted to our customs, yet is a very sensible one. A servant, after the repast, makes the round of the table (the guests are seated on low cushions on the floor), holding a copper vessel, provided with a very long but narrow spout. In the other hand he carries a wide, deep copper basin. A tiny stream of water is poured over the fingers of each guest into the basin, while another servant follows with a towel. The first portion of the performance is proper enough; but as one towel usually serves for all the guests, a kind of universal sack towel, delicate-minded Europeans rather dislike the custom.

It is not necessary to go further back and refer to the Biblical habits before and after partaking of food. As to the more modern custom, Brillat Saravin, whose book on the "Physiologie du Gout" was written in the early part of this century, inveighs against the finger-bowls. He says: "It was about forty years ago that some people in good society—they were most always women—commenced to wash out their mouths (*rincer la bouche*) after their meals." Brillat Saravin deprecates the custom, and calls it useless, indecent and disgusting, rather directing, however, his criticism against the mouth-rinsing than the finger-dipping.

A Horseshoe for Luck, with Some Lucky Incidents.

THE HORSESHOE, now all the rage as an ornament, and affected by men and women alike, has long been considered a token of good luck, especially by sailors. Few sailors would start on a voyage in a ship on which the potency of the horseshoe was not acknowledged.

It must be kept at some conspicuous place as a sign of good luck. On Western steamboats, not a deck-hand could be induced to engage himself on a steamer that did not have a partly-worn horseshoe nailed over the companion-way of the bow. Very often they are placed near the figure-head, at the stem of the bow.

How long this superstition has prevailed, it would be impossible to tell. It is by no means of recent origin. Horseshoes and conjurers have long been allies. To find a whole horseshoe in the road, that has been cast from the animal and still retains five of the nails in it, is considered a remarkable token of good luck. But should anyone find a horseshoe with all the nails in it, he may consider himself endowed with wonderful powers of magic.

This conceit, no doubt, had its origin in the fact, that it is almost impossible for a horse to cast a shoe while all the nails are intact.

There lived a man in Shenandoah County, Virginia, who claimed to have found such a horseshoe. His name was Conrad Gerst. He was a German with little education, but was considerable of a knave. He professed to be able to work wonders, and was believed by many people to possess certain powerful conjuring powers. Gerst was a shoemaker, and very poor, for he was too lazy to work, and had a large family of children. He could heal the sick, recover stolen articles, cure diseased cattle, find underground streams of running water, make the butter come for the dairy women, and drive off witches. A woman

churned all day ovêr a churning of cream, but the butter would not come. She sent for Gerst. He told her to get an old horseshoe, heat it red hot and cast it into the churn. Then, after cleansing the churn with boiling water, he guaranteed that the butter would come at the next effort; and more, if the woman would inquire carefully among her neighbors, she would discover that some one of them (an enemy) would have a severe burn on some part of her body. There were plenty of people who believed in this.

Another case: A widow lady, living two miles from Gerst, had a sum of money stolen from her. Instead of giving the matter into the hands of the authorities, she sent for Gerst. He inquired into the affair, and after performing a number of incantations with a stick that he carried, and placing his horseshoe in the fire and cooling it in the spring, he announced confidently, that on the morning of the second day thereafter, the money would be found at a certain place, with some other valuables that had been lost. This conclusion of the conjurer was widely circulated, and, on the morning indicated, quite a number of people assembled at the widow's house, to see the prediction verified. The money was found at the place indicated. The solution was, that the thief, whoever he was, believed in Gerst's pretended power, and returned the money out of fear.

The superstition that imputes such virtues to the horseshoe, gave birth to the prevailing idea that makes it an emblem of good luck.

Origin of the Water-melon.--An Old Anecdote.

THE MELON was well known to the ancients, as Pliny speaks of it as a great favorite in his day. It was thought by the ancients to be a modification of, and a great im-

provement on, the cucumber. Some asserted that it was easy of digestion; others, the contrary. But all agreed that it did not afford much nourishment. The cantaloupe was thus named from being cultivated at Cantelupo, a country house of the Popes, a few leagues from Rome. Its introduction is thought to date back to 1495, on the return of the expedition of Charles VIII. to Italy.

There is a little melon anecdote, as follows: The Sultan Amurath had a passion for melons, and one day the finest one in his garden, with which he was to begin his evening meal, was missing. The pages alone had access to the garden; so Amurath summoned them all, and they pleaded not guilty. The angry Sultan then took a decided step. He ordered all the pages to lie down in a row, and commanded his executioner to open the stomach of each one in turn, till he arrived at the culprit, who proved to be the fifteenth one, in whom the seeds of the melon were discovered. It may be imagined that his days were summarily ended, as well as those of the fourteen who had preceded him.

Shaving—Development of the Razor from a Mollusk—Rise of the Barber Shop.

The idea that shaving is a duty—ceremonial, as among the Egyptian priests, or social merely, as among ourselves—is older than the invention of steel or even of bronze razors. Nothing is more remarkable in savage life than the resolution of the braves who shave with a shell or with a broken piece of glass, left by European mariners. A warrior will throw himself on the ground, and while one friend holds his arms and prevents him from struggling, another will scrape his chin with the shell or the broken bottle-glass, till he rises, bleeding but beardless.

Macaulay, it seems, must have shaved almost as badly with the razor of modern life. When he went to a barber,

and, after an easy shave, asked what he owed, the fellow replied:

"Just what you generally give the man who shaves you, sir."

"I generally give him two cuts on each cheek," said the historian of England.

Shaving requires a combination of qualities which rarely meet in one amateur. You should have plenty of razors, unlike a Prussian Ambassador of the stingy Frederick. This Ambassador, according to Voltaire, cut his throat with the only razor he possessed.

The chin of that diplomatist must have been unworthy alike of the court to which he was accredited, and of that from which he came. The exquisite shaver who would face the world with a smooth chin, requires many razors, many strops, many brushes, odd soaps, a light steady hand, and, perhaps, a certain gayety of temper which prevents edged weapons from offering unholy temptations. Perhaps the shaver is born, not made, like the poet; certainly many men are born with an inability to shave. Hence comes the need of the kindly race of barbers, a race dear to literature. Their shops were the earliest Clubs, their conversation was all the ancient world knew in the way of society journals. Horace, George Eliot, Beaumarchais, Cervantes and Scott, have appreciated the barber, and celebrated his characteristics. If the wearing of the beard ever became universal, the world, and especially the Spanish and Italian world, would sadly miss the barber and the barber's shop. The energy of the British character, their zeal, their individual enterprise, make them a self-shaving race; the Latin peoples are economical, but they do not grudge paying for an easy shave. Americans in this matter are more Continental than English in their taste. Was it not in Marseilles that his friends induced

Mark Twain to be shaved by a barber worthy of the bottle-glass or sea-shell stage of his profession? They pretended that his performances were equal to those of the barber on board the ship that brought them from America.

The Story of a Great Discovery.

THERE is living at Catasauqua, Pa., in a hearty old age, the man who discovered how to use anthracite coal in the manufacture of iron. His name is David Thomas, and the story of his discovery he thus narrates: "One winter night in the old country, I sat with Mr. Crane, a brother superintendent of a blast furnace, over a grate fire of hard coal. We had talked of the recent invention of the hot blast, just patented by Mr. Neilson, a Scotchman, and our conversation had carried us pretty well along into the evening. The fire had burned low, and we were about to separate, when I picked up the bellows and began to blow it.

"'You will put that fire out,' said Mr. Crane.

"As he spoke, it flashed over me that if my bellows gave a hot blast, it would bring the grateful of coal to a bright glow, and, with the thought, there came like an inspiration upon me, that the hot-blast was all that was needed to utilize the rich beds of anthracite under our feet for making iron. I dropped the bellows and gave utterance to my thoughts.

"Mr. Crane smiled, then grew attentive, and, as I went on thinking out my theory, as I spoke he became interested. When I concluded, we grasped hands over the dead coals of our anthracite fire, and separated.

"Little sleep we got that night. To me it was one of restless anxiety. When I read an account of the night be-

ofre the execution of a condemned man, I always think of my night with my new idea.

"The next day I posted up to Scotland, and on my return I brought with me the plans of a hot-blast furnace, which we at once proceeded to build for the purpose of making iron with anthracite coal. It was a great success, and attracted capital to the development of the anthracite coal beds of Wales, and the attention of the scientific world. Before that, for our furnaces we had bought coke from the distant bituminous coal fields, thereby increasing the cost of our product over establishments more favorably situated. The very hills underneath our feet were filled with rich deposits of anthracite, and the discovery of means to utilize it was like a mine of gold to the country around. Our experiment was a success.

"Of course the scientific discussion carried on in the papers in that country provoked attention in America, and the few scientific journals published here took up the matter, and thereby the iron-workers of this region came to know of its great value. They were then using charcoal and coke. At once they set to work on my plan. It resulted in great losses to the capital invested and many cases of financial failure and bankruptcy.

"The Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company watched these experiments with ardent hope of success, for they saw what a great advantage to them must result in carrying to perfection in this country what we had perfected in Wales. They waited and hoped in vain, and finally concluded to send for Mr. Crane or me. Their representative visited me, in the person of Erskine Hazard, of Philadelphia. I had often thought of coming to America, and my wife was strongly in favor of it; so we received Mr. Hazard's proposition with favor. Terms were fixed upon; it was arranged that my expenses out were to be paid, and

that if I did not wish to stay after five years, I was to be sent back with my family at their expense. I arrived here early in the fall of 1839, and, Catasauqua being selected as the place to build the first furnace, I at once set to work. The population, which at that time was only that of a hamlet, was composed entirely of Germans, and my greatest difficulty was to get skilled labor. I picked up an old countryman here and there, and on the Fourth of July, 1840, I started the first blast, and on that day made the first iron. There is the furnace, sir, just below my house. It was in blast ever since until within a few days. The success was so complete, as shown by the work turned out during the following six or eight months, that another was started, which I built in 1842. I built the third in 1846, and the fourth and fifth in 1849. For forty years we have averaged 40,000 tons of iron a year from these furnaces, or 1,600,000 tons in the aggregate. Then furnaces sprang up all over the anthracite region. The way to utilize the hard coal in the manufacture of iron was the only thing needed to completely develop the great mineral wealth of the country, and, this fact being recognized, there was no lack of money to take the preliminary steps."

Origin of the Names of the Months.

THE ORIGIN of the names of the months of the year is as follows:

January is so called from Janus, a heathen god, who presided over the gates of heaven. He has two faces, one looking to the old year, the other toward the new. He was the first king of Italy, and Romans used to give the doors in their houses the name of Janua

February is derived from Februo, to purify, because the feasts of purification were celebrated at this season. The

Romans offered sacrifices to their goddess Februo for the spirits of departed friends.

March was originally the first month in the Roman year, and was dedicated to Mars, the god of war.

April is so called from *aperio*, which signifies to open, because nature now begins to expand its beauties.

May was so named by Romulus, the founder of Rome, in honor of Maia, the mother of Mercury.

June was named by the Romans in honor of Mercury, who was represented as a juvenile figure, to which they applied the word Junius.

July was called by the Romans, Quintilis, being the fifth month of their year, but was changed to Julius, in honor of Julius Cæsar.

August was called by the Romans, Sextis, or sixth month from March; but in honor of Augustus Cæsar, second emperor, was changed to August.

September was derived from Septem, the seventh month of the Roman year, and *imber*, which means a shower.

October was the eighth month of the Roman year.

November is derived from *novem* and *imber*, or the ninth month of the Roman year.

December is from *decem*, the tenth month of the Roman year.

Origin of "Hurrah."

THIS FAMILIAR word is pure Slavonian, and is commonly heard from the coast of Dalmatia to Behring's Straits, when any of the population within these limits are called on to give proof of courage, approbation and valor. The origin of the word belongs to the primitive idea that every man that dies heroically for his country, goes straight to heaven—*Hu-ray* (to Paradise), and in the shock and ardor

of battle the combatants utter that cry (*Hu-ray*) as the Turks do that of "Allah," each animating himself, by the certitude of immediate recompense, to forget earth and to contemn death.

Origin of Newspapers.

THE NEWSPAPER was long stated to have originated in Venice, in 1563, and to have been called *Gazetta*, whence our name Gazette. This was, however, an error; for the Venetian newspaper was a written sheet, for hearing which read, each person paid a gazetta, a small coin no longer in use. The paper was, in fact, called "A particular Relation," a title borne by many English newspapers of the seventeenth century.

"Money."

THE ROMAN coin issued by Serrius Tullius bore the image of a sheep (*pecus*), and was thence called *pecunia*, the term subsequently applied to money in general. This is one story.

The first silver money was coined at Rome, A. U. C. 482; the mint was in the Temple of Juno Moneta, and this circumstance occasioned the origin of our word "money."

Origin of "Uncle Sam."

IMMEDIATELY after the last declaration of war with England, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, where he purchased a large quantity of provisions. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (who was universally known as "Uncle Sam") generally super-

intended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor. The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." This work fell to the lot of a facetious fellow, who, on being asked the meaning of the mark, said he did not know unless it meant *Elbert Anderson* and Uncle Sam, alluding exclusively, then, to the said *Uncle Sam Wilson.* The joke "took," and soon became very current.

Visiting Cards.

VISITING cards have currency throughout the civilized world; they are a modern invention, and, like all truly good things, they have a tendency to be simple.

Visiting cards originated with the Chinese, and there are those who maintain that the Chinese are the politest people on earth.

In China, rank is expressed by the size of the visiting card. When McCartney had occasion to visit Peking as the representative of the British Government, a number of servants carried a big bundle into his reception-room, which, when unrolled, covered nearly the whole floor of the large chamber; it was the visiting card of the Chinese Emperor.

The people of Europe adopted visiting cards a little over a hundred years ago, when the influence of Chinese fashions was greater than it is now. In America, the general use of visiting cards is of recent origin, and many of our most renowned patriots never had any; or they used the backs of playing cards, or whatever else came to hand.

During the era preceding the French revolution, all gentlemen of education tried to be gallants, and all ladies tried to be reigning belles. In making calls, they had to inscribe their names in a book kept for that purpose by

porters. This was inconvenient for many reasons. The people dressed for a call found it inconvenient to write, and the French ladies in particular, wrote more or less badly. The wicked world protests to this day, that many great ladies do not write very elegantly or very correctly —that is to say, French ladies. A printed or engraved card was an admirable substitute, and the fashion of Paris soon spread over the world.

The earliest visiting cards of France were done up in the rococo style, and contained full announcements, such as "the visit of the Countess Wonderful," or "the Marquis of Emerald has the honor to wish you a happy New Year." These early fashions were superseded by the classicists. They represented a wanderer among the ruins of Athens, deciphering an inscription which represented the name of the caller. The visiting cards of Louis XVI. were adorned with flowers and birds. The artists excelled in adorning their cards, and ladies usually saturated them with their favorite perfume. Under the First Empire, all cards were plain or ornamented with some allegorical allusion to Greece or Rome. The restoration introduced little ornaments in pink, sepia, or many-colored edges. Under Louis Philippe, heavy bristol-board cards of good sizes bore the caller's name in a very delicate form—to indicate the modesty of the great. It was then customary to have small cards with very great names, and, in the early days of photography, some people had their cards embellished with their portrait.

More recently, and especially in this country, all visiting cards are rather plain, and they are very much alike. As a rule, engraved cards are preferred, and the tendency is to leave off as much as possible, except the name. People of standing think it below their dignity to add their rank or their address, taking it for granted that these matters

are generally known or easily learned from directories. In leaving cards, they avoid additional messages or signs, the card itself being supposed to tell its tale, and, if left by the owner in person, to confer honor enough for one day. Servants are not allowed to fold cards, as a folded card is supposed to come directly from the person whose name it bears. There has of late been a tendency to add ornaments to cards, also titles or crowns, and gentlemen of reputation like to add "Mr.," as a mark of special modesty. But the simpler a card is, the better it answers its purpose, which is no other than to take the place of the person itself on occasions where the reception of the owner would be inconvenient on either side, or a useless ceremony.

"Hymen."

Danchet, the French poet, tells us that Hymen was a young man of Athens, obscurely born but extremely handsome. Falling in love with a lady of rank, on a certain occasion, when promenading the seashore, both were captured by pirates and taken to a distant island, where the pirates became drunk for joy and fell asleep. Under the circumstances, Hymen managed to slay the sleeping robbers and escape with his lady to Athens, where he told his adventures, and demanded his beloved in marriage as her ransom. His request was granted; and so fortunate was the marriage, that the name of Hymen was ever after invoked on all future nuptials; and in progress of time, the Greeks enrolled him among the gods.

Derivation of "Cash."

There can be but little doubt that the word "cash" is derived from the Italian *cassa*, the chest in which Italian

merchants kept their money, as do at the present time the Spaniards in their *caja*, and the Portuguese in their *caxa*, and the French in their *caisse*. The application of the word "cash" to money is altogether English, it not having a corresponding term in any other European language. It has been suggested, that entries in the cash book might be improved by writing "Chest Dr." and "Chest Cr.", for, after all, it is the "Chest" account.

Origin of Familiar Sayings.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe: "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to a sticking-place" (not point), "They laugh that win," "This is the short and long of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel came to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is Woman," and hosts of others.

Washington Irving gives us "The almighty dollar." Thomas Norton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs." Charles C. Pinckney, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, prepared by General Henry Lee.

From the same we cull, "Make assurance doubly sure," "Christmas comes but once a year," "Count their chickens ere they are hatched," and "Look before you leap."

Thomas Tassar, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us, "It's an ill wind turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool," is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," "Through thick and thin."

"No pent-up Utica contracts our power," declared Jonathan Sewell.

"When Greeks join Greeks then was the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692.

"Of two evils, I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Pryor. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good hater," and Macintosh in 1791, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

"Variety's the spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper. "Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas a Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long." Edward Cooke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark;" "A fool at forty, is a fool indeed;" but, alas, for his knowledge of human nature, when he tells us "Man wants but little, nor wants that little long."

From Bacon, comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southferne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love."

Dean Swift thought, that "Bread is the staff of life." Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is from Keats. Franklin said, "God helps them who help themselves," and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with the thought, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Even some of the "slang" phrases of the day have a legitimate origin. "Putting your foot in it," is certainly not a very elegant mode of expression, but according to the "Asiatic Researches," it is quite a fine point of law; when the title to land is disputed in Hindostan, two holes are dug in the ground, and used to incase a limb of each laywer (?), and the one who tired first, lost his client's case. Fancy, if you can, some of our famous "limbs of the law" pleading in such a manner! It is generally the client who "puts his foot in it."

When things are in disorder, they are often said to be turned "topsy turvy"; this expression is derived from the way in which turf used for fuel is placed to dry, the turf being turned downward; and the expression then means topside turfway.

Plutarch, in his life of Argesileus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of a quaint and familiar expression:

On a certain occasion, an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the King over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew him that, though only nominal King of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marveled much at this, and spoke of it to the King.

"Sire," he said, I have visited most of the principal

towns, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Angesileus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the King led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said:

"There, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick!

"Pipe-Laying."

THIS TERM originated from an accusation brought against prominent members of the Whig party of New York, of being engaged in a gigantic scheme to bring voters thither from Philadelphia, who, it was said, to better conceal the plan, were designated as "pipe-layers," the work of laying down pipe for the Croton water being at that time in progress.

"Yankee"—"Yankee Doodle."

THE WORD Yankee is believed to have been derived from the manner in which the Indians endeavored to pronounce the word English, which they rendered "Yenghees," whence the word Yankee. In a letter of the Rev. William Gordon, published in the *Penna Gazette*, May 10th, 1775, giving an account of the skirmishes at Concord and Lexington, he says: They (the British troops) were roughly handled by the Yankees, a term of reproach for the New Englanders, when applied by the regulars."

Soon after, a privateer was fitted out by the citizens of Newbury, which they called the "Yankee Herd."

In a curious book on the Round Towers of Ireland, the origin of the term Yankee Doodle was traced to the Persian phrase "Yanke-dooniah," or inhabitants of the New World. Layard, in his book on "Nineveh and its Remains," also mentions "Yanghi-dunia" as the Persian name of America.

Eating Crow.

THE ORIGIN of the phrase "eating crow" is based upon a story told a quarter of a century since in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and is as follows: An old farmer, who lived somewhere on the Hudson, below Albany, was in the habit of taking in a few summer boarders to eke out the earnings of the farm.

Like most farmers who take summer boarders and have at the same time a convenient market for their produce, this thrifty successor of the Knickerbockers was accustomed to send all the best products of his farm and garden, and the choicest butter from his dairy, to market, often returning from town with inferior articles which he had purchased at a greatly reduced price, safely hidden away in his wagon box, to be smuggled into the kitchen and palmed off upon the confiding boarders as home-grown products. Finally some of the boarders began to grumble.

They had boarded in the country before, and knew what fresh vegetables and berries, new-laid eggs and "grass" butter were, and they were conscious of the fact that they were not getting what they were entitled to.

To all their complaints the farmer returned answer, that they were entirely "too pertickeler," that it was foolish

and sinful to pamper one's appetite; that ordinary food was best in the long run, and winding up invariably with the remark: "I kin eat anything; I kin eat a crow." This last remark was repeated so often that it made an impression on one of the boarders, who, being out shooting one day, and having popped over a crow, determined to put the gastronomic abilities of his host to the test. He carried the bird home, had the cook dress it, and gave her instructions to cook it for dinner. Then, fearful that the hardy farmer might have stomach even for such a dish, and so make good his boast, he slipped into the kitchen while the bird was cooking, and seasoned it liberally with Scotch snuff. In time the dish was sent to the table, and the boarder placed it before the host, with the remark:

"Now, you have been steadily proclaiming your ability to eat a crow. Here is one cooked to a turn. Try it."

The farmer was taken somewhat aback, but had too much pluck to acknowledge himself beaten without a trial. He accordingly attacked the dish, with the remark:

"I kin do it." At the second bite he repeated: "I kin eat crow," and, as he suddenly suspended the operation of cutting the third mouthful, and began to retreat toward the door, he added, "but dang me if I hanker arter it!"

How the Initials "I. H. S." Originated.

St. Bernardine of Sienna, is said to have been the inventor of these initials, to denote the name and mission of our Savior. They are to be found in a circle above the principal doors of Santo Croce in Florence, and are said to have been placed there by the Saint after the plague of 1347, after which time, these letters were very soon commonly introduced into churches. These initial letters have had assigned to them the following significations: *Jesus*

Hominum Salvator (Jesus, the Savior of Men), or *In Hoc Salus* (In Him is Salvation).

"Old Fogies."

THIS word is said to be derived from a peculiar body of men, who, at the end of the last century, existed in Edinburgh Castle, and were called *Fogies.* They were old men, dressed in red coats with apple-green facings and cocked hats, and were a sort of invalid company, who performed various trivial duties.

Coffee.

SAYS Mr. Cranfurd: The word "coffee" is derived from the Arabic *kahwah*—Turkish *Kahve.* The plant is a native of Abyssinia, and its true name is "*ban*," while *kahwah*, or coffee, means "wine," as a substitute for which the decoction was used. From Arabia it spread to Egypt and Turkey and thence to England, where it appeared in 1650. In sixty years' time, in fashionable society, according to Pope, it was:

> "Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
> And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

Origin of the Dollar Mark, $.

SPECULATIONS concerning the origin of the dollar mark ($) are many. Some say that it comes from the letters U. S., which, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, were prefixed to the Federal currency, and which afterwards, in the hurry of writing, were run into one another, the U. being made first and the S. over it. Others say it is derived from the contraction of the Spanish word

pesos, dollars; others from the Spanish *fuertes*, hard, to distinguish silver from paper money. The more probable explanation is, that it is a modification of the figure 8, and denotes a piece of "eight reals," or, as the dollar was frequently called, a "*piece of eight.*" It was then designated by the figures $\frac{8}{8}$.

Discoveries Made by Accident.

VALUABLE discoveries have been made, and valuable inventions suggested, by the veriest accidents.

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earth that would make the most durable crucibles, one day discovered that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled by the suddenly-enlarged appearance of a neighboring church-spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, and then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzo-tinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusty with dew.

The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum.

The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to

know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as copper. After he had prepared his slab, his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to copy it at leisure.

A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The composition of which printing rollers are made was discovered by a Salopian printer. Not being able to discover the pelt-ball, he inked the type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen out of the glue-pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass proper consistency, the old pelt-ball was entirely discarded.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Luneifoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smoldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments

were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The workmen were astonished when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, while Mr. East was highly incensed at what he considered a grave pecuniary loss. His wife was so much frightened that she would not confess her agency in the matter. After storing the damaged paper for four years, Mr. East sent it to his agent in London, with the instruction to sell it for what it would bring. The paper was accepted as a "purposed novelty," and was disposed of at quite an advance over market price. Mr. East was astonished at receiving an order for another large invoice of the paper. He was without the secret, and found himself in a dilemma. Upon mentioning it to his wife, she told him about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel tint far exceeded his ability to supply it.

A Brighton stationer took a fancy for dressing his show-window with piles of writing-paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest size in use; and to finish his pyramids off nicely, he cut cards to bring them to a point. Taking these cards for diminutive note paper, lady customers were continually wanting some of "that lovely little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut paper to the desired pattern. As there was no space for addressing the notelets after they were folded, he, after much thought, invented the envelope, which he cut by the aid of metal plates made for the purpose. The sale increased so rapidly that he was unable to produce the envelopes fast enough, so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them

for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing stationery trade.

The Bridal Veil.

THE "BRIDE'S VEIL" originated in the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man, over the bridegroom and the bride, to conceal her virgin blushes; but if the bride was a widow the veil was dispensed with.

The Cap of Liberty.

AFTER THE death of Cæsar, we are told, in the Life of Cicero, that the conspirators marched out in a body, with a cap, as the ensign of Liberty, carried before them on a spear. There was a medal struck on the occasion, with the same device, which is said to be still extant. The thought, however, was not new; for Saturninus, in his sedition, in 263, when he had possessed himself of the Capitol, exalted a cap also on the top of a spear, as a token of liberty to all slaves who would join him; and Marius used the same expedient, to incite the slaves to take arms with him against Sylla. For slaves to wear the cap was a prize.

"According to Gunter."

THIS EXPRESSION is undoubtedly derived from the name of a celebrated English mathematician, Edward Gunter, who was born in 1581. He was the author of various works, and also an inventor. Among his inventions were "Gunter's Quadrant," and "Gunter's Scale." This last is generally called by seamen *the Gunter*, and it is prob-

ably from this more especially that the phrase is derived. It is an instrument, by means of which, with the aid of the compass, many questions in navigation are settled.

"Brother Jonathan."

THE ORIGIN of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows:

When General Washington, after being appointed Commander of the Army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means for its defense; and on one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut; the General, placing the greatest reliance on his Excellency's judgment, remarked: "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforth, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan;" and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.

"Hobson's Choice."

TOBIAS HOBSON was the first man in England who let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stables, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door: so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a

proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice."—*Spectator.*

"A Feather in His Cap."

In the British Museum are two MSS. descriptive of Hungary in 1598, in which the writer says of the inhabitants:

"It hath been an auncient custome amongst them, that none should weare a fether but he who had killed a Turk, to whome onlie yt was lawfull to shew the number of his slaine enemyes by the number of fethers in his cappe." And this is said to explain the origin of "a feather in his cap."

Rise of the Cent.

The "cent" was proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years later. It began to make its appearance from the Mint in 1792. It bore then the head of Washington on one side, and a chain of thirteen links on the other. This head was, through French ideas, afterwards replaced with the Goddess of Liberty, and the chain by an olive wreath of peace.

How the Barber's Pole Originated.

The barber-surgeon of old was known by his pole at the door. This pole was by the barber-surgeon for his patient to grasp in blood-letting, a fillet or bandage being used for tying his arm. When the pole was not in use, the tape was tied to it, and twisted around it; and thus both

were hung up as a sign. At length, instead of hanging out the actual pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes around it, in imitation of the real pole and its bandages; hence the barber's pole.

Origin of the Days of the Week.

THE NAMES of the week days were originally given in honor of the sun, moon, and planets, which were objects of adoration in ancient times.

"Sunday" was anciently dedicated to the sun, and was, therefore, called the sun's day; in the Saxon, *sunnan* (sun), and *dag* (day).

"Monday" was sacred to the moon, and is, therefore, called moon-day; Saxon, *monandag*.

"Tuesday" was mars-day in ancient times, and derives its name from the Saxon, *tiwesdag*.

"Wednesday" is from the Saxon, *woden*, (anciently the highest god of the Germans and Scandinavians), and *dag*, (day).

"Thursday" was originally consecrated to *Thor*, the god of thunder (answering to Jove of the Romans), and is therefore called *Thor's day;* Saxon, *Thunresdag*.

"Friday" is from *Fria*, the goddess of marriage (equivalent to the Latin Juno), the wife of Odhin or Wodan, and *dag* (day).

"Saturday," was anciently Saturn day; Saxon, *Saterndag*.

The old Roman names were as follows:

Sunday, Dies Solis (Sun's day).

Monday, Dies Lunæ (Moon's day).

Tuesday, Dies Martis (Mar's day).

Wednesday, Dies Mercurii (Mercury's day).

Thursday, Dies Jovis (Jupiter's day).
Friday, Dies Veneris (Venus' day).
Saturday, Dies Saturni (Saturn's day).

"Its."

"His" is the genitive of "he" (he's); and "it," or "hit," as it was long written, is the neuter of "he," the final "t" being the sign of the neuter. "Its" does not occur in our authorized version of the Bible; nor does it occur a half-dozen times in all Shakespeare.

"Humbug."

Probably from the name of a Mr. Hume, who succeeded to the Bogne or Boog estate in Scotland, and who was known as "Hume o' the Boog," or "Aum o' the Bug." He was so inclined to the marvelous, that when anyone made an extraordinary statement, it soon became common to style it "a hum o' the bug," which was soon shortened to *humbug*. There are also other theories for its origin, *e. g.*, from a Mr. Humbug, a celebrated Irish dancing-master."

"True Blue."

In England this partisan color was first assumed by the Covenanters in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I., and hence it was taken by the troops of Lesley and Montrose in 1639. The expression is also supposed to have a relation to the Scriptural words recorded in Numbers xv., 38, where the "borders of their [Israelites] garments" were to have "ribbons of blue."

"Nabob."

THIS WORD originated from *nawab*, the plural of *naib*, a deputy or lieutenant. Sir T. Herbert, in 1634, spells the word *nabobb*, and defines it "a nobleman in the language of the Mogul's kingdom."

First Things.

ENVELOPES were first used in 1839.

Anæthesia was dicovered in 1844.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air pump was made in 1654.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1783.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826–7.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first steamer plied the Hudson in 1807.

The first watches were made at Nuremburg in 1477.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.

The first saw-maker's anvil was brought to America in 1819.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first almanac was printed by George Van Purbach in 1460.

The first chimney was introduced into Rome from Padua in 1329.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the War of 1812.

Glass was early discovered. Glass beads were found on mummies over three thousand years old.

Gas was first used as an illuminating agent in 1702. Its first use in New York was in 1827.

The first glass factory in the United States of which we have definite knowledge was built in 1780.

The first national bank in the United States was incorporated by Congress, December 31, 1781.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga County, N. Y., in March, 1808.

The first machine for carding, roving, and spinning cotton made in the United States was manufactured in 1786.

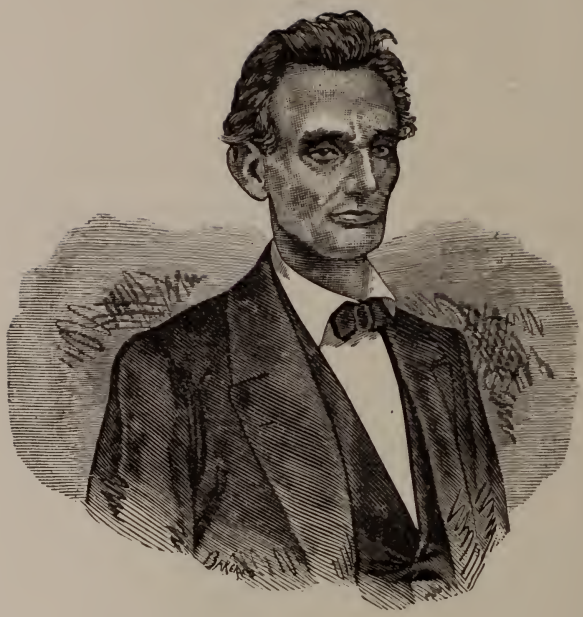
The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of "British and Foreign Bible Society."

The first telegraphic instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1844.

The first Union flag was unfurled on the 1st of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the English cross in one corner.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper in the United States was published in Boston, September 25, 1790. The first religious newspaper, the Boston *Record*, was published in 1815.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
THE LAWYER.

POPULAR ANECDOTES

Anecdotes of Noted Persons.

Lincoln and the Troublesome Politician.—A Laughable Story.

Mr. James S. Brisbin gives the following interesting and amusing reminiscence of the great war President :

One day not long after Mr. Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation, Mr. Wade came in, laughing all over his face, and said :

"Well, Old Abe has just done the sharpest thing you ever heard of. He has given out he has the small-pox, to keep the politicians and office-seekers away from the White House."

The story ran thus : Mr. Wade went to the White House to see Lincoln, who had been ill. He found the President a little pale, but jolly as he could be.

"Sit down, Wade. I am glad to see you. Oh, I have the funniest thing to tell you. It will make you laugh. I never did such a thing before in my life, and never will again." Then the President laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Now, Wade," he said, "you are not to repeat this out-

side, for it would give offense, and it by no manner of means comports with the dignity which is supposed to hedge a President about. The doctor put me up to it to rid myself of a bore. I ought not to have done it, but I couldn't help it, it was so funny. You know I have been ill, and a great many people have wondered what ailed me, but none of them could find out. The truth is, I was worried to death and talked sick pretty much by one man, the most everlasting bore you ever saw, who wanted an office. I knew he would come again as soon as I was able to sit up, and the doctor put me up to get rid of him by saying I had the small-pox. I only got out yesterday, and sure enough this morning he called on me. I had determined to be polite to him, but he staid so long the humor seized me and I sent for the doctor. Giving him the wink, I held out my hand, and inquired:

"Doctor, what marks are those on my hand?"

"That's varioloid or mild small-pox," said the doctor.

"Well," said I. "it's all over me. It's contagious, is it not, doctor?"

"Very contagious indeed," he replied, "and you should see no one."

"My visitor, who had been getting more and more nervous every moment, now could stand it no longer, and, rising, said:

" 'Well, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stop any longer. I just called to see how you were," and then he started to hurry out.'

"Stop a minute. I want to talk to you," said Lincoln, "about that office."

" 'Excuse me, Mr. President. You are not well this morning and I won't bother you," said he, shoving toward the door'.

"Never mind," said I, "don't be in a hurry. It's all

right, and if you are going to get the varioloid you will get it now anyhow. So you might as well sit down."

" 'Thank you, sir, but I'll call again," he replied, fairly turning livid and executing a masterly retreat from the fearful contagion with which he supposed me to be afflicted'.

"Now," said Uncle Abe, "it will be all over the city in an hour that I have the small-pox, and you contradict the story, but I want you to promise you won't repeat what I have just told you."

Wade laughed until he was weak, and when he could get his breath sufficiently to speak he looked at the clock, as was his custom, and said:

"Now for a little business, and then I will go."

"Don't go," cried Uncle Abe, and laying his head in his hands on the desk in front of him he laughed until he shook all over. Presently raising up his face from between his hands he wiped his eyes and blew his nose until the report sounded like the blowing of a horn. After another fit of laughing he said:

"Wade, you should have seen him, and how scared he was. I'll bet that fellow never comes back here while I am President."

As might have been expected, hardly had Mr. Wade quitted the White House when he heard the President had the small-pox, and was very sick. Wade promptly contradicted the story, but that night it was telegraphed all over the country, and many people will yet remember the story of Mr. Lincoln having the varioloid during the war.

Commenting on the report, Uncle Abe said to Wade:

"Some people said they could not take my proclamation very well, but when I get the small-pox, Wade, I shall then be happy to say I have something *everybody* can take."

Gen. Grant's Narrow Escape at Holly Springs.

Col. C. E. Bowman, Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Kentucky, tells this unwritten story concerning Gen. Grant:

At the time of VanDorn's raid on Holly Springs, Grant had his headquarters in the house of a relation of the Colonel's, a Mr. Heber Craft, now living in McComb City, Louisiana.

One day at the dinner table a remark was made concerning the permanent occupancy of the town by the Federals, when Mrs. Craft, in a woman's characteristic earnestness, said, "Don't be too sure of that. Our boys will be along shortly, and then we will see about the permanent occupancy."

She had no knowledge of VanDorn's intended raid, but made the remark in a bantering style only. Great was her surprise to hear, in less than fifteen minutes afterward, that the rebels were in town and after the man on horseback. In his haste to elude them and get away on the train Grant left his uniform and sword at Mrs. Craft's house.

The train was barely out of sight, having on board Grant and his staff, when VanDorn rode up to Mrs. Craft's house in the hope of bagging the federal commander and the whole party. He found Mrs. Grant, but not the General. Mrs. Craft, who was not only a true Southern woman, but a true, high-minded lady, hid the General's sword and uniform for fear their capture, after what she said at the dinner table, would make Grant suspect she had violated the rules of hospitality in attempting to betray him to VanDorn.

She said that Grant, on his return to Holly Springs, was surprised and greatly rejoiced to find his trappings safe, but

he nor the chronicler of that raid never knew why they were not captured.

Gen. Jackson and His Old Horse.

Rev. H. M. Cryer, in his "Reminiccences," tells the following story of Andrew Jackson and his old horse "Duke:"

Though Duke grew feeble and almost helpless in his latter day, he was not forgotten or suffered to be neglected. I have, in a walk with the General, more than once, gone to the lot which contained this living wreck of martial valor, and, while the old creature would reel and stagger, looking wistfully at his master, the General would sighingly say: "Ah, poor fellow, we have seen hard times together; we must shortly separate; your days of suffering and toil are well-nigh ended."

On one occasion, to try the General on a tender point, the writer of this article suggested the idea of putting an end to the sufferings of Duke, by having him shot or knocked on the head. "No," said his generous master, "never, never; let him live, and, while there is anything to grow upon this farm, Duke shall have a part."

Why a King Objected to Being Bled.

A singular story is told, apropos of the stay of Prince Oscar of Sweden in Paris, concerning the objection his ancestor, Bernadotte, always had of being bled. His medical adviser, who was a disciple of Dr. Sangrado, insisted in vain, that it was necessary for his health; the King was obstinate. At last a crisis came, and when Bernadotte heard that the doctor declined to answer for his life, if he would not consent to bleeding, he gave way. But before baring his arm, he made the operator promise

that he would never devulge what was to be seen on it, and the doctor made a solemn vow, which he broke. A Phrygian cap, with the motto, "Death to Kings," was elaborately tattooed above the elbow. The dashing soldier, when he pricked this regicide maxim into his skin, never dreamed that one day he would come to be a King himself.

Ole Bull's Debut--A Thrilling Story.

Professor Anderson gives in the preface to the "Spell-Bound Fiddler," a Norse romance, a translation from the Danish of the following graphic account of the entrance of the late veteran of the violin, Ole Bull, before the public:

Behind the Alps is the land of miracles, the world of adventure. We do not believe in miracles; adventure, on the contrary, is dear to us—we listen to it with willingness, and such a one as only happens to genius took place in Bologna in the year 1834. The poor Norseman, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland, some persons certainly thought that there was something in him; but most people, as is generally the case, predicted that Ole Bull would amount to nothing. He himself felt, that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or else to quench it entirely. Everything seemed at first to indicate that the latter would be the case. He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was spent, and there was no place where there was any prospect of getting more—no friend, not a countryman held forth a helping hand toward him; he sat alone in a poor attic in one of the small streets.

It was already the second day that he had been there and he had scarcely tasted food. The water-jug and the violin were the only two things that cheered the young and

suffering artist. He began to doubt whether he really were in possession of that talent with which God had endowed him, and in his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which now seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner—those tones which tell us how deeply he has suffered and felt. The same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theater. The house was filled to overflowing; the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Monsieur de Beriot were to lend their able assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was not in the ascendant—Monsieur de Beriot had taken umbrage and refused to play.

All was trouble and confusion on the stage, when, in this dilemma, the wife of Rossini, the composer, entered, and, in the midst of the manager's distress, related that on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed to be different. She had asked the landlord of the house who it was that lived in the attic whence the sounds proceeded, and he had replied that it was a young man from the north of Europe, and that the instrument he played was certainly a lyre, but she felt assured that it could not be so; it must either be a new sort of an instrument, or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time she said that they ought to send for him, and he might, perhaps, supply the place of Monsieur de Beriot by playing the pieces that must otherwise be wanting in the evening's entertainment. This advice was acted upon, and a messenger was dispatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was a message from Heaven. Now or

never, thought he, and, though ill and exhausted, he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theater. Two minutes after his arrival, the manager informed the assembled audience, that a young Norwegian, consequently a "young savage," would give a specimen of skill on the violin, instead of Monsieur de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared: the theater was brilliantly illuminated. He perceived the scrutinizing looks of ladies nearest to him; one of them, who watched him very closely through her opera-glass, smilingly whispered to her neighbor, with a mocking mien, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of light they appeared rather the worse for wear. The lady made her remarks about them, and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give to the orchestra. He was, consequently, obliged to play without accompaniment; but what should he play? I will give them the fantasias which at this moment cross my mind! And he played improvisory remembrances of his own life—melodies from his soul; it was as if every thought, every feeling, passed through the violin and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamations resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again. They still desired a new improvisation.

He then addressed himself to that lady whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked for a theme to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies, who chose one from "Othello" and one from "Moses." Now, thought he, if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies, and perhaps the composition will produce an effect. He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the magician the bow glided across the

strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood; it was as if the mind would free itself from the body; fire shot from his eyes; he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him, who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the serenade for the hero of the evening, who meanwhile crept up the dark and narrow staircase, higher and higher, into his poor garret, where he clutched the water-jug to refresh himself. When all was silent, the landlord came to him, brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day he was informed that the theater was at his service, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the Duke of Tuscany next followed, and from that moment name and fame were founded for Ole Bull.

Stuart's Artistic Treatment of the Eyes.

The late Henry Shaw, the father of "Josh Billings," of Lanesboro, when a young lawyer in New York City, was very intimate with Gilbert Stuart, and used to pass much time with him. Those who were acquainted with Mr. Shaw can easily imagine how a gentleman with the painter's gifts would become attached to Mr. Shaw, who was a man of rare genius and one of the most accomplished and fascinating conversationalists that this or any other country ever produced. Stuart painted the portrait of a lady in New York, who was fussy, critical, overexacting, and nice to a degree that tried in the extreme his rather excitable temperament. The portrait was changed again and again,

the shade of the hair, the color of the eyes, the expression of the mouth, the pose of the head, the arrangement of the drapery, etc., were repeatedly altered at the suggestion of the lady.

One day madam came in with several friends to see the portrait, and, as usual, she began to criticise, and said: "I do not think, Mr. Stuart, you have given my eyes the right expression." The patience of the artist was exhausted—he could stand no more. Walking up to the portrait, and drawing back his fist, he thrust it through the canvas, and exclaimed in blunt but vigorous Anglo-Saxon: "Madam, darn your eyes!" Throwing the canvas aside, the portrait was finished. He had given it the last touch.

Agassiz and the Snake.

Of Prof. Agassiz, Miss A. C. Brackett, recalling a day in the Farmingham school, says: When one of the pupils one day produced a little field-snake from her desk, amid the confusion that ensued in the group around, Agassiz walked quickly up to us, instantly detached the little, brown, terrified thing, and took it at once gently into his hand, calling it by its own name, and thereby, as it were, giving it a welcoming right into the one great family to live and enjoy itself. As Mr. Whipple says, the dumb creation recognize their friend, for even the little snake curled itself at once contentedly round his strong right hand.

The Czar Nicholas and the Artisan.

Of the Emperor Nicholas, who died about a quarter of a century ago, a characteristic anecdote is told in the diaries of the Privy Councilor Boguslovskie, recently published in St. Petersburg. As he was walking one day, he heard a German artizan declare, that he would not quit

the spot until he had seen the Emperor. The latter went toward him, and demanded who he was and what he wished. The German, who did not know the Czar, answered that he was an artisan from Hamburg, and desired to submit a paper describing a new and cheap method of making shoe-soles for the army.

"Why do you apply direct to the Emperor?" inquired the Czar; "why have you not first addressed yourself to some one about him?"

"I wished to do so, and called on the Chief of Police for that purpose," returned the man, "but his clerk asked me to pay 300 roubles, which is impossible, as I have no money."

"Well, my fine fellow," said the Czar, "if you will transact your business with the Emperor in person, speak up, for I am he."

At this unexpected revelation, the honest Hamburger was so terrified that, trembling from head to foot, he fell on his knees. In doing so, his hat dropped from his hand. The Emperor's dog, his almost constant companion, seizing the hat, began playing with it. The Emperor contemplated the scene with characteristic pride, hugely relishing the fright of the poor artizan. At last he pulled the hat from between the dog's teeth, and handing it, smiling, to the still kneeling Hamburger, said:

"Do not be alarmed, my friend; give me your paper, I will have it examined. Meanwhile, come to the Palace, where you shall have a pecuniary indemnity for the fright you have suffered."

The Hamburger himself went mad from fright, but his family received a regular pension.

Anecdote of an English Admiral.

When Sir James Anderson, of the Great Eastern, first went to sea, his mother made him promise to say his prayers on shipboard, no matter what opposition or ridicule he might meet with. One sailor boxed the boys ears and affected to regard him as a hypocrite, whereupon another one of the saddest scapegraces on board, championed the boy, invited the bully on deck and gave him a tremendous thrashing, adding a grim warning that he would serve any one else in the same way who presumed to prevent the boy from saying his prayers. Next night the gentle-hearted boy, to avoid strife, undertook to say his prayers in his hammock, whereon his protector lugged him out by the back of the neck and gave him plainly to understand that he was not to shirk his duty; that when his companion did the fighting, his protege would have to do the praying, and he kept him daily to the task.

The Cabin Boy and the Admiral.

During a terrible naval battle between the English and the Dutch, the English flagship, commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the main-mast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin boy.

"Why," said the Admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied; "If I be shot, I can be easier spared than anyone else."

Narborough hesitated. His men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as the time went on, defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading, a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserve were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet were scattered far and wide, and the cabin boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honor due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old Admiral, that he exclaimed:

"I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own!"

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin boy, having become Admiral Cloudsley Shovel, was knighted by the King.

Collosal Fortunes.

A California paper says: During the magnificent reign of Louis XIV. there was more extreme poverty in France than there is now in all Europe—Ireland included. The condition of the emancipated Russian serf is far better than that of the French or German peasant two centuries ago; and within the historical era there is no record of a time when fifty millions of the common people and poor were so comfortably situated as the fifty millions who now inhabit the United States.

But if the condition of the poor has improved, the private fortunes of the rich have so increased as to utterly confound all attempts at comparison with the rich men of past ages. "As rich as Crœsus" has stood for an adage these twenty-three centuries. Yet Crœsus was a King who devoted his whole energies to the acquisition of gold; and there is good reason to believe, that we have not less than

half a dozen men and women in this State, who are richer in gold and its equivalents, than this Lydian monarch. The richest man in Rome at the time of Cæsar, was Crassus. His fortune has been carefully estimated by several historians, but never above $8,500,000 of our money. This is not much more than William H. Vanderbilt's yearly income, and it is more than $1,000,000 below the appraisement of the fortune of the late William S. O'Brien, of San Francisco. The Astor estate was valued ten years ago at $40,000,000. At a moderate rate of accretion—say 5 per cent—it must now amount to $60,000,000. The yearly income at the same rate is $3,000,000. This is a third more than the entire income of the monarch of the British Empire, and a good deal more than the entire revenues of the English Government 250 years ago. It is asserted, that there are eight or ten English Peers whose incomes each exceed the allowances of Parliament to the Queen, and yet the richest men in England are commoners. Half a century ago, the reputed wealthiest man in America was old Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia. His estate was appraised below $15,000,000. There are probably now a hundred private fortunes in the United States, each greater than Girard's, and half a dozen more than twice as great. In the purchasing power of money the ancients had the advantage. A dollar would buy more a thousand years ago than five will now. Forty years back, a man who had $100,000 was rated as quite rich, and one of $500,000 phenomenal. The latter class were not as numerous in this country as those of $500,000 are now.

Of course, there is not gold and silver enough in the world to represent the aggregate of these little private fortunes, nor a tithe of them. They are invested in lands, houses, government, railway, bank, mining, and other stocks. The national bonds of England, France and the

United States, cover nearly ten thousand millions, and the railway securities of the United States alone cover nearly five thousand millions. The largest private landed estates are held in Spanish America, Mexico, Russia, England and the United States, but the largest of all in the latter country, and by corporations. It is thought—and justly—a great hardship to the common people of England and Scotland, that the Duke of Sutherland should own over 1,200,000 acres, and many other prominent nobles more than 100,000 each. But there is one corporation in this country that has been granted 49,000,000 acres, and then 48,000,000; and two others, represented by less than ten men, 25,000,000 acres. At the time that Henry VIII. confiscated the estates of the Roman Catholic Church in his dominions, they did not amount to a tenth as many acres as the grant of Congress to the Northern Pacific Railroad; but they were enough to lay the foundations of the richest nobility in the world, and their revenues to-day can hardly be less than $120,000,000. Reasoning from history and analogy, the most stupendous private fortunes in the United States during the next fifty years will be realized from the enormous land grants, now hardly worth $2.50 an acre, but hereafter as surely to be worth from $50 to $100 as a dollar is worth 100 cents. A corporation whose land grant covers, say 20,000,000 acres, and whose stock is to the extent of 90 per cent in the hands of, say ten persons, if it can hold on to its lands for twenty or thirty years free from taxes, will have a property in land worth anywhere from $400,000,000 to $2,000,000,000, or $36,000,000 to $360,000,000 for each of its principal stockholders. These figures, though they at first thought seem to run into the region of fable, are not much more astounding than the exploits of the Vanderbilts, Astors, and Packards already realized. The great landed estates of England are pro-

tected by laws of entail and primogeniture, forbidden in the United States.

Huxley to the Boys.

In his address before the students of University College, London, among other good things Professor Huxley said:

Upon whatever career you may enter, intellectual quickness, industry and the power of bearing fatigue, are three great advantages. But I want to impress upon you, and through you upon those who will direct your future course, the conviction which I entertain, that, as a general rule, the relative importance of these three qualifications is not rightly estimated, and that there are other qualities of no less value which are not directly tested by school competition. A somewhat varied experience of men, has led me, the longer I live, to set the less value upon mere cleverness; to attach more and more importance to industry and to physical endurance. Indeed, I am much disposed to think, that endurance is the most valuable quality of all; for industry, as the desire to work hard, does not come to much if a feeble frame is unable to respond to the desire. Everybody who has had to make his way in the world, must know that, while the occasion for intellectual effort of a high order is rare, it constantly happens that a man's future turns upon his being able to stand a sudden and heavy strain upon his powers of endurance.

To a lawyer, physician or a merchant, it may be everything to be able to work sixteen hours a day for as long as is needful, without knocking up. Moreover, the patience, tenacity and good humor which are among the most important qualifications for dealing with men, are incompatible with an irritable brain, a weak stomach or a defective circulation. If any one of you prize-winners were a son of

mine (as might have been the case, I am glad to think, on former occasions), and a good fairy were to offer to equip him according to my wishes for the battle of practical life, I should say: "I do not care to trouble you for any more cleverness; put in as much industry as you can instead; and oh! if you please, a broad, deep chest and a stomach of whose existence he shall never know anything." I should be well content with the prospects of a fellow so endowed

---

The Last Words of Distinguished Persons.

Queen Elizabeth, at the end of a most prosperous reign, begun amid dangers and many difficulties, that were overcome by bold measures and prudent councils, died exclaiming: "All my possessions for a moment of time!" George IV. met death with almost a jest upon his lips. Turning to Sir Waltren Waller, on whose arm he leaned, he said: "Whatty, what is this? It is death, by boy, and they have deceived us." The Danish sovereign, Frederick V., greatly beloved by his subjects, cried: "There is not a drop of blood on my hands," as he passed away. Henry VIII., who had altered the whole course of monastic life, in England, exclaims: "Monks! Monks! Monks!" Edward VI., the wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes, commended his soul to God: "Lord, take my spirit;" and Cromwell, as he listened to the discourse of those about him, said: "Then I am safe," and was silent forever.

The last word of Charles I. on the scaffold, to Archbishop Juxon, was, "Remember," referring to his desire that his son Charles should forgive his father's murderers. Ann Boleyn, in the same terrible situation, clasped her fair neck, saying, "It is small, very small;" and Sir Thomas

More, as he yielded himself to the executioner, said, with sorry wit, "For my coming down, let me shift for myself." Joan of Arc, at the stake, ended her eventful, stormy life with our Savior's name upon her lips, as brave as General Wolfe, who, dying in the midst of victory on the battlefield, and hearing of the enemy's retreat, cried, "What, do they run already? Then I die happy;" or Sir Philip Sidney, after he had relinquished the draught of water to a humbler comrade, though parched with thirst, turned him round to die, saying, "Let be behold the end of this world with all its vanities."

Mirabeau desired to die while delicious strains of music floated on the air, but his last utterance was a demand for laudanum to drown pain and consciousness. Mozart's last words were: "Let me hear once more those notes, so long my solace and delight;" but Haydn, forgetful of his art, cried: "God preserve my Emperor." Alfieri's sympathetic nature displayed itself in the words "Clasp my hand, dear friend, I die;" Goethe cries "Light, more light;" Tasso, "*In tuos manus, Domine*;" Byron, "Come, come, no weakness: let's be a man to the last; I must sleep now." And those who saw his embalmed body in 1824, when brought to England from Missolonghi in the Florida and removed to Sir Edward Knatchbull's house in Great George street, where the coffin was opened, describe the face as of marble whiteness, the expression that of stern quietude, lying wrapped in his blue cloth cloak, the throat and head uncovered, crisp, curling locks slightly streaked with gray, clustering over the temples; the profile of exceeding beauty. Boileau congratulated himself, as he closed his eyes upon this world, upon the purity of his works, saying: "It is a great consolation to a poet about to die, that he has never written anything injurious to

virtue;" and Sir Walter Scott, little thinking his end so near, said: "I feel as if I were myself again."

Dr. Johnson, the rough, kind heart, who loved a good hater, died as he said to Miss Morris, "God bless you, my dear." Washington, dying at Mount Vernon, cried, "It is well." Franklin's last words were: "A dying man can do nothing easily." Mme. de Stael, whose sorest trial was her enforced absence from her native land, died saying: "I have loved my God, my father, and my liberty."

Hannah More's last words were "Patty—joy;" Grotius, "Be serious;" Haller, "The artery ceases to beat;" Adams, "Independence forever;" Jefferson, "I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country;" Locke, to Lady Masham, who was reading the Psalms, "Cease now;" and poor Lamb, after the most self-sacrificing existence, wrote his last words to a friend, "My bedfellows are cramp and cough; we three sleep in a bed."

Bishop Broughton's last words are "Let the earth be filled with His glory;" Archbishop Sharp, "I shall be happy;" Bishop Ken, "God's will be done;" Farrar, Cranmer, Hooper, and George Herbert, "Lord, receive my spirit," and these are but a few of many such utterances. The Prince Consort confirmed the impression that prevails, that the dying have sometimes a foretaste of coming happiness. "I have such sweet thoughts" were the last words of a most noble life.

Napoleon I. and Talma.

Under the Consulate, Talma used to go once a week to the Tuileries, to be present at the breakfast of Bonaparte. He thought it proper to discontinue his visits when the First Consul became Emperor. The latter did not fail to perceive his absence, and spoke of it to Regnault de Saint-

Jean-d'Angely. "I no longer see Talma," he said to him. "Is he, too, sulking? Does he mean to play *Brutus?* It is one of his best parts on the stage, it is true." These words were repeated to Talma, who knew that the desire of Napoleon was equivalent to an order. Accordingly, one morning he went to the Tuileries, irreproachably clad in the new court costume: brown cloth coat lined with white satin, black silk breeches, shoes with small gold buckle, a hat and feather, and a sword with a finely-chiseled steel hilt. Just as they were sitting down to the table, Napoleon openly showed his satisfaction at seeing Talma; and, when breakfast was over, he made a sign to him to follow him into his cabinet. "I recognize your habitual tact," said Napoleon, "and I am obliged to you. You have understood that it was your duty to present yourself before the Emperor. Be assured that you will always find in me the man of the past. I shall have even greater pleasure in returning to those chats in which you spoke to me of my destinies. You were the first, Talma, I remember, to discover my star. I did not know you were such a good astronomer."

Another time Napoleon said laughingly to Talma, who henceforth did not discontinue his visits: "Do you know what I have just been told? People say that you are giving me lessons in deportment; yes, that you are teaching me my trade of Emperor." "I, sire?" said Talma, disconcerted. "I confess that I could not have a better professor." "Sire, you are joking." "No," replied Napoleon; "but let us talk of something else. Yesterday you played 'La Mort de Pompee.' I was in my box." "And I redoubled my efforts to satisfy your Majesty." "Well, you only half-succeeded, my dear Talma!" "What, sire?" "Yes, since you pass for giving me lessons in Royalty, I want in return to give you

a lesson in tragedy. You fatigue your arms too much. The leaders of Empires are less prodigal of their movements; they know that a gesture, a glance, is an order; thenceforward, they spare both gestures and glances. There is also a verse, the sense of which has escaped you." Talma became all attention. "It is this one:

'Pour moi qui tiens le trone egal a l'infamie.'

Cæsar there does not say all that he thinks. The great battles that he fought did not give him the sovereign power to make him despise it. But he needs to flatter the old idea of Republican Rome, and not to wound the feelings of the soldiers who are listening to him. Do not make *Cæsar* talk like *Brutus*. When *Brutus* says that he has a horror of Kings, he is sincere; but the other is not. Mark this difference." Talma's reply is not recorded. But it is intelligible, that Voltaire's verse was a hard morsel for the Emperor.

A Chat with Gustav Dore.

A Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* gives the following interesting interview with the celebrated Gustav Dore: He was eleven years old, he told me, when he made his first drawing for publication, but his first actual work, a set of caricatures of the "Labors of Hercules," was produced when he was thirteen. At the age of fifteen he was a regular contributor to a host of cheap illustrated publications "in France, Germany, Russia, Poland, and I know not where else beside," he added, laughingly. Two years later he issued his "Wandering Jew," probably the most remarkable series of illustrations ever conceived and executed by a boy of seventeen. In those early days he used to make sometimes as many as three or four drawings a day, for each of which he charged

5 francs. It was the period of cheap novels, issued in numbers, in newspaper form, at 10 and 12 cents the number, and his facile pencil was called into play to illustrate the works of writers long ago forgotten, such as Alphonse Brot, the bibliophile Jacob, etc. Sometimes he was not paid for his work—often it was not even signed. Then again he would execute a series of drawings for some publication that would perish before reaching half a dozen numbers, and so his work would be lost. I told him of an American admirer who once tried to form a collection of these earlier efforts of his genius. He laughed at the idea, and said that to form anything like a complete one would be impossible, as he did not possess one himself, nor would it be possible to find many of the light, ephemeral publications in which they had appeared. "Moreover," he said, "there are too many of them. In the first eleven years of my artistic career, I must have produced, not hundreds, but thousands of illustrations."

He then spoke of one of his earliest works, a "Comic History of Russia," namely, a series of caricatures published during the Crimean war, and afterward prohibited by the Government. This work has become extremely rare, so much so that Dore only possesses one copy of it himself, and that is in a very bad condition. "I wish," said I, "M. Dore, that you would make an exhibition of your collected works." "Madam," he replied, laughing, "they would reach from here to Vincennes if they were set side by side; I would have to engage the Palais de l'Industrie to hold my exhibition in." He then told me that he had, in his possession, whole boxes full of unpublished illustrations and completed drawings that have never yet been shown to the public.

Some joking remark was made respecting tke great artist's persistent celibacy. "Ah," he replied, "I have

been too lazy to marry, and now I am too old—I am forty. Besides, I have been so happy in my family relations that I have had no inclination for matrimony." He alluded, I believe, to his mother, who is still living and to whom he has always been tenderly devoted. From something that he let fall, I was led to imagine that he has a vague idea of visiting the United States at no very distant date, and that a series of illustrations of American life would be the result of his journey did he ever undertake it. Niagara and the wonderful scenery of the Yellowstone would afford congenial subjects for his pencil.

Thurlow Weed's Stories of Horace Greeley.

THURLOW WEED narrates the following concerning himself and Horace Greeley:—"We were the best of friends for fourteen or fifteen years. How well I remember when I first met him. I should think it was in 1839, perhaps. He had been printing the *New Yorker* for a year or two, and I had read it with great interest. It was bright, aggressive, and able, and a strong tariff paper. We in Albany wanted a campaign paper, and I came down to see if I couldn't get this *New Yorker* man to run it. I found the office, and went in and inquired for the editor, of a tall, verdant-looking fellow who was setting type at a case. 'I am the editor,' he said. I was a little surprised, but I introduced myself, and told him I wanted to speak with him about State politics. He wore no coat, and his shirt-sleeves were rolled up; and I well remember how he leaned one elbow on the case, half-turned around and said, 'All right—go ahead.' I told him I would like to see him alone; when he laid down his composing-stick, and we went around and sat on some boxes while I revealed my plan. The upshot of it was, that we hired him to go to Albany

two days in every week, to edit the new *Jeffersonian* as a campaign paper, while he continued to run his *New Yorker*.

He was one of the most faithful, honest, industrious men I ever met in my life. We became very much attached to each other. He always stayed at my house when he came to Albany, every week through all that year or more. I respected and esteemed him so highly that my regard grew into a real affection for him. We continued warm and confidential friends for many years."

"He possessed political ambition, and it ruined him. None of his friends suspected him of it at that time. He concealed it wonderfully, or else it had not then developed. I was drawn so strongly to him because I thought he was like myself, only a great deal better. I never had any ambition to hold office. I had an ambition to be influential, and to help the State to improve the quality of its public servants, but not to hold office myself.

"Greeley was a powerful man—one of the most talented men this country ever produced; he was, also, one of the purest. His extraordinary ability, purity, and industry made him invincible against every foe but ambition. We had often talked of office-holding, and warned each other against it. But, just before the State Convention of 1853, he came to Albany and said to me: 'Weed, I'd like to be Governor.' I told him I was sorry, for I doubted if he could be nominated. He said, 'You don't think the Whig party can afford to ignore the temperance question this year, do you?' I said no,—I thought we should have to nominate some temperance man.

"'Then why not me?' he asked. 'Because you will be thought too ultra,' I answered. 'You have beaten the bush, and Myron Clark will catch the hare.' He looked disappointed, but he thought he could be nominated.

"In a few days, when it was pretty certain that Clark

would get the place, he came again and said: 'Weed, I'd like to be Lieutenant-Governor.' I told him that I didn't believe he could get that, either. It would be overloading the ticket,—too much temperance. Besides, I told him that Raymond would get the place. That was the last feather that broke the camel's back. It was a terrible blow to him. To be beaten by Raymond, whom he had nourished and warmed into life, and taught the business of newspaper-making,—he couldn't stand that. He was greatly grieved. And he laid it to me,—wrongfully. He hardly ever spoke to me after that. We were strangers for years. Then, when I was sick in '59, Greeley came to see me, and we resumed somewhat our former relations. In his last sickness I called to see him, but I was some time in finding him, and, when I at last ascertained where he was, they refused me admission. I was sorry. I wanted to see him once more very much. He was one of the purest, most generous, and kindest men I had ever met."

An Anecdote of Gladstone.

THE MAN is more interesting, says a writer, than any of the parts he has been called to play, but we come to understand the man better by seeing how he shapes and molds these parts. As an orator, his conspicuous merits, besides his striking countenance, dignified action, and a voice full, rich, and admirably modulated, are fertility and readiness. He seems to have always at command an inexhaustible store of ideas, reasons, illustrations, whatever be the subject which he is required to deal with. Of all great English speakers, probably no one, not even William Pitt, has been so independent of preparation. Even Fox, swift and rushing as he was, was great only in reply, when his

feelings were heated by the atmosphere of battle, whereas Mr. Gladstone is just as animated and forcible in an opening, or in a purely ornamental and uncontentious harangue, as in the midst of parliamentary strife.

Of the many anecdotes that are current, illustrating his amazing power of rising to an occasion, one may be given which has the merit of being true: On the afternoon when he was to make an important motion in the House of Commons, a friend, happening to call on him between two and three o'clock, found him just sitting down to make some notes of the coming speech. He laid aside his pen and talked for a while, then jotted down a few heads on paper, went down to the House before four o'clock, found himself drawn into a preliminary controversy of a very trying nature, in which he had to repel so many questions and attacks that it was past six before he rose to make the great speech. He then discovered that, as he had left his eye-glasses at home, his notes were practically useless, put them quietly back into his coat pocket, and delivered with no aid to his memory, and upon that one hour's preparaation, a powerful argument interspersed with passages of wonderful passion and pathos, which lasted for three hours, and will always rank among his finest efforts.

Stories of the German Emperor.

We well remember, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, the first time we saw the German Emperor. Returning one day from a walk, we observed a crowd of people in the promenade, standing at a short distance from, and watching an elderly gentleman talking to a pretty girl. The girl kept courtesying backwards, retreating a step each time. The Emperor William—for he it was—followed her up, making believe to bore a hole at her with his walking-stick.

Another day, a large party of school-boys, headed by their master, arrived at Ems to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and drinking the waters, they came trooping along the covered colonnade, which forms one side of the Restaurant Gardens, and which is itself lined with stalls belonging to the larger shops in the town. The Emperor, walking quietly along in the opposite direction, accosted the foremost boys, saying:

"What brought you here, my lads?"

"We came to spend a holiday and to see the Emperor," promptly replied their spokesman.

"To see the Emperor! Then have a good look at him," rejoined the monarch, turning himself round back and front. "I am the Emperor!" And forthwith he took the delighted boys to a book-stall close by, and presented each of them with a photograph of himself.

One morning, there was considerable excitement at the *Vier Zeitung*, waiters rushing in all directions, and Herr Huyn, our little host, looking fussy and all-important. We inquired the cause, and were told that the Emperor was expected in the afternoon to call upon some ladies of high rank, who were staying at the hotel. A huge roll of new carpet, which had just been brought in, was to be laid down on the grand staircase, and flowers were to be scattered in profusion everywhere. All the forenoon, poor little Herr was in a pitiable state. He did not like to lay down his beautiful carpet, and have its freshness sullied by the numerous feet passing continually up and down the grand staircase; and yet he was in considerable fright lest he might not have all ready in time when the Emperor should be seen approaching. Waiters, acting as scouts, were continually running in and out, and peering up and down the street. It was a never-ending refrain of "Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?"

At last, a horror-stricken waiter came rushing from the corridor above us, exclaiming:

"The Emperor is here! He is at this moment in the *salon* of Madame la Princesse!"

Herr Huyn stood aghast. "How did he get there? When did he come?"

Alas! it was discovered that the Emperor, coming quietly and unattended, had turned in at the entry to the baths, gone up an uncarpeted back staircase leading from the court, inquired his way from the astonished servant to the Princess' rooms, and so stolen a march on our poor crestfallen little host.

There was nothing now to be done but carry carpet and flowers to the back staircase, and spread the one and scatter the other as rapidly as possible. This done, Herr Huyn kept guard at the foot of the stairs, still uneasy lest, through a combination of untoward circumstances, the Emperor might now make his exit by the front entrance, and so, after all, never know of the preparations made to do him honor. However, at last he was heard approaching, accompanied by the Princess. At once noticing the change, he inquired:

"For whom has all this trouble been gone to?"

"For you, sir!" returned little Herr Huyn, reverently.

"Alas!" said the Emperor, "it is a pity to leave such lovely flowers to be trodden on by an old man like me." And stooping, he selected some of the most beautiful, and presented them to the Princess, and then fastened a blossom in his own coat. Such was the graceful acknowledgement he made to Herr Huyn, and by such simple acts did he daily endear himself to his people.

Col. Ingersoll on Intemperance.

INTEMPERANCE cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affections, erases conjugal love, blots filial attachments, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, arouses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riot. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for the scaffolds. It is the boon of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of a midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence—incites the father to butcher his helpless off-spring, and the child to grind the parental age. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and hates heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perfidy, defiles the jury box and judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers government. It degrades the citizens, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unsatisfied with havoc, it kills peace, poisons felicity, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses

the world and laughs at its ruin. It does that and more —it murders the soul.

A Reminiscence of Gen. Scott.

One evening during the early days of our "late unpleasantness" there was to be an exhibition of Grammar School No. 44, in New York City. I arrived late at the school building and found several distinguished-looking visitors on the platform of the hall. Among them there was one whom I at once recognized by the portraits I had seen of him—it was Major-General Scott, the hero of the Mexican war. He was in full regimentals, and sat in an arm-chair a little to the right of the center of the stage—a very grand, large man, with snowy hair and whiskers. He gave the most flattering, the most rapt attention to the reading of every composition, to all the singing, declamation—every exhibition of skill, however perfectly or imperfectly done. The presence of so distinguished a visitor stimulated some to do their best, while it scared others into doing their very worst. It was on the whole, however, a brilliant success.

After the exercises, the President of our local board of school officers approached the General's chair and said something to him. We know he was asked to make a "few remarks," and wondered if he would consent. To our great delight there were evident signs of compliance; the old hero commenced to rise. One of the school officers, approaching his chair on the opposite side, offered to assist him. He declined assistance, but when the gentleman persisted and made an attempt to take hold of his arm, General Scott impatiently and imperatively put him aside. Those near the platform heard him say, "I need no assistance—no assistance—only give me a little time." The

process of getting straightened up on the part of the General was very slow, but not a jerky or a trembling one, and suggested rather a rheumatic infirmity than the stiffness of age, though he must have been over seventy. How immensely tall he seemed as he stretched his majestic figure higher and higher until he towered half a foot or more above the men around him. Then he was introduced to the children, and the tumultuous applause of hundreds of small hands greeted him from every part of the immense hall. The applause continued until the principal touched the bell. The General waited until the silence was perfect, and then he said in a clear, ringing voice: "Youths and maidens," and for over a half hour he held forth in a majestic simplicity of style never to be forgotten by any boy or girl who heard him, though there was nothing very remarkable or very original about anything he said. He praised and encouraged the pupils and aroused them to new effort. He compared their educational advantages to those of other lands and with those of this country fifty years ago. It was, in short, the prince of what children call "goody speeches."

Governor Andrew's Prayer.

THE MEMOIR of Governor Andrew which has recently been prepared by his friend, Peleg W. Chandler, for the Massachusetts Historical Society, contains the following account of a memorable scene in the official life of the great War Governor, which has a flavor of Cromwell and the English Commonwealth:

"Among the Governor's friends was a young merchant of Boston, and I will let him tell the story in his own way: 'It was in the summer of 1862, when emancipation was being talked a great deal. We had not had any great

successes, and everybody had a notion that emancipation ought to come. One day the Governor sent for me to come up to the State House. I went up to his room, and I shall never forget how I met him. He was signing some kind of bonds, standing at a tall desk in the Council Chamber, in his shirt-sleeves, his fingers all covered with ink. He said "How do you do? I want you to go to Washington." "Why, Governor," said I, "I can't go to Washington on any such notice as this. I am busy, and it is impossible for me to go." "All my folks are serving their country," said he, and he mentioned the various services the members of his staff were engaged in, and said with emphasis, "Somebody must go to Washington." "Well, Governor, I don't see how I can." Said he, "I command you to go." "Well," said I, "Governor, put it in that way, and I shall go, of course." "There is something going on," he remarked. "This is a momentous time." He turned suddenly towards me and said, "You believe in prayer, don't you?" I said, "Why, of course." "Then let us pray," and he knelt right down at the chair that was placed there; we both knelt down, and I never heard such a prayer in all my life. I never was so near the throne of God, except when my mother died, as I was then. I said to the Governor, "I am profoundly impressed and I will start this afternoon for Washington."

I soon found out that emancipation was in everybody's mouth, and when I got to Washington and called upon Sumner, he began to talk emancipation. He asked me to go and see the President, and tell him how the people of Boston and New England regarded it. I went to the White House that evening and met the President. He first talked about everything but emancipation, and finally he asked me what I thought about emancipation. I told him what I thought about it, and said that Governor Andrew

was so far interested in it that I had no doubt he had sent me on there to post the President in regard to what the class of people I met in Boston and New York thought of it, and then I repeated to him, as I had previously to Sumner, this prayer of the Governor, as well as I could remember it. The President said: "When we have the Governor of Massachusetts to send us troops in the way he has, and when we have him to utter such prayers for us, I have no doubt that we shall succeed." In September the Governor sent for me. He had a dispatch that emancipation would be proclaimed, and it was done the next day. You remember the President made proclamation in September, to take effect in January. Well, he and I were together alone again in the Council Chamber. Said he, "You remember when I wanted you to go on to Washington?" I said, "Yes, I remember it very well." "Well," said he, "I didn't know exactly what I wanted you to go for then. Now I will tell you what let's do; you sing 'Coronation,' and I will join with you." So we sang together the old tune, and also "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then I sang "Old John Brown," he marching around and joining in the chorus after each verse.' "

Anecdote of General Lee.

THE FOLLOWING is from the Louisville *Courier-Journal:* It was in the summer of 1864, while the armies of the United States and Confederate States were confronting each other on the James, below Richmond. On a certain day a Federal attack, which was thought to be a decoy, was made on the south side of the river. We thought we saw evidences of a real attack on our side. Occasionally the whole picket-line would open fire. The gunboats at

Deep Bottom would send three hundred pounds crashing through the timbers in the rear of what had been Libby's residence, but was then General Lee's head-quartters. At about two o'clock P. M., the artillery opened on our left. A few minutes afterward, we heard the unmistakable roar of infantry firing. We then knew that the lines of battle were engaged on our left. The pickets opened and kept up a rapid firing in our front, the gunboats sending their infernal machines more frequently. We, the Rockbridge Battery, were ordered to double-quick into position on Libby's Hill. On our way up, everything looked as though we were on the eve of terrible conflict,—the roar of artillery and infantry, the rapid movement of troops into line, and the solemnity that seemed to have impregnated the whole atmosphere. As we passed the Libby house, we saw General Lee in the yard. He was standing just under a low tree, with one arm extended, as if reaching for something on the limb. As we got nearer to him, we could see what he was engaged in doing at such a time. A little bird, whose mother was just teaching it to use its wings, had, in its first effort, fallen to the ground. Its dumb mother, regardless of the death and carnage that intelligent man was dealing to his fellow, was uttering pitiful cries for her fallen offspring. General Lee reached down and picked up this little creature, and, when we passed, was in the act of placing it where its mother could care for it.

Bismarck at Home—How He Wanted to Be a Parson.

FIVE O'CLOCK is Bismarck's dinner hour, and this is not departed from even in Berlin when he gives the diplomatic dinner on the Emperor's birthday. Four plain courses are served. Bismarck was once a lover of light

clarets; lately he has taken nothing but old, heavy wines and whisky. Beer and champagne he eschews altogether, but his guests can select from a large and varied wine cellar. The Princess does the honors of the table. The Prince leads the conversation, and is particularly animated when strangers are present. Should he, on graver thoughts intent, wander from the subject, the Princess recalls him by a word or look, although she, for her part, is so busied with the cares of the household, that she has been known to drop her knife and run into the kitchen to scold the servants. When she returns, the thread of the story is taken up where she left it. The Prince is never weary of descanting on the exploits of his youth, of which the neighborhood of Varzin was the scene. Touching upon this subject one evening when he had taken his long, patriarchal porcelain pipe to smoke upon the veranda, he said: "I sometimes wish my father had carried out his idea of making a parson of me. It was very nearly done, too. One of his relatives had already a place in sight where I should, at the end of the first year, have had an income of at least £150 a year." Something unexpected, however, occurred, and the plan was frustrated; "but," said the Chancellor, "I would have been a much better man had I turned parson." To this the Princess refused to agree, and the Prince went off into a laudation of England, which he said was like a garden, where he could have lived quietly and happily.

How Cromwell Managed the Musket.

The following ordinance was issued by Oliver Cromwell, in 1641, regulating the exercises of the musketry. The manual of arms will be of interest to military men of the present day:

The Lord General Cromwell.—His ordinance for the righthe observation of ye platoon exercise amonst ye mosqueteers of ye armie, to be heedfully acquitted by ye soulders:

1. Balance youre mousquet.
2. Find out youre charge.
3. Open youre charge.
4. Charge with bullet.
5. Put youre scouring sticke in youre mousquet.
6. Ram home youre charge.
7. Draw fourth youre scouring sticke.
8. Turn and shorten him to a handful.
9. Return youre scouring sticke.
10. Bring forward youre mousquet and poise.
11. Balance your mousquet in left hand with barrell upwards.
12. Draw forth youre match.
13. Blow the ashes from youre coal.
14. Present youre left hand.
15. Give fire, breast high.

Lotta's First Experience—Interesting Incidents.

"When I first went on the stage," Lotta has been telling an interviewer, "in the summer of 1858,—twenty years ago, by the way,—I determined to originate an entirely new school of acting. You may laugh, but my first idea was tragedy, and I actually had the part of *Lady Macbeth* committed to memory. The successful lady stars at that time were Lucille Western and Kate Bateman, and I felt that if there was any money to be made, it must be in the same line they were in. On Christmas Day, 1863, I was stopping with a friend in St. Louis, when Lucille Western visited that city and played 'East Lynne' at one

of the theaters. I went to see her for the first time. At the conclusion of the performance, I concluded that tragedy or emotional acting was not my forte, for I was ashamed of puny efforts, as witnessed before the mirror in my dressing-case, after having seen what Lucille Western could do in the same line. I was thoroughly disheartened, and sat down and had a real good cry. The friend at whose house I was stopping," continued Lotta, "was a prominent newspaper man, and had a penchant for entertaining members of the theatrical profession. Go there when you would, you were always certain to find some actor at his table. Well, on this Christmas Day I was telling you of, when I came down to tea, my eyes still red with weeping, I found an elderly, good-natured, good-looking gentleman there. I was not a little flurried on his being introduced to me as John Brougham, the celebrated actor and play-writer, for I was not then so well used to meeting celebrities as I am now. I am sure Mr. Brougham must have thought me a little goose, for I had not spoken to him two minutes before the recollection of my disappointment again welled up in my mind, and the tears came to my eyes. I can never forget how he questioned me as to what was the matter, and how kindly and fatherly he wormed out of me my secret.

"'The truth is, dear sis,' said he, after learning the full extent of my affliction, 'you have chosen the wrong branch of the profession. This rage for weeping and wailing will soon run out, and the people will demand a more cheerful performance. Take to the soubrets, my girl—there is more money in that. What you want, is to hit on something odd and peculiar. Give the people something new. The American people are great for novelty, and will put a fortune into the purse of the one who pleases them.'

"I did not soon forget what he had told me. I am a

great girl for action, and when I take anything into my head, instead of dreaming over it, I get energetically to work. But, for the life of me, I couldn't think what school of acting to choose, until one day in Chicago, at a hotel where I was stopping, I came across the counterpart of the mischievous creature known throughout the length and breadth of the land as Lotta. She was a little miss of ten summers, and as provoking a little imp as was ever born. She was up to all sorts of tricks and comicalities, and yet, in spite of her mischief, one could not help loving her. In a word, she was at once the terror and delight of the house. I saw in an instant where an original character could be found, and began to study the oddities of the little elf. Then I would go to my room and practice what she had done.

"In the farce of 'Nan, the Good-for-Nothing,' there occurs a splendid opportunity for introducing the vagaries of a spoilt, wayward child. How well I succeeded in that farce, and in other kindred plays written especially with a view to introducing these oddities, my career for the last fifteen years will attest. I had no trouble. I swam at once into public favor, partly by good luck, partly by the oddity of the thing, but chiefly by the wisdom and enterprise of good managers, to whom successful stars owe more than they have often the candor to acknowledge."

Thurlow Weed and the Reporter--An Interesting Interview.

The following interview took place recently at Thurlow Weed's residence in New York City:

"What part of your life do you look back to with most satisfaction?" I asked.

"To my persistent refusal of office," he answered

quickly, "and to that"—and he pointed to an old brown document, framed, hanging on the wall, which, on examination, proved to be a Government warrant for 160 acres of land for his services as a soldier in the war of 1812.

Observing that he had not located his warrant, and that it was still a sight draft for 160 acres of wild land, I asked him why he didn't use it.

"Oh! I don't want to bother with it," he said. "I'll put it in my will."

"But you said you had held office?" I reminded him.

"Oh, yes; I let the boys send me to the Legislature when I was a journeyman printer, fifty-five years ago. But I never had a thirst for office. A great many offices have been within my reach. Perhaps I am the only man who ever declined three first-class foreign missions, offered by three Presidents—Taylor, Fillmore and Lincoln."

"They say you have been Governor a good deal?" I suggested.

The old gentleman laughed heartily.

"Yes, that's what they say; but I was never elected to that office anyhow, and never drew a cent of salary. Yes," he added, after a pause, "of several Governors I have been the confidential friend, and perhaps I may say adviser."

"You may, indeed," I assented. "No other American has ever held such influential relations with high officials."

"And the oddest of it is, said he, eagerly, rising and walking the room, as if to walk off superfluous energy, "that I have been a confidential friend of at least two Democratic Governors when I was a leading Whig. The first was Silas Wright."

"And they took your advice?" I asked.

"Yes, very often. When Marcy was Governor, he took me intimately into his confidence and his counsels; and,

when he was Buchanan's Secretary of State, I occupied the same relation to him."

"You are so old, and have been so active, that you seem to have been a part of almost everything that has happened in this country," I said.

"Up there, somewhere," he answered, pointing indefinitely toward the wall, "is a silhouette of the first railroad in this country, and the first train of cars, running between Albany and Schenectady." He paused and found it,—the black line of coaches drawn by a queer-looking iron-horse, with copies of which most people are familiar. "About there—that's me," said he, putting his finger on one of the stove-pipe hats in the rear coach.

"May I ask, What is the greatest misfortune that ever happened to you?"

"The greatest distress I ever suffered?" he inquired. "Oh! you must know what that was. Cruel, cruel! The vilest slander that ever was framed,—that I was a monster of brutality, and had mutilated a corpse, for the purpose of helping the fortunes of a party."

"I don't exactly remember what you mean," I said.

"Why, Morgan! Morgan!" he exclaimed, and his face assumed a pained expression. "I suffered untold distress, and was more or less under ban, for twenty-five years. Old acquaintances avoided me; even my family was made to feel the disgrace, as if I were a felon. It was cruel!"

"How was it?" I said. "Or, perhaps you prefer not to talk about it?"

"I have no objection. It's an old story now, and belongs to the past. I was living at Rochester at the time Morgan, who had exposed Masonry, was missing. It was believed that he had been drowned by members of the Order, in Lake Ontario. A body was found which answered the description of his. It was exhibited in public, and

was recognized as being him by his family and friends. It was buried by them. Afterward, it was claimed by the friends of another man, disinterred, and another inquest held. There was great excitement over the murder of Morgan, and I was prominent as an anti-Mason. When this last inquest was pending, the lawyer engaged by the Masons said to me, one day: 'What are you going to do for a Morgan now?' 'This man is a good enough Morgan,' I retorted, 'till you produce the man that was killed.' He went off and reported that I said the deceased was a good enough Morgan *till after election.*' This lie was first published by Henry O'Reilly, editor of the Rochester *Daily Advertiser;* and it made such an excitement, that he stuck to it and elaborated it. Finally, the lie took this form, that I had pulled out the beard, cut the hair, and otherwise defaced or mutilated the features of the Ontario corpse, so as to make them resemble Morgan! This was in the winter of 1826–27."

"Did people believe such a thing?"

"Yes, a good many did. It was a thing I could not disprove to their satisfaction. I was abhorred by tens of thousands. Old acquaintances cut me. I was pointed at on the street. Strangers would look askance at me. I saw them. Friends gave me the cold shoulder. I received threatening anonymous letters. I was made to feel everywhere and every hour that I was a marked man. And my poor family, sir," said he, lifting his hand with a pathetic gesture, "were made to feel the cruel thrusts in ways I cannot mention."

"How long did this ostracism last?"

"Fifteen or twenty years actively, and in some directions a much longer time."

"It seems strange that injustice should thrive so." said I.

"Well, it did thrive. O'Reilly became rich, and that lie was the foundation of his fortune. I drifted to Albany, and at last lived the shocking calumny down. Finally, O'Reilly, who might have been worth millions if he had stuck to the telegraphs, which he manipulated at first, speculated in other things and lost money. He kept losing. He lost everything he had at last."

"Were you glad?"

"I was grateful that the Lord didn't allow such villainy to thrive forever," the old gentleman confessed; "and then I felt sorry for him."

"Where is he now,—dead?"

"Oh, no," said he; "O'Reilly is alive enough. Four years ago he wrote me a letter, saying that he was penniless, and asking me to send him one hundred dollars."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I sent it to him."

"You did?"

"Certainly I did. And a few weeks later he wrote me a very grateful letter, which wound up by saying that he was completely out of money and out of business, and he didn't know what in the world he should do to keep alive if I didn't get him a place in the New York Custom House."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"I went and reflected on how much pain he had caused me through a quarter of a century; on the grief and distress my family had suffered on his account; on the mortification and humiliation he had heaped upon my party and my friends; and then—then I went down and got him a place in the Custom House."

"You did?"

"I did."

"Where is he now?"

"In the Custom House, unless he has left since I heard from there. I believe he is there yet."

"Well, Mr. Weed, that beats all the revenges I ever heard of. Mr. Weed, you have put thousands of men in office; have you met with grateful returns of your friendly services?"

"Oh, yes, generally. Generous gratitude has been the rule!"

"I have heard," I said, "that to do a service for a man is the way to make him an enemy."

"That is not my observation," he answered.

"Then you believe in human nature and friendships after all these years of sharp party warfare and personal hostilities?"

"Oh heavens, yes!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "my life has been full of delightful friendships. The poet who said friendship was but a name didn't deserve to have a friend. Notwithstanding all the setbacks, I have found the world full of sunshine, generosity, good deeds, gratitude, self-denial, for the benefit of others. Heavens! yes! I do believe in human nature and the general excellence of men."

Here Mr. Weed called his servant, and had his now cold cup of tea changed for a hot one, while I withdrew, leaving him to finish his repast.

Gorringe Removing the Great Obelisk.

When I arrived in Alexandria, says George Wright, the needle had been taken down, and Commander Gorringe was building a caisson or flat-boat on which to launch it into the water and carry it to the dry-dock where it was to

be shipped. Previously, when the machinery for taking it down was arranged, evil-disposed persons in the city were confident that the trunnions and towers, which, they sarcastically said, were built by people in America who knew nothing about removing obelisks, would not bear so great a weight, and up to the moment when the obelisk turned easily on its axis, they predicted a crash. In this they were disappointed, so their next hope of a failure was placed on the launching. The obelisk stood on a plot of land, which had formerly been a stone yard, between the Boulevard de Ramleh and the Great harbor, a little to the northwest of the Ramleh railway station and almost in the center of the business portion of the city. At this point the land is between ten and fifteen feet above tide-water mark. Here Commander Gorringe excavated a slip similar to a ship builder's yard, and on it built the caisson. When this was completed, the obelisk was rolled on, and together they were launched into the harbor. There were a great number of people present, the majority of whom came to witness an accident to the stone—the general opinion being that the caisson would not carry the weight from the land to the water.

When they got off the ways, there was great cheering and rejoicing and a general revulsion of feeling. And after that, everybody expressed a hope that the obelisk might get to America in safety, because Commander Gorringe had overcome all obstacles so successfully.

It was towed to a floating dry dock situated on the other side of the promontory, which constitutes a part of Alexandria and divides the two harbors. The dock was sunk and the caisson admitted. When the dock was raised again, the caisson was taken to pieces and the obelisk was jacked up to about five or ten feet. After this was accomplished, the dock was sunk again, and the Dessouk was

admitted and placed with her bow alongside the monolith. A section of the starboard side of the steamer, beginning about twenty feet aft of the bow, and extending for about seventy-five feet, and about ten feet deep, was taken out, and through this aperture the obelisk was shipped."

The Alexandrians did not like the removal at first, and a great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed, as it was one of the very best obelisks in the country—a great feature in Alexandria." The feeling was, that an old landmark and ornament to the city was being taken away. They would rather have it go to America, however, than to any place in Europe.

Anecdotes of the Emperor Napoleon.--Only a Cape and a Sword.

Napoleon I. never forgot anything—least of all, the days of his poverty and the slights he then received. When he first paid court to Madam de Beauharnais, neither was rich enough to keep a carriage, and the young hero, who was deeply in love, often gave the charming widow his arm when she went to visit her man of business, a notary named Raguideau. Madam, who had great confidence in this legal adviser, who was a friend as well, went to see him immediately after engagement to Bonaparte, who, as usual, accompanied her, but, from motives of delicacy, did not enter the notary's cabinet, but remained in an adjoining room, where several clerks were writing. The door being imperfectly closed, he here heard nearly all that was said during the interview, and especially the arguments used by Raguideau to deter Madam de Beauharnais from the marriage she acknowledged herself she was about to contract.

"Mark my words, madam," said the notary earnestly,

"you are about to commit a great folly, of which you will bitterly repent. Why, this man you are about to espouse, has nothing in the world but a cape and a sword!"

Eight years after, Napoleon, on the day of his corona-on, as soon as he was invested with his imperial robes, said:

"Let them seek Raguideau. Have him come instantly. I have something to say to him."

The notary was brought, and stood much astonished efore the Emperor, who, with his peculiar sardonic smile, said to him:

"*Eh bien*, monsieur, have I nothing in the world but a cape and a sword?"

Joaquin Miller's Experience on Wall Street—What he Made and Lost.

Wall street? How did I come out? Oh! Well, I was short of St. Paul and long of Pacific Mail. I expected Pacific Mail to go up and St. Paul to go down. They did, and I had twenty-one thousand dollars. But that was not enough to build a city with. I held on.

One day it was rumored that the rust was not so bad in St. Paul after all. It began to start up! Pacific Mail began to shoot down. It was said the Chinese had established an opposition line. I tell you it takes a big man to sit on two benches at a time. Ten to one he will spill himself between the two just as sure as he attempts it.

I sold some St. Paul and bought more Pacific Mail; but all to no purpose. They kept right on. Then I got out of Pacific Mail at the lowest figure it touched, and bought Wabash. I began to flounder, and got frightened. I sold and bought, and bought and sold. I frequently saw in the papers, that I was getting rich in Wall street, and kept on

working like a beaver. The end was only a question of time.

One day my broker took me by the sleeve, and led me, like a lamb as I was, aside. My fun was over. And Utopia is indeed Utopia.

No one with so little money ever entered Wall street under better advantages. All men were kind and good. I think no man there ever attempted to mislead me. But it is simply impossible to make money there and keep it. Let me mention here, that during my six months there, I paid my brokers, in commissions, $11,425! These commissions alone, will devour my possible profits.

Of course, it is not a pleasant thing to admit oneself beaten. But if this brief history of my venture in the dangerous land will diminish at all that tired and anxious army of tape-holders, who waste their shekels, their days, their strength in vain waiting—why, I willingly bear the reproach.

And, after all, I lost but little, having but little to lose. And I learned so much, having so much to learn.

Czar Nicholas and his Doctor.

On the 2d of March, 1855, when it was known that the Czar Nicholas had died, a wild excitement, increasing from day to day, burst forth against his favorite physician, Dr. Mandt, the more readily suspected because he was a German. Busy calumniators spread the news abroad in all circles, that the guilt of the Emperor's death lay at the door of his Prussian doctor. Mandt's family, who were then at Frankfort, were in the greatest terror, when their fear was removed by a dispatch from St. Petersburg, stating that the present Czar, Alexander, had taken up the defence of the calumniated man, having called him into

his presence, thanked him before the court for his care of his father, and presented him with a magnificent gold snuff-box, richly set with diamonds.

The Doctor, it appears, left behind him a detailed account of the last days and hours of his imperial patient. Almost his only friends at court, besides the Czar himself, were the heir to the throne and the Grand Duchess Helena. He was an object of violent dislike to her husband, the Grand Duke Michael. When the Czar was taken ill, Mandt's meaner foes whispered about, that he would poison their master. The Grand Duchess Helena warned him of the plots against his reputation and person. Her husband called him into a private room. "I found him in the highest excitement," says Dr. Mandt. "I thought he would seize me by the collar, but my coolness seemed to make some impression upon him, and he contented himself by shaking his fist in my face, and exclaiming, 'Traitor!'" An excited conversation passed between them, and the Prince ended by saying: "On the day upon which the precious health of the Czar is endangered by your treatment, your learned head shall hang upon your neck by the thinness of a single thread."

Nicholas himself was worked up into a temporary suspicion of the fidelity of his doctor. One day, upon feeling himself better, the Czar said: "Mandt, do you know that I believed yesterday that you were bent upon poisoning me?" "I knew it, sire," replied the Doctor. Then do not forget," observed the Emperor, "that you have enemies here, and many of them." On the night of the 2d of March, Mandt had to tell the Czar the fateful news, that his recovery was impossible. Nicholas received the information with great calmness. He ordered the sacrament to be brought, took leave of the Empress, his children and grandchildren, kissed them, and blessed each by name

with a firm, clear voice. To the Empress he said: "I shall send for thee when the last moment draws nigh."

General Jackson's Death.

There is still living in Tennessee, a colored woman, "Old Hannah," in whose arms the wife of General Jackson died, and who was present at the General's death-bed. She is now eighty-nine years old, and still does service as a nurse. To a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* who visited her, she gave the following account of General Jackson's death:

"Ole Master was sick when he came home from Washington last time. He had a bad cough, but I never saw him bleed at the lungs, as they say he did, and I was with him or about him all the time. His feet would swell, sometimes, but he said it was from sittin' so much. He used to smoke and chew more than any one I ever saw, and it gave him headache, he said. About three years before he died, he was at breakfast one morning, and was taken sick and left the table. We thought he had swallowed a fish-bone. He never ate in the dining-room after that. I always toted his meals to him. He had a little table he could eat off when sick, as it could be swung round to him.

"During the last year of his life, his breakfast was a raw egg beaten up with brown sugar, and milk right from the cow. About eleven o'clock, hot corn griddle-cakes, and a glass of fresh buttermilk, which he liked very much, was taken to him. On Friday morning before he died, he ate as common. On Saturday, when I fetched him his egg and milk, he was lying on the bed with his eyes closed, and did not move. I asked George if he was asleep. Ole Master then opened his eyes, and I handed him the

glass. He held it in his hand a little while looking at me, and said: 'Well, Hannah, you will soon be done bringing this to your old master.' He spoke very feeble. When I got back to the kitchen, I tole Betty and Dick, the cooks, that ole Master would not last long. Dick spoke up in his sassy way and says: 'Oh, you think you are a prophet. Ole Master will see the goose that will raise the goslin' that will eat the grass off of your grave.'

"On Sunday, the day of his death, when I brought his egg and milk, he could not drink it. His eyes looked so curious that I went out and told Mistus Sarah. She ran to the store room, got some brandy, loaf sugar and spice, burned the brandy and carried it to him. He took one or two teaspoonfuls and it revived him, but he didn't speak the whole day. The doctor said to Mistus Sarah to send the servants out of the room, but we refused to go. One of the servants went on so, cryin' and lamentin', she had to be carried out.

"About an hour before he died, he come to. We had all thought he was gone before that. Young Master Andrew leaned over him and said, 'Father, do you know me?' 'Oh, yes, my son, I know you.' Then Dick, the cook, asked if he knew him. He nodded that he did, and said, 'Richard, hand me my specs.' He always called him Richard. They were handed to him from the bureau. Ole Master wet them with his tongue, wiped them with the sheet, and put them on. He looked around at us all and said: 'Where's poor George and Hannah? I have it that you shall be taken care of.' He saw Mrs. Adams, young Mistress' sister, who lived in the family. She was standing by, crying. He said to her: 'Mrs. Adams, while a bit of my property is left, you may call it yours.' He then turned to us all again and said: 'I want you all to meet me in heaven. My words are for you all. God is no

respecter of color. I hope to be saved through the blood of Christ. I am in God and God is in me. He dwelleth in me and I in Him.' I shall never forget it. I have often tried to say it myself when near death's door, but shrank back for fear I was unworthy. Yes, he's up yonder, he's up yonder," continued the old creature excitedly; "he's met my husband, and I shall soon meet them both."

"While saying these words, he was propped up on pillows. He asked to have them drawn out. Young Mistus cried, 'No, don't, George, don't!' but Master gave George a look which showed he meant it should be done. George took two out. Old Master sighed, hunched up his shoulders, drew just one breath, and all was over. There was no struggle. Young Mistus fainted and was carried to her room. The darkies could not be driven out. Our master, our father was gone. We looked upon him as though we had as much right there as Master Andrew."

One of Anna Dickinson's Southern Experiences.

A Cincinnati reporter, interviewing Anna Dickinson, reports her as saying she had been lecturing on "Joan of Arc" in Savannah, and was requested by a committee of gentlemen, residents of that city, to let the people here her on some topic on which she had lectured in the North. She agreed to do so, and chose "Compulsory Education" for her topic.

In her lecture, she gave some statistics concerning the State she was lecturing in, and, she says, her audience became impatient and angry, and some of them (among others, several of the gentlemen who had requested her to deliver the lecture) were leaving the room, when she interrupted the lecture, and addressing several by name, called their attention to the fact that she had only yielded to them

in delivering the lecture. Said she: "I told them that, hearing me give the statistics of crime and misery in their State, their feelings were aroused against me because I was from the North, and that, though they had sat calmly while one of their own number gave the same facts, they rebelled against them as given by me, because I was a Northern woman. I told them to forget this; to think of me as an American, and one of themselves, not as Georgians, but as Americans, and they would feel none of this resentment. I reminded them that we were all Americans, and, calling one by name, I asked: 'General ——, if a British hostile fleet appeared off our coast, or a French army was marching across Mexico to attack our frontier, who would be the first man to leave Savannah to prevent the invasion?' I had hardly asked the question when my audience burst forth into a cheer, and I never saw more enthusiasm."

Horace Greeley Bathing in a Horse Trough.

Horace Greeley at one time owned 2,500 acres of land in Pike County, Pa. In 1843 he formed the Sylvanian Society, and established a community on the property after the plan of Fourier, the French social economist. Large buildings were erected, and at one time 125 persons were active members of the Society. Mr. Greeley invested $10,000 in the enterprise, but it was a disastrous failure. He believed that he had been made the victim of land-sharks and the ultra Democratic views of the Pike County natives. This inspired him to publish in the editorial columns of the *Tribune*, several bitter articles against that county, in one of which occurred two expressions that the Pike Countians never forgave. "Pike County," said Mr. Greeley, "is noted only for its scrub oaks, its locofoco

majorities, and its rattlesnakes. There are five gallons of whisky to one spelling-book in Pike County."

Once, before the Fourierite Society had failed, Mr. Greeley paid a visit to the spot. On his way back to New York, the stage-coach broke down several miles from Milford. Mr. Greeley walked the rest of the way to this village. He arrived here in the condition of a confirmed tramp. "Uncle Sammy" Dimmick kept hotel there then. He was one of the dozen or so of Whigs that dared the Democratic forces in the place. He was a bluff, curt man, but kind and generous. Horace Greeley was his idol. He had never seen him, but often declared that he would consider it the proudest moment of his life to meet the great Whig editor. When Mr. Greeley entered the village after his long and dusty tramp, he chanced to stop at Dimmick's tavern. Uncle Sammy was in the bar-room, and in one of his worst humors. Mr. Greeley walked up to him, and, in his peculiar falsetto voice, said:

"I am very tired and dusty, sir. I would like to have a room where I can wash my feet."

Uncle Sammy looked the seedy and dirty stranger from head to foot. Believing him to be an impudent tramp, he bellowed out in a voice that could be heard over half the town:

"A room to wash your feet in! Why, you impudent scoundrel, go out to the horse-trough and wash your feet!"

A large public trough stood in the street at the corner of the hotel. Mr. Greeley walked quietly out to it, took off his boots, and began washing his feet in the trough. Cornelius W. De Witt, father of John E. De Witt, the well-known New York insurance President, at that time kept a store opposite Dimmick's tavern. He was also a Whig, and knew Mr. Greeley. He saw the man at the trough washing his feet, and Uncle Sammy standing

on the hotel piazza looking at him with intense disgust. De Witt walked over, recognized Mr. Greeley, and at once gave words to his surprise. He beckoned Uncle Sammy to the spot.

"Mr. Dimmick," he said, "I want to introduce you to Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York *Tribune.*"

Uncle Sammy never recovered from the mortification he felt over his treatment of the man he would have gone a hundred miles to do honor to. Mr. Greeley took the matter good-naturedly, and spent several days with his Whig admirer.

How Sam Houston Happened to Go to Texas.

An Arkansas paper says: "During Sam Houston's residence in the Cherokee Nation, west of Arkansas, he lived with a daughter of old Captain John Rogers, an Indian, about two and a half miles west of Fort Gibson. He was a merchant, but tried to conform to the ways and habits of the Indians, and in dress wore the hunting-shirt, buckskin leggings and breech-clout of the Indians. For the greater part of his stay here, he was under the influence of liquor when it could be had, and he was seldom without it. He seemed, after a residence of two years, to tire of the part he was acting, and during short periods of soberness became morose and sullen. He was evidently comparing in his mind his present mode of life with the past, or a worthless drunken white Indian with the proud Governor of Tennessee.

It was directly after one of his long drunken sprees, that some of the Texas Cherokees brought news of the war between Texas and Mexico. Houston, although not yet sober, walked out on the banks of the Grand River with John Henry, a merchant. Throwing himself down on the

ground, he was silent for some time. At length, starting up quickly, he said:

"Henry, let us go to Texas. I am tired of this country and this life. Go with me, and I will make a fortune for us both. You a merchant! I a merchant! We are no more fit for merchants than h—l is for a powder house. I am going. In that new State, I will make a man of myself again."

He began at once making preparation for the (at that time) long journey. Casting at once aside all his Indian attire, he came out dressed as a white man, and, at once refusing the use of liquor offered him frequently, as if by the stroke of the magician's wand, he looked the man and hero he very soon became after his arrival in Texas.

Great Men Testing Their Wits.

An anecdote is told at the expense of the late Violet-le-Duc, who, after having been an attache of the imperial court, became a republican municipal councilor, which has been told of other people before him.

One of the amusements at Compiegne, was writing a lot of questions on cards, which were then shuffled together and drawn one at a time to tax the wits of the company in provoking off-hand witty answers.

The Emperor happened while playing at this game to draw the question, "How would you distinguish between truth and falsehood?"

"Make them go through the same door," said Napoleon; "the lie would be first through."

At that moment the door opened and in came M. Violet-le-Duc, followed by Napoleon's faithful friend, D. Conneau.

Some Strange Things which Great Men Have Disliked.

Erasmus, who was a native of Rotterdam, had so great an aversion to fish, that he could not even smell it without being in a fever. If we may credit Ambrose Pare, a man of some celebrity, he says he could never sit at a table where eels were served up, without fainting. Joseph Scaliger never drank milk, Carden could not bear eggs, Julius Cæsar Scaliger had an antipathy to cresses; Uladistas Jagelon, a Polish King, hated apples; and when Du Chesne, Secretary to Francis I., smelt them, they occasioned his nose to bleed. Henry III. could not remain in a room where there was a cat; the same aversion was observed in Marshal Shomberg, Governor of Languedoc.

The Emperor Ferdinand introduced a gentleman to the Cardinal de Lorraine at Innspruck, whose fear of cats was so powerful, that when he heard them mew at a distance, blood spurted from his nose. M. de Laucre says, that he knew a gentleman whose fear of the hedgehog was excessive, and who believed that that animal had actually been preying on his entrails for more than two years. He also relates another story, equally singular, of a gentleman whose bravery none disputed, but who was so nervous when a mouse appeared, that he could not take out his sword to destroy it. M. Vaughneim, the King's huntsman in Hanover, fainted when he saw a roasted pig. The philosopher Chrysippas hated bows so much, that when he was saluted he fell down.

There are persons who cannot tolerate the sight of spiders, and there are those who eat them for amusement. A friend of mine, a gentleman brave as the best, fainted when vaccinated a few months ago. He could not account for it, he said, as of course there was no pain, neither did he feel any repugnance.

A Zach Chandler Story.

THE recent anniversary of the birth of Lincoln prompts a resident of Washington to relate in a newspaper of that city a striking incident of the civil war, in which the late Zachary Chandler played a prominent part.

The Washingtonian was walking in the avenue, just after the first battle of Bull Run had filled the town with dismay and despondency, and chanced to encounter Chandler, greatly excited over the disastrous defeat, and swearing like a Templar.

The Senator seized him by the arm—the two had been friends for years,—and said: "Let's go right up and see Lincoln. Something's got to be done, or the country's gone sure."

In a few minutes they entered the White House, and found Lincoln—he had evidently been weeping—with his wife, in the blue room, in a state of agitation. The President held out his hand, exclaiming:

"My God, Chandler, I'm glad to see you. We are ruined, ruined. What shall be done?"

"Done?" echoed the Senator. "What must be done is this: You must write out a proclamation at once, calling for three hundred thousand men."

Lincoln expostulated. He had not yet had a cabinet meeting, but he was to have one that evening.

"We can't wait," argued Chandler; "we must have the proclamation immediately. It will give confidence to the nation. Without it we'll be in anarchy before a week. Come, Mr. President, there's not a minute to lose," and he urged Lincoln to a desk on which writing materials lay. "I'll wait for the document and take it to the Associated Press, and to-morrow it will be over the country."

The proclamation was hurriedly written out and carried off by Chandler.

STARTLING STORIES.

The Falls of Niagara Dry for a Whole Day.

The Right Rev. Bishop Fuller gives the following remarkable story of Niagara Falls: "The Falls of Niagara were once dry for a whole day. That day was the 31st of March, 1848. I did not witness it myself, but I was told of it the next day by my late brother-in-law, Thomas C. Street, Esq., M. P.

"Happening to go out to his place the next day, he told me that his miller (for he has a grist mill on the rapids above the falls) knocked at his bedroom door about five o'clock in the morning of that day, and told him to get up, as there was no water in the mill-race, and no water in the great river outside of the race.

"He said he was startled at the intelligence, and hurried out as soon as he could dress himself, and then saw the river, on the edge of which he had been born thirty-four years before, dry. After a hurried breakfast, he said his youngest daughter (then married) went down about three-quarters of a mile to the precipice itself, over which there was so little water running that, having provided himself with a strong pole, they started from Table Rock and walked near the edge of the precipice about one-third of the way toward Goat Island, on the American shore, and having stuck this pole in a crevice of the rock, and Miss

Street having tied her pocket-handkerchief firmly on the top of the pole, they returned. He said he then turned his view toward the river below the falls, and saw the water so shallow that immense jagged rocks stood up in such a frightful manner that he shuddered when he thought of his having frequently passed over them in the little Maid of the Mist (as I often have done.)

"He then turned toward home and drove toward the Canada shore one-half mile above the Falls toward Goat Island. When he told me this he reproached himself very much for not having sent out for me about eight miles distant, but he said that though he had several times intended doing so, he each time concluded not to do it lest, before we could reach the wonderful scene, the waters should have returned to their old courses. Of course, everybody was speaking of the wonderful event when I was out there next day, and I have heard others who witnessed it speak of it since that time.

"So far can I testify to the evidence of the fact at the time of its occurrence.

"Mr. Street's theory was this: that the winds had been blowing down Lake Erie, which is only about thirty feet deep, and rushing a great deal of the water from it over the falls, and suddenly changed and blew this little water (comparatively speaking) up to the western portion of the lake; and at this juncture the ice on Lake Erie, which had been broken up by these high winds, got jammed in the river between Buffalo and Canada side and formed a dam which kept back the water of Lake Erie a whole day."

When this remarkable story was first told by the Bishop, it was almost too startling for human credulity and was doubted, whereupon the Bishop secured the following sworn testimony, taken before J. F. Macklan, notary public, May, 17, 1880:

"I, Henry Bond, of the village of Chippewa, in the county of Welland, blacksmith, do solemnly declare that I well remember the occurrence of there having been a day during which so little water was running in the Niagara River that but a small stream was flowing over the Falls of Niagara during that day. It happened on or about the 31st day of March, A. D. 1848; and I remember riding on horseback from below the flouring mills and cloth factory of the late Thomas C. Street, Esq., out into the bed of the river, and so on down outside of Cedar Island to Table Rock. Farther up the Niagara River, at the village of Chippewa, where the Welland River empties into the Niagara, there was so little water running that the Welland was nearly dry, only a very little stream running in the centre. I recollect a number of old gun-barrels having been found in the bed of the Welland River at its junction with the Niagara River, supposed to have been thrown into the river during the war of 1812. HENRY BOND."

A Singular Duel with Pianos.

The *Imparcial*, of Madrid, publishes the following startling account of a terrible duel at Valparaiso. A quarrel between two rival professors of music led to a challenge, the instrument selected being neither pen nor sword, but the piano. The conditions of the "encounter" were that neither party should eat or drink until honor should be declared duly satisfied, and that no waltzes or other lively airs should be indulged in.

Seconds were appointed, and the duel proceeded without intermission for forty-eight hours, at the end of which time one of the musicians, after playing a "Miserere" for the one hundred and fiftieth time, fell forward and sank exhausted to the floor.

He was taken up a corpse. His adversary had been literally transformed into an "enraged musician," and was in that state transferred to the hospital. The seconds themselves gave signs of being seriously "touched," and each of the pianos was found to be in a hopelessly crazy condition. Such at least is the result of the medical examination.

A Dive for Life.

Just below the Kanawha Falls, in West Virginia, writes a correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is an overhanging rock of immense size, jutting out about one hundred feet over the seething whirlpool and about the same height above. This was once the scene of a remarkable adventure.

The Indians were in hot pursuit of Van Bibber, a settler and a man of distinction in those early times. He was hard pressed, and all access to the river below and above being cut off, he was driven to this jutting rock, which proved to be the jumping-off place for him. He stood on the rock, in full view of the enemy above and below, who yelled like demons at the certainty of his speedy capture. He stood up boldly, and with his rifle kept them at bay. As he stood there he looked across the river—saw his friends—his wife with her babe in her arms, all helpless to render assistance. They stood as if petrified with terror and amazement. She cried at the top of her voice:

"Leap into the river and meet me!" Laying her babe on the grass she seized the oars and sprang into the skiff alone. As she neared the middle of the river her husband saw the Indians coming in full force and yelling like demons.

"Wife, wife!" he screamed, "I'm coming; drop down

a little lower." With this he sprang from his crag and descended like an arrow into the water, feet foremost.

The wife rested on her oars a moment to see him rise to the surface, the little canoe floating like a cork, bobbing about on the boiling flood. It was an awful moment; it seemed an age to her; would he ever rise? Her earnest gaze seemed to penetrate the depths of the water, and she darted her boat further down the stream. He rose near her; in a moment the canoe was alongside of him, and she helped him to scramble into it amid a shower of arrows and shot that the baffled Indians poured into them. The daring wife did not speak a word; her husband was more dead than alive, and all depended on her strength being maintained till they could reach the bank. This they did just where she had started, right where the babe was still lying, crowing and laughing. The men pulled the skiff high up on the sand, and the wife slowly rose and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, but she laid him down by his babe, and then, seating herself, she wept wildly, just as any woman would have done under the circumstances. That babe is now a grandfather, and that rock is called Van Bibber's Rock to this day.

Strange Dreams.

Gustave Brooke, the day before he left London to embark in the ill-fated steamer upon which he was to have sailed to Australia, met his friend Greeves at a favorite resort in the Strand.

"So you are really off to-morrow?—but not for long, I imagine?"

"Yes," said the tragedian, in an unusually grave tone; "yes, I am afraid I may never return."

"Nonsense! What makes you have such a gloomy idea as that?"

"I'll tell you, Greeves. I had a strange dream last night. It was this. I dreamed that some fellow—an author—came to me with the manuscript of a play, and wanted to sell it to me. I saw in great letters upon the cover of the first act the title. It was 'The Wreck.' I turned over a few pages and came to a sketch in ink of the closing tableaux, intended to illustrate the way in which the stage should be set. Standing upon the deck of a sinking vessel was a man clinging to the rigging. The despairing face of that man was a perfect reproduction of my own features. The sight of that agonized face, so perfect a picture of myself, frightened me out of my sleep. Greeves, I tell you that dream means something serious."

"Pshaw!" said Greeves. "It means too late hours and too late dinners."

Brooke went his way, and met the verification of the vision of his slumber.

"I am going, my boy," said N. B. Clarke to a brother professional who entered the dying man's apartment just as the physician departed: "I am going."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "You're good for many years yet."

"Am I? You think so, do you? Last night my wife had three lights burning in this room,—three lights," he repeated faintly, "and that means—death.'

A few hours after that, surely enough, death rang down his life-curtain upon the last scene of all.

Edmund Kean once wrote from London to a friend in Dublin: "I am glad you do not believe in such omens. For my part, I scarcely know whether I should or not, were I the victim of such nightmares. I never had but one such dream, and that was on the night poor B. died. It

seemed not unnatural that he should come to me in my sleep, attired in his grave-clothes, the more readily when you know that I had been thinking of his deplorable condition an hour before I slept. I had fallen asleep at 11 o'clock, on my mantel shelf, and I awoke half an hour after. In that brief space I had the dream, and in that hour, almost to the moment, B., as I next day learned, died. Was that his spirit—that shrouded form—or my imagination? I leave you to solve the question."

To Macready the sight of the toad in his dreams gave him more nervous anxiety for hours after than could "the substance of ten thousand men armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond.*" One day, at a Drury Lane rehearsal, Mr. Ryder said to the great tragedian:

"Mr. Macready, I had a queer dream last night—very queer—I saw sitting on a huge rock a——"

"Great God!—ah—a—a toad?" exclaimed Macready, paling at the very thought of it.

"Toad—no, a pair of gigantic bull-frogs doing the fencing-scene in 'Hamlet.'"

The great interpreter of *Lear* turned away in disgust at the overtopping of his toad omen.

David Garrick regarded the appearance of a sword or knives in a dream, as an omen of impending danger.

A week or two before his death, George Frederick Cooke had a "distempered vision" of a scene in "Richard III.,"—the scene in which the coffin of the dead king is brought on. He thought, as he in the dream uttered the lines, "Stay, you that bear the corpse," etc., that there suddenly appeared on the black velvet pall, in white letters, his own name. It is possible, however, that Cooke's vision may have been the result of an over-feasting and a superfluity of "great draughts of Rhenish" or other equally potent spirit at the old Shades, in Thames street, which, in

his time, was the resort of all "good fellows and true" of the town. Poor Cooke. He lies quiet enough now in the old churchyard on Vesey street and Broadway.

Lucille Western had something of faith in the weird signs and forerunners that come when least expected "from out the vague and boundless dreamland." She once informed an intimate friend that she knew, a month before the sad event occurred, that her sister Helen, when playing in Philadelphia, was soon to die, or meet with some fearful accident.

"I saw the whole scene of her death—the room, the persons at the bedside, the very color of the walls, the position of the windows, and her face as she lifted up her head for the last time—I saw it all, and I shall never forget that dream and its fearful realization as long as I live."

"If you ever stumble the first time you enter the theatre in which you are engaged, you can make up your mind either your stay will be short or you'll have trouble," said a veteran comedian, the other evening. "You may laugh as much as you like at it, but it's so; and a trip on the carpet while you're on the stage means—well, it means more than a fall or a bruised knee in trying to save yourself. You remember Amy Fawcett? She stumbled on her first entrance the first night she played at the Fifth Avenue, and in three months she died almost friendless and forsaken.

Goose-Bone Weather Predictions.

The goose-bone is more closely watched in Kentucky, says the Louisville *Commercial*, than in any other part of the country. It has been handed down among the early traditions of the State, and may be called the Kentucky weather-prophet. It is to be found in nearly every Kentucky country-home, and in many parts of the State the

farmers consult it, and prepare for handling their crops in accordance with its readings. The prophecy of the goose-bone does not extend beyond the year in which the goose was hatched, and the prediction is for the three winter months only. Take the breast-bone of a last spring's goose and divide it into three equal parts, and the different divisions will represent December, January and February. The breast-bone of a goose is translucent, and, if clear when held up to the light, the weather will be mild and pleasant; but, if covered with cloud-like blots, it will be gloomy and cold; the heavier the blots, the colder will be the weather.

A Remarkable Blind Man.

James Goodsell, of Burlington, says the Waterbury *American*, from his birth, during a life of nearly 90 years, had been totally blind. In early childhood, however, Mr. Goodsell had said that the darkness was in a few instances broken by faint glimmerings of light. Of four children, he and a sister were blind, the others could see. The sister, though at first possessed of ordinary vision, soon by a mysterious change, became wholly deprived of sight.

In absolute darkness, the ordinary employment of work-a-day life would seem impracticable, but this blind man would swing an ax with the dexterity of a woodsman, and actually felled trees; he was an accomplished grain-thresher, and would frequently go alone a distance of two miles to thresh for the Burlington farmers, climbing the mows to throw down the grain; he could hoe corn or garden stuff as well as anybody, having no trouble to distinguish the weeds; he would set a hundred bean poles with more accuracy than most people who can see, would load hay beautifully, and was so good a mechanic that he manufac-

tured yokes and other farm articles with success. He had an excellent memory and was an authority on facts and dates. He could generally tell the time of day or night within a few minutes.

One instance is given when he slept over one day and awoke at evening, thinking it was morning. For once he ate supper for breakfast, but when informed of his mistake slept another twelve hours in order to get straight again. He was familiar with forest trees, and knew just where to go for any timber desired. He could direct men where to find a chestnut, a maple or an oak, and the children where to go for berries. He was a good mathematician, and could compute accurately and rapidly. In olden days he was quite musically inclined, and like most blind people, he had a genius in that direction. He was at one time leader of the Presbyterian choir in that place. For two years he and the blind sister kept house together, though she and the other members of the family have long since passed away.

Singular Ideas of the Cross.

In the west of England, says *All the Year Round*, there is a tradition that the cross was formed of the mistletoe, which before that event used to be a fine forest tree, but has since been doomed to lead a parasitical existence. The Gypsies believe that it was made of the ash tree. The nails used at the crucifixion, said to have been found by Helena, are reported to have worked many miracles. One of them was thrown by her into the Adriatic during a storm, and produced a perfect calm. Another, placed in the crown or helm of Constantine, was found in a mutilated state in the Church of Santa Croce. The third is said to be in the possession of the Duemo of Milan, while that of

Treves claims the fourth. In the time of Charlemagne a new relic was discovered in the shape of a sponge soaked in the blood of Christ. In Cheshire the *Arum maculatum* is called "Gethsemane" because it is said to have been growing at the foot of the cross, and to have received some drops of blood on its petals. The dirpe of Mamre died at the crucifixion! "Christ's thorn" is a very common tree in Palestine. In Scotland it was formerly believed that the dwarf birch is stunted in growth because the rods with which Christ was scourged were made from it. These are the popular ideas of the material of the cross, some of which will, perhaps, never be entirely obliterated until the last great day, when "all things shall be made plain."

A Singular Congregation in an Old Church.

It is four o'clock, and the sun begins to lower, so that its slant rays peer in through the windows of the old church in a quiet hamlet of Old Virginia, broken by the shadows of the cottonwood trees beside it, that have stood there half a century.

There is still a lazy chirp and busy whirr of bird and insect, mingled with the sound of the tiny stream that tinkles over the stones, telling in its garrulous way a long, long tale to all the flowers adown the valley.

But inside the widely opened door one sees no orderly congregation of worshipers, no man of God in the high, old-fashioned pulpit, nor hears the sound of solemn psalm or holy chant. In the square pew where the De Lacys were wont to sit for generations gone, are boards and blankets laid across, supporting wounded—nay, dying men. In yonder slip, where the bright eyes of Lily Mason used to wander sadly from the speaker, lies a lonely German,

muttering in his troubled dreams the visions of his fatherland, which he shall never see again.

In the pew where General Vyse was wont to sit a restless hour or two on Sabbath days, lies his college chum with a bullet in his shoulder from General Vyse's gun; but he does not know, thank Heaven, whose hand among the Confederates sent it there. Within the altar railing lie moaning men with aching limbs and fevered wounds. In the pulpit sit the surgeons, preparing draught and lotion, knife and bandage, for their work. On the steps loiter one or two who have walked through the shadow of the valley, and wear its solemn grayness on their faces still.

Startling Freaks of Figures.

In its facetious manner the Norristown *Herald* says:

"Figures won't lie," says the poet—whose name has slipped our memory. Perhaps not; but sometimes they make most remarkable statements and stand up to their work in such a shaky manner that our confidence in their veracity is greatly shaken.

A good multiplication-table-wrestler will pile up column after column of figures to prove that the defeat of his political candidate this year by 15,000 majority against 8,000 last year is a gain for his side of 7,000 votes.

If such curious ciphering doesn't create a strong suspicion that the figures lie like the annual statement of a New York life-insurance company, it at least leaves an impression that they are weak in the limbs,—and often cut a pretty figure, figuratively speaking.

The man who has the multiplication table at his fingers' ends, and can foot up a column of figures six inches high and two broad as quick as you could pronounce half of a

name of a Russian General, is a serpent in the social circle, —a sort of a boa, or bore, or,—well, he's an adder anyhow. He is as great a nuisance as the indefatigable bore who propounds such questions as this: "Suppose your mother's daughter married your grandfather's nephew on your uncle's side, what relation would their children be to your aunt's step-mother?"—or somehow that way. You probably have met such bores.

The multiplication-table man, at the risk of his life, will tell you 9 multiplied 387,420,489 times by itself would require 389,693,100 ciphers, and to count it, working ten hours daily, would take 15 years and 230 days. And then you heave a sigh a mile long and wish with all your might that he would go off somewhere by himself and work out the problem. If to perform this arithmetical task required only five years and no days, we don't suppose one of the adder's hearer's would go to work at the job.

The inventor of the game of chess was bade by the King of India to name his own reward, upon which he asked to receive the number of grains of wheat that would be produced if one grain were paid him for the first square of the chess, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on doubled up for every square of the sixty-four. When these amounts were added the sum was found to be 18,446,744,073,909,551,615 of grains, "enough to cover all the continents of the earth with a layer one-third of an inch in thickness."

The name of the party who counted the grains is not given, but it is highly probable that he stopped counting at the expiration of the ninety-seventh year, and wearily exclaiming, "'Tis wheat to be remembered," guessed at the number remaining. History doesn't say so, but it must have gone against the grain of the King to fulfill his promise. The whole story, however, sounds

like a campaign lie, invented by the inventor for some sinister purpose.

Light, according to Prof. Somebody, travels 192,000 miles a second. This is much faster than the defaulting President of a saving-bank travels. He prefers darkness when he goes, and travels at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but regrets that he can't make as good time as light.

Another figure-twister says that if one cent were set out at compound interest in the year 1 at 4 per cent., the 1st of January, 1866, it would amount to 1 quintillion 201,458 quadrillions 392 trillions of millions.

A cent is a very small sum, and we all might set out that amount at compound interest for the benefit of our posterity eighteen hundred and sixty years hence. But some persons persistently refuse to do anything for posterity, simply because posterity has never done anything for them!

The same authority further declares that if we paid the Tax Collector the amount above mentioned in silver he would need 3,003,445,000,000,000,000,000 wagons for its transportation.

When you owe that much taxes, therefore, you had better pay the collector in greenbacks or checks, for—to quote the Professor aforesaid—"a robbery could be committed on the hindmost wagon which would not be discovered till the 24,780th generation of tax collectors."

Hence the tax gleaner, to save his reputation and money, and prevent being removed to make room for a man belonging to the opposite political party, would be compelled to employ a force larger than the United States army before it was cut down to 10,000 men to please Mr. Dana of the New York *Sun*, to travel along with the wagon train to protect it from the depredations of road agents—especially if he was going in the direction of the Black Hills.

This sum of money, we are also informed, distributed

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA

among the people of the earth, would give each of its 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants about 1,200 trillions of dollars, and he or she could every second use $2,000,000 for 38,-096,000 years without reaching the bottom of his or her purse?

But who wants to spend that much money in that many years? Better give some of it to the poor—though, by the way, come to think of it, there would be no poor to receive it. Such a distribution, moreover, would not make things as pleasant for us as at first sight appears. If everybody had an endless purse for 38,096,000 years, nobody could be induced to do any work, and we should all be obliged to make our own shirts, and trousers, and things. The only alternative would be to go without clothes and join the Lydia Thompson ballet troupe.

Let us remark, parenthetically, that while writing of these colossal sums of money we become totally oblivious to the hard, sad fact that our own salary is under $28,000 a year.

Twenty-four letters of the alphabet can be changed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 of times, all of which changes could not be written by the population of the whole world in 1,000 years.

A party named Euler says so.

How he discovered the remarkable fact is not stated.

We rather surmise that Mr. Euler would feel deeply chagrined if the entire population of the earth were to set to work and write out all these changes in one-half the time he says it would require to perform the task, and thus knock over his astounding calculations.

Again, we are told that twelve persons can interchange their respective positions 499,001,600 times; but it would take them not less than 1,848 years to accomplish this number of changes, if they moved once every minute for

twelve consecutive hours daily. If any twelve of our readers doubt the correctness of this statement, they should get together and try the experiment. If they perform the task in less time than 1,848 years they will please notify us by postal card.

Card-players who have a run of poor cards may be interested to know that the fifty-two cards, with thirteen to each of the four players, can be distributed in 53,644,737,-756,488,792,839,237,440,000 different ways. So if the player doesn't get a good hand the first deal, he may be more successful on the forty-seventh quintillion shuffle, if not sooner. This should encourage him to keep his spirits up.

The Future of the Republic.

ONE THOUSAND MILLION POPULATION IN 1980.

Says the London *Telegraph:* When, in 1776, the thirteen North American colonies put forth that Declaration of Independence which preluded the birth of a nation, the combined white population inhabiting them did not exceed 2,500,000. Yet they had the courage to throw down the gage of battle to a power "with which," in Daniel Webster's words, "for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, was not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of martial airs of England." Fourteen years later came, in 1790, the first census of population taken in the United States, and it was found that within the borders of the young nation there were not quite 4,000,000 souls. At the expiration of ten years it appeared,

upon taking the second census, that the population was a little more than 5,250,000, having increased between 1790 and 1800 at the rate of 35 per cent. In a short time the tenth census of what has long been a mighty people will be taken, and we risk little in saying that, in Joseph Hume's phrase, "the tottle of the whole" will show a population of at least 50,000,000, especially if the immigrants who are now pouring into the United States in vast numbers are not omitted from the calculation. In other words, the population of the great Republic in 1880 will be their population in 1776 multiplied by twenty, and were it likely that the same ratio of increase could be maintained for another century, the mind of man would sink before the effort of imagining what it is possible for the monster Republic to be in 1980. However boundless the resources of the North American continent may be, it can hardly be expected that the second century of the United States will be celebrated by a thousand million human beings, and yet such would be the result of multiplying fifty millions by twenty. Anyhow it is certain that a century hence no such assemblage of men speaking the same language and amenable to the same general traditions of feeling, habit and education, will ever have been gathered together upon earth as will then propably occupy the great Western Continent.

A Shower of Lightning.

A STRANGE ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON.

A remarkable electrical phenomenon, says the London *Times*, occurred recently at Clarens. Heavy masses of rain-cloud hid from view the mountains which separate Fribourg from Montreaux, but their summits were from time to time lit up with vivid flashes of lightning, and a heavy thunder-storm seemed to be raging in the valleys of the

Avants and the Allizal. No rain was falling near the lake, and the storm still appeared far off, when a tremendous peal of thunder shook the houses of Clarens and Tavel to their foundations. At the same instant a magnificent cherry tree near the cemetery, measuring a meter in circumference, was struck by lightning. Some people who were working in a vineyard close by saw the electric fluid play about a little girl who had been gathering cherries, and was already thirty paces from the tree. She was literally folded in a sheet of fire. The vine-dressers fled in terror from the spot. In the cemetery six persons separated into three groups, none of them within two hundred and fifty paces of the cherry tree, were enveloped in a luminous cloud. They felt as if they were being struck in the face with hailstones or fine gravel, and when they touched each other sparks of electricity passed from their finger-ends. At the same time a column of fire was seen to descend in the direction of Chatelard, and it is averred that the electric fluid could be distinctly heard as it ran from point to point of the iron railing of a vault in the cemetery.

The strangest part of the story is, that neither the little girl, the people in the cemetery, nor the vine-dressers appear to have been hurt; the only inconvenience complained of being an unpleasant sensation in the joints, as if they had been violently twisted, a sensation which was felt with more or less acuteness for a few hours after. The explanation of this phenomenon is probably to be found in Prof. Colladon's theory of the way in which lightning descends, as described in a letter on the effect of lightning on trees, printed in the London *Times*. The professor contends that it falls in a shower, not in a perpendicular flash, and that it runs along branches of trees until it is all gathered in the trunk, which it bursts or tears open in its effort to

reach the ground. In the instance in question, the trunk of the cherry tree is as completely shivered as if it had been exploded by a charge of dynamite. A part of the shower which destroyed the tree fell where the little girl was standing, but, distributed over the grass, left her unharmed, and was so disseminated in the cemetery that the six persons upon whom the electric rain descended escaped without serious injury.

A Funeral Without a Corpse.

"Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, with the part of *Hamlet* omitted by particular desire," would scarcely be a more remarkable performance than a burial from which the corpse had been "left out" by mistake. Such inattention to detail on the part of all concerned in the ceremony of sepulture, as is involved in the latter omission, appears almost incredible. Nevertheless, a strange story, published in the leading Italian newspapers, gives an example of this singular anomaly.

It is stated that a native of Bossito, Lombardy, lately suffered bereavement by the death of his wife, and his grief for the departed was so poignant that his relatives deemed it expedient to prevent him from being present at the final preparations for the funeral ceremony, and from assisting in person at its celebration. Returning to his house late in the evening after the burial, and entering his bed-room, he found to his horror and consternation the lifeless form of his wife, robed in its death cerements, reclining on the bier, and still awaiting interment. The widower rushed into the street, and lost no time in notifying what he had seen to the police authorities, who at first inclined to the opinion that sorrow had turned his brain. On accompanying him home, however, they soon convinced

themselves that his extraordinary statement was in every particular correct. Inquiries were forthwith instituted, and resulted in the amazing discovery that the village undertaker had "forgotten all about the corpse," and had nailed up an empty coffin, which had been subsequently conveyed and consigned to the grave with due religious ceremony and sorrowful observance.

A Peruvian Experience.—What a Baby Letter Did.

A San Francisco gentleman, who was some time since in South America, having occasion to go from Valparaiso to Tacna, Peru, on legitimate private business, was arrested upon suspicion of being a Chilian spy. Being anxious to penetrate into Bolivia, and unable to obtain a passport, he ran the Chilian blockade from Iquique, and arrived in Tacna with little baggage, carrying in his pockets some business and family correspondence and family photographs. One of these home letters contained the painted head of a paper doll, sent to him by his two-year-old boy, and a funny letter, scrawled in unmeaning hieroglyphics by the same baby hands. These mementoes were viewed with great suspicion by the officials, and deemed quite sufficient to justify his being shot.

He was incarcerated in a dungeon, guarded by two sentinals, and kept for the first three days without food. In the course of a few days every Chilian in the province was arrested, and as the families of the prisoners were allowed to visit them, the American managed to smuggle a letter to a prominent merchant of the place, a Mr. Camerery, of the firm of Camerery & Koch, to whom he had brought letters of introduction. This gentleman finally succeeded, at the expiration of three weeks, in obtaining his release. His

confiscated possessions were returned to him, with the exception of the mementoes described, which will probably occupy important places in Peruvian annals, to the surprise of the little fellow who sent them.

The prisoner was discharged by the authorities with considerable reluctance, a fact perhaps in part due to his manner of reception of their courtesies. Even the three days' starving did not tame him, for when they sounded him, at the end of that time, to see whether he was ready to come to terms, and yield the key to the mysterious cipher, he told them he would acknowledge he was hungry, and informed them that if they would roast their Prefect or General Montero, he would gladly eat them, and the act might make him a civilized Peruano.

"The Avenger of Mankind."

A GENUINE TRAGEDY ON THE STAGE.

A terrible scene took place in the Teatro del Circo at Madrid. During the performance a madman forced his way into the house, armed with a hatchet, and contrived to climb from the auditorium upon the stage, where, brandishing his weapon furiously, he announced himself to the terrified audience as "the avenger of mankind." Upon one of the attendants approaching him with the object of persuading him to withdraw from the stage, he smote the unfortunate man to the earth with one deadly blow; and he managed to keep the police off, when they attempted to arrest him, by whirling his hatchet round his head with such force and swiftness that none of the "agents of authority" dared to rush in upon him. Presently, however, a party of soldiers made their appearance in the theatre, under the command of an officer, who summoned the raging maniac to give up

his weapon and surrender himself, but in vain; whereupon the detachment received orders to fire at him with blank cartridge, in the hope of frightening him into submission. All this while he was yelling at the top of his voice, flourishing his hatchet, and threatening to kill anybody who should approach him. Recognizing the impossibility of overpowering him without risking the soldiers' lives, the officer in command gave the order to load with ball and fire upon him. A minute later the wretched man lay a corpse upon the stage, three bullets having passed through his head; and this highly sensational dramatic episode having been thus brought to a close, the audience returned to their places, from which they had fled in terror when the madman made his first and last appearance upon the stage, and the evening's performances were resumed at the point at which they had been interrupted by "mankind's avenger."

Superstition Among German Soldiers.

Dr. Russ tells a story of an Hungarian officer who was severely, though by no means fatally, wounded on the field of Sadowa. He was fast bleeding to death, however, when the surgeon came to him, but might have been saved had he not obstinately refused all aid. The surgeon noticed that he held something very tightly in his hand, which he pressed convulsively to his breast.

Presently he began to tremble very violently, and crying out, "It has done me no good!" threw away a piece of paper, and then expired.

The paper was found to be a talisman, bearing some written characters which were quite unintelligible. The poor fellow trusted in its supernatural power until aid by

natural means was out of the question, and then cast it away with a pang of despair.

Many a similar agonizing discovery was made during the war of 1870-71, too late for the learner to profit by the experience. After the battle of Worth in particular, a great number of talismans, charms, and the like, were picked up close to the corpses of those who had clung to them until, in their last agony, they had lost faith in their healing virtue, and had flung them away. It must not be supposed, however, that the German soldier as a class is given to this kind of superstition. It was found on investigation that there was a close relation between education and the existence of these beliefs. The provinces which were in the lowest state as regards education, gave the largest contingent of those who were thus credulous. Talismans, charms, letters of exemptions, etc., were found in the largest proportion among recruits from the Polish provinces, and in those provinces education is at the lowest point.—*All the Year Round.*

How the White Man Gained Everything.

The Kaffir cosmogony says that three nations were created—the Whites, the Amacosa and the Amalouw. They assembled before Teco, the Creator, to receive his bounty. A honey-bird drew off the Hottentots in full cry. Teco, in wrath, condemned them to exist on wild roots and honey-bees, and possess no stock whatever. The Kaffirs eagerly claimed this one and that one from out of the herds of cattle. Teco, indignant at their greediness, said they should have no better gifts. The Whites, patiently waited till they had received land, cattle and all other property. Such is the narrative of the Cape.

How to Spell Isaac.

Mr. Isaac Staples, of Stillwater, Minn., is a lumber dealer who has had an extensive correspondence. His bookkeeper has made a memorandum of the fact every time the given name of Mr. Staples has been misspelled in a letter addressed to him. The correspondence has already yielded the following fifty erroneous spellings, which will be read with delight by the spelling reformers:

Isiac,	Isic,	Iceic,	Isick,	Icaac,
Iisac,	Isiaac,	Isaas,	Issacc,	Icaace,
Icaack,	Isaacce,	Isica,	Isaace,	I Sick,
Iseac,	Icaas,	Iaac,	Iseke,	Isich,
Isac,	Icks,	Iassac,	Issick,	Jsaac,
Isaag,	Iaasic,	Izk,	Isaak,	Issac,
Izic,	Aisec,	I Sic,	Iisace,	Isace,
Isiace,	Isaar,	Issach,	Isic,	Isoac,
Icac,	Iaasac,	Isaack,	Isak,	Isice,
Isach,	Isaach,	Isac,	Isaack,	Isaic.

Extemporizing in the Pulpit.

AMUSING INCIDENTS WHERE GREAT PREACHERS FAILED.

They make a great mistake who suppose that extempore preaching has been the law with all great preachers; in fact, we may almost go so far as to say the reverse has been the case. Extemporizing will often be exposed to difficulties which only a very honest mind can overcome and make the best of. When Father Taylor, the American preacher, once lost himself and became bewildered in the course of his sermon, he extricated himself by the exclamation: "I have lost the track of the nominative case, my brethren, but one thing I know, I am bound for the kingdom!" and

the frankness of such a confession would be sure to save him from suffering in the esteem of his audience. But the more stately and dignified masters, it is very obvious, can not deliver themselves in that way.

The most singular instance of this kind in our memory is the case of a very distinguished man to whom we loved to listen in our boyhood, a preacher with a wonderful command over every faculty that could give brilliancy or beauty to pulpit exercises. He always preached without notes, and always broke his discourses into divisions; but once, to our amazement and that of the congregation, having traveled through, so far as we remember, two departments of the discourse, he caught himself up and said, "I—I forget the third division!" He turned around to the organist. "Organist, strike up a verse." He gave out a line of a hymn, and while the organ was playing and the people singing, he leaned in deep thought over the pulpit; the singing over, he announced the missing link. "But," said he, "is not that singular?" and he proceeded to show how it was that he had lost it, and how he found it—proceeded, in a really enchanting way, to talk upon the law of association of ideas and the mystery and marvels of retentiveness and memory as proof of the immateriality and immortality of the soul, until the time was gone, and we really had no more of the sermon after all.

A similar anecdote has often been told of the late Thomas Binney. Dr. Harris, the author of "Mammon," had begged his services for some anniversary, and Binney declared his utter inability to prepare a sermon—in those days he was a strictly extempore speaker. It was urged, "Oh, come and preach such and such a sermon; that is ready to your mind!" And so Mr. Binney promised that he would take the service; but he also, having got through two heads of the discourse, became bewildered. "Thirdly

—thirdly—I've forgotten what was thirdly!" he said; and he looked over the pulpit to where Dr. Harris was sitting. "Brother Harris, what was thirdly?" Harris looked up and said: "So and so." "Exactly," said the discomfited preacher, who pursued his way with ease and happiness to the close.

A Couple of Eggs which Sold for a Thousand Dollars.

If the sale of curiosities, says the London *Telegraph*, which took place in London recently be any criterion, the great auk has been very badly advised in ceasing its periodical visits to the North of Scotland. As a foreign traveler that gentle bird was at one time somewhat of a celebrity. When tired of diving for lump-fish in the northern seas, or possibly precluded from doing so by the phenomenon known as ice, he would make a trip to such southern latitudes as Greenland, Norway, Spitzbergen, and the extreme north of Great Britain, occasionally accompanied by his spouse, who, by way of a souvenir, would lay an egg in some cleft above high water. Two such memorials of visits have, indeed, just passed under the auctioneer's hammer, one selling for £100, while the other actually fetched 102 guineas, the fortunate buyer being Lord Lilford. Why, with these facts before him, the great auk stays away, it might, indeed, be hard to understand. A bird that can lay such golden eggs as these, should lose no time in swimming—for it cannot fly—to the best markets. One difficulty only presents itself in the matter, and that certainly is formidable. The great auk has, it is feared, suddenly become extinct. If that be so, its eggs are certainly worth all that they have fetched, as no more will be found in Scotland or elsewhere.

Strange Verification of a Dream.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mainwaring lives at Sandusky, O. Her husband who is a large manufacturer and dealer in tin and japanned ware, not long since started on a collecting tour among his country customers, accompanied by his son Enoch, a young man of twenty, in delicate health. They were in a spring-wagon, as most of their custom lay among the small towns and villages off the line of the railroads.

On the third night after their departure, Mrs. Mainwaring awoke her eldest daughter, who was sleeping with her, as well as her mother, Mrs. Dougherty, who occupied an adjoining room, and told them of a terrible dream she had just had, and which she feared was a mysterious reflection on her mind of an actual occurrence. At the same time she directed their attention to the fact that she had awakened out of her dream at precisely five minutes past eleven, when the clock over the mantel-piece had suddenly stopped at that point. She dreamed that she saw her husband and son driving over a wild and wood-bordered road in the night, and she somehow received the impression that it was in the neighborhood of Toledo, O. She could hear them talking of a large sum of money they had with them, as the result of successful collections, and at the same time she could see ahead four men lurking at the roadside for the purpose of waylaying them The dreamer tried to warn the dear ones of their danger, but was restrained by the strange inability to move or speak—that is a characteristic of the nightmare. She could only look and see, and that with terrible distinctness. And she presently saw them halted and attacked by the four villains. Many shots were exchanged, and she saw her son fall in the bed of the wagon at the first fire; but her husband, who was a very powerful and fearless man, made such a stout resistance with his revolver that one of his assailants was killed, and

the others fled into the woods, two of them badly wounded. She then saw her husband whip his horses into a gallop until he reached the open, moonlit prairie, where he made a halt, raised the body of his son in his arms, and, after feeling of the heart, he exclaimed in a voice of bitter distress: "My God! he is dead. What will his poor mother say?"

Then she awoke. Mrs. Mainwaring was so excited over her dream that she could not sleep any more during the night, though her mother and daughter laughed at her fears, and did their utmost to reassure her.

On the following morning she received a telegram from her husband, at Toledo, conveying the sad intelligence that Enoch had been killed in an attack that was made upon the pair by robber-tramps on the previous night, four miles out of Toledo. Mr. Mainwaring returned home on the evening of the same day, with the body of his son, and his subsequent detailed account of the fatal encounter verified his wife's dream in every particular. More than this, his watch had received such injury during the struggle that the main-spring had broken and the works came to a stop at precisely five minutes past eleven, the exact moment that the clock had stopped over the mantel-piece.

One Man Killed Four Panthers in Two Hours.

Mr. Haugh, says an Oregon paper, who lives near Scott's mills, started for Beaver lake to get some cedar timber. He had along a large-bored rifle, a little rat-terrier and a rather large dog of part Newfoundland breed. After leaving the main road and getting to an almost blind road, he saw a panther cross the road ahead of him. He stopped the team, tied them to a small tree and followed the dogs, who

had succeeded in treeing the panther in a very short time. It was on a large oak tree, about thirty feet from the ground, and growling savagely. Mr. Haugh fell back a short distance in order to get a rest shot, fired, and the beast fell dead to the ground, having made a spring which brought him about fifteen or twenty feet from the tree. On going back to the wagon the children pointed out another panther, back on the road over which they had passed. On approaching it to get a shot it darted into the brush, followed by the dogs, who succeeded in treeing that one without any difficulty. On following the dogs, Mr. Haugh found it on the large limb of a fir tree, about twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground. Getting a rest on the side of a tree some distance away, he shot this one. At the crack of the gun the panther jumped from the tree and was followed by the dogs. On following them it was found dead, about one hundred yards from where it was shot. On approaching the ranch where Mr. S. Huelet once embarked in the cattle business, he found that the little dog had succeeded in treeing a panther about two-thirds grown. This one was shot dead. Before Mr. Haugh had time to load he heard the big dog barking at something about two hundred yards off down the hillside. On going to where it was, he saw the biggest panther he ever saw—a very large female. She was growling and snapping her teeth at the dogs so much that she formed the most savage picture he had ever seen. It was difficult to get a good shot, but on firing she came down and the limb on which she was with her. As she ran off the dogs followed her, and on coming up with them he saw her on a stump, about twenty-five feet from the ground. Mr. Haugh shot again, but, as no vital spot was struck, it only succeeded in making her growl and lash her tail fiercer than ever. On looking for a bullet Mr. Haugh found that he had only half a bullet

left, with which he had to make a successful shot or lose his game. His patching was all gone as well, so, tearing off part of the lining of his coat, he put it round the bullet and rammed it home. Taking a careful aim he fired. This time he saw the huge beast tumble to the ground to be seized by the dogs. She seized the big dog by the scalp with one paw, and had succeeded in tearing the scalp nearly off when death put an end to her struggle. The last one, on being measured, was over nine feet long from tip to tip. All the panthers were full-grown, except one, which was only about two-thirds grown. They were all killed within two hours.

Some Curious Statistics.

The Boston *Transcript* says: Allowing two square feet to each person, the entire population of Boston could stand on the Public Garden, with a good deal of room to spare. The entire population of the United States could stand in Boston proper (not including Brighton, Dorchester and West Roxbury.) The entire population of the world (now estimated at (1,440,000,000) could stand on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, or in the space occupied by the towns of Boston, Brookline, Newton, Needham, Dedham, Hyde Park and Milton. The State of Massachusetts could in this way accommodate seventy times the present population of the world. The entire population of the world, placed side by side, and allowing two feet to each person, would encircle the earth twenty times. The States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, taken together, are as large as England. Any one of the States of Georgia, Illinois, Iowa and North Carolina are as large as England. Kansas is as large as England and Scotland together. Ireland is about the size of Maine. France is more than

twice as large as England, Wales and Scotland together. Texas is thirty-five times as large as Massachusetts, or as large as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and Indiana combined. The entire population of the United States could be provided for in the State of Texas, allowing each man, woman and child four acres of land. The entire population of the world could be provided for in the United States, allowing each person one and a half acres of land.

A Dream Realized.

About fifteen German miles from Posen there is a town named Reichberg, situated on the River Warte, in which there is a considerable Jewish population, and among these a family of the name of Isaac is one of the most opulent. The foundation of their wealth was owing to the following circumstance, which is authenticated, and a matter of public notoriety there.

The head of the family was, many years ago, in a state bordering on absolute poverty, and dreamed several nights consecutively that if he made a journey to Hamburg, he should there learn something of great consequence. This made such an impression on his imagination that he could not drive it out of his mind. He realized some funds and proceeded to Hamburg, where he took up his residence in the house of the reader of the Synagogue, who was in the habit of letting lodgings. After a stay of some weeks, the reader, seeing that his guest had no occupation, and did not seem to have any definite object in view, while his appearance and demeanor indicated that his means could be but scanty, inquired what was his object at Hamburg, when

Isaac related to him the circumstances of his dream. The reader naturally turned it into ridicule, and added that no sensible man would pay any attention to dreams, much less undertake a long journey on such a wild-goose chase from such a motive.

"If I paid attention to dreams," said the reader, "I should have long since made a journey to Reichberg-am-Warte, for I have dreamed that in a house there, there is buried in the kitchen a dough-trough containing a large sum of money."

He then proceeded to describe minutely the situation and appearance of the house and kitchen, and even the furniture in the place. The astonishment of Isaac was great at finding it to entirely correspond in every respect with his own residence. He said nothing, but seeming to take the rebuke, he immediately returned home, and on digging in the spot indicated by the reader, he found a trough containing a comparatively large sum of money. Every Friday, to the present day, the Sabbath bread for the family is kneaded in that trough, which is kept as a precious memento.

Naming Children in China.

In China the names of children are given according to circumstances associated with the time of their birth. If a child is born at midnight its name may be Midnight; if the season be rainy, the child's name may be Rain; if birth occurs on the birthday of some relative, that relative's age may be the name of the new-born, and so there are names of Thirty, Five, Fifty, One and other numbers. But there are even more curious names. If the parents desired a boy and a girl is born, her name may be Ought-to-be-a-boy.

Never Whistle in a Coal Shaft.

A CURIOUS MINING SUPERSTITION.

A gentleman in Carbondale, Pa., says: "Miners, especially those who have come from foreign countries, and represent a past generation of their class, are given to many superstitious fears. The younger miners—those born in this country, and who have grown up under the influence of its enlightening institutions—do not, as a general thing, share in this superstitious belief, although some of them place as much importance on 'signs' and 'omens' of good and evil, as do their more ignorant ancestors. Among the superstitions cherished by miners, is that of whistling in a mine. To whistle in a mine is considered an evil omen. Miners never whistle while at work. Sometimes they sing while toiling in the dark, damp, narrow chamber of the mines, hundreds of feet below the surface, but never loudly, and only plaintive folk songs and ballads that have been crooned over the cradles of generations of their class. It is a singular fact that, despite the peril that constantly besets him in the mine, the coal-miner is always cheerful amid it all. Let one who may visit a mine but whistle among the workmen, and the cheerfulness he has noticed as characterizing them will be gone at once. Most all old miners believe that a 'good luck spirit' lurks in every mine, and that at a sound of whistling it flies and leaves the miners at the mercy of the spirit of evil. If ill befalls any of the workmen that day the believers in the superstition ascribe its cause entirely to the frightening away of the good luck spirit by the fatal whistle.

"In 1840 there was a great mine disaster at this place. Several miners were buried in one of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's mines by a sudden caving-in of the roof. Although the cause of the caving was known to have been a lack of proper support by pillars and timbers,

at least one old miner, a survivor of the disaster, still living here, has always maintained, and still maintains that it was caused by a 'dare-devil miner,' named Jack Richards, whistling in the mine while working with his gang, against the protests of his comrades. Richards was a skeptical young Welshman, who ridiculed all the superstitions of his fellow-workmen. With the old miner mentioned above and fifteen others, he was working in the mine, a mile from the entrance, on the day of the catastrophe. The mine was well-known to be scantily propped, and the miners were 'robbing' it preparatory to its abandonment. He is described as having been a merry fellow, fond of teasing his companions. On this occasion he suddenly laid down his pick and announced to his fellow-workmen that he intended to 'whistle them up the "Rigs o' Barley."' The miners were aghast at the thought of Richards thus flying in the face of mine luck, and they begged of him not to chase the good-luck spirit away. He laughed at their fears, and with clear loud notes made the chamber ring with the lively Scotch air. Not content with that, says the old miner, shuddering at this day over the sacrilegious temerity of the merry Welshman, he rattled off a jig known by the miners as 'The Devil Among the Tailors,'' and ended by telling the good-luck spirit to 'take a dance to that, and be blowed to it.' None of the miners could speak for some time. Some of them tried to work again, but the fear of disaster was so strong upon them that they all made preparations to quit the mine. The old miner who recalls this incident, says he had a brother and a son working in another part of the mine, and he made up his mind to go to them, tell them of Jack Richards' foolhardiness, warn them of its consequences and escape from the mine. Jack Richards could not convince any of them of the childishness of their intended course.

"Suddenly, while they were gathering up their tools, a noise like the sound of distant thunder came to the ears of the agitated miners. They knew too well what the sound presaged. The roof was 'working,' and a cave-in threatened. The miners turned to Jack and charged him with bringing disaster upon them by his defiance of the good-luck spirit of the mine. Jack replied that if the roof was falling it was because of insufficient support, and not because of his whistling, and knowing the danger that encompassed them all, he counseled his comrades to lose no time in 'getting atop.' But before they could take the first step toward reaching the surface, a second shock ran through the mine. This time it was like a clap of thunder near the earth. It was followed by a crash that could be made only by the falling masses of rock and coal from the roof, and by a gust of wind that hurled the miners against the jagged walls of their chamber. Then the mine fell in all about them, and the seventeen miners and the car horse were imprisoned behind a wall of fallen coal, in a space not more than forty feet square. Their lights were extinguished, and there was not a match in the party.

"With death waiting them in one of its worst forms, they cursed Jack Richards, and one of the miners tried to find him in the dark to brain him with a pick. To ascertain whether any of the gang had been killed by the falling coal, the name of each one was called by one of the miners. All responded but Jack Richards. He was found dead, half-buried beneath the wall of rock and coal.

"The men worked for hours, many of them working the flesh from their fingers in the sharp coal. Some of them lost all heart, and threw themselves upon the damp floor of their underground prison, and bewailed their fate. Suddenly a ray of light broke through a small opening in the wall. Then a lantern was pushed through, followed

by a man's head. The man cried out: 'Is there a man here that is alive?' A glad shout from the miners was the reply. The man pulled himself through the opening into the chamber. It was Alexander Boyden, the superintendent. He took the dead body of Jack Richards on his back and led the way, and two hours afterward the miners were in the arms of wives, parents and sweethearts on top. Richards had no relatives but a crippled sister, who was dying with consumption. She died the next day. The brother and son of the narrator of this tragic incident and twelve other miners were never found. Three days after the fall, Mine Boss Hosie, who had been in a distant part of the mine when the roof caved in, emerged from its depths, worn to a skeleton. With his pick he had dug his way for more than a mile through an almost solid wall, without a taste of food or a drop of water to sustain him. This mine tragedy forms one of the favorite narratives of the old miners of this region, and after relating it to inquiring visitors they never fail to warn them not to whistle if they intend going down in a mine."

Lofty Towers.

The crown of William Penn's hat which is to adorn his thirty-six-foot statue surmounting the lofty tower of the new Philadelphia public buildings will be just 535 feet from the pavement. This is higher than any other tower yet constructed. Trinity steeple in New York city, which seems so imposing with its height of 284 feet, shrinks into insignificance in comparison with the lofty spire which is intended to be the crowning glory of Penn square. The highest towers which have yet been constructed are those of the Cologne Cathedral, which have at present a height

of 524 feet 11 inches, or 10 feet 1 inch below Mr. Penn's proposed hat. As, however, the Cologne towers are still unfinished, and aim at an ultimate altitude of 576 feet 9 inches, the Penn Square towers may never enjoy the distinction of being the highest in the world.

The following are the heights of some of the chief lofty buildings: Tower of St. Nicholas at Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 10 inches; tower of St. Martin's, Landshut, 434 feet 8 inches; cathedral spire at Frieburg, 410 feet 1 inch; Cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 10 inches; Cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet 1 inch; ridge tiles of Cologne Cathedral, 360 feet 3 inches; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new Votive Church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rathhaus at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches; and the towers of Notre Dame at Paris, 232 feet 11 inches.

A Walk Half-Way to the Moon.

In these days of great pedestrian feats it is worth while to record the doings of an old Yorkshireman who has just died at the ripe age of 84 years, at Masham, in Yorkshire. James Heap was a schoolmaster, and carried on his calling in a wild and bleak part of the country, walking every day a distance of eight miles. He lived at a cotton-mill just below the village of Healey, which is in the western part of that portion of Yorkshire called Mashamshire. His school-house was four miles distant, at Coltersdale, which is still further west, and among the bleak moors and wild hills leading away to Westmoreland.

A storm of wind and rain is no trifling matter in these

parts, and during a snow-storm the snow very often drifts so thickly as to make the roads almost impassable; but no condition of the weather or the atmosphere could shake James Heap's steadfast purpose, and he never had any ailment or accident which kept him from going his daily round to the school and home again. Many a time had he to wade through snow-drifts to find that his pupils were not able to reach the school, and he was constantly subjected to a drenching rain in the winter months. Yet from December, 1822, to January 1867, he never missed a single day, and during 2,292 consecutive weeks he walked more than 110,000 miles, or nearly five times around the world.

Nor was he altogether idle on Sundays, for during forty-two years of this period he shared with others the teaching of a Sunday-school at a place called Summerside, about the same distance from his home, and in an equally dreary and wild district on the moors with Coltersdale; seventeen Sundays in each year, during these forty-two years, did he walk eight miles to teach, which adds an aggregate of 5,712 miles to the former sum, so that, taking Sundays and week days into the reckoning, he would, if he had continued his work for rather more than another year, have covared a distance equal to half the space between the earth and the moon.

Col. Synge's Dream.

A friend told me the other day that he met Col. Synge at a club here, and that the latter remarked, in a joking way, that he was "sure the brigands would 'nab' him some day." Some time later the Colonel called on a lawyer here and expressed his intention of making his last will and

testament, adding that perhaps the lawyer would think it a trifle foolish in him, a man still in his prime and in the flush of health, to be concerned about such a matter. Naturally the gentleman of the bar professionally thought, on the contrary, no such thing; on the contrary, it was always well to be prepared, etc., etc. "Well," said the Colonel, "I will tell my reason, and I don't know that it will strike you as a good one. Last night I had a most vivid and distinct dream, in which my farm was attacked and I carried off by a mob. The impression on me was so strong that I have come here to get my affairs in order." The will was made, signed and completed, and Col. Synge left for Salonica. Only a few months later the attack took place with which the whole world has been ringing.

This is rather a strong point in favor of the dream enthusiasts.

Strange Story of the Plague in Memphis.

A reliable gentleman says that in 1877, when the first yellow fever appeared in the city of Memphis, he was there on business. He had been there for several weeks, and then first experienced a drowsy sensation. This was followed in a week or ten days by the fever in all its fury, which rendered him unconscious. He lay for some time in this condition, his life being in a precarious state. After a time he seemed to be overcome by the disease, and gradually grew weaker, until at last all pulsation had stopped, and breathing was no longer apparent. At that time it was the custom to hurry the corpse to the graveyard without ceremony. He was placed in a rude box and hurried away to the cemetery, followed by a single friend. On the way to the grave, however, this friend felt a conviction that he was not dead, and ordered the little procession to stop. The box was taken back to the place of starting, and his

body again placed on a cot. After a few hours of patient watching, a slight movement of the face and upper portions of the body was observed. An examination was made of the pulse, which was found to be faintly beating, while respiration was apparent. In a few hours more the gentleman was aroused, and in less than thirty-six hours he was sitting up. He recovered rapidly, and in the course of a few hours he was able to get up and move around. Meanwhile the Associated Press dispatches had contained an account of his death from the fever, and his family in New York city, and one son, working on the Bee Line road, had mourned for him as one gone from the face of the earth.

After his recovery he went to Texas, and from there he crossed over into New Mexico. He was gone on his trip about two months, during which time he wrote to his relatives, announcing his restoration to health. He soon after came north, as the quarantine against Southern traffic and travel was raised, and eventually landed in Indianapolis, where he met his son, who was as much rejoiced at the meeting as if his father had been raised from the dead. It was learned that his letters had miscarried, and he wrote at once to New York, again announcing his recovery.

The Bottom of the Sea.

"The form of the depressed area which lodges the water of the deep ocean," says Dr. Carpenter, the English physicist, "is rather to be likened to that of a flat waiter or tea tray, surrounded by an elevated and steeply-sloping rim, than to that of the 'basin' with which it is commonly compared;" and he adds: "The great continental platforms usually rise very abruptly from the margins of the real oceanic depressed areas.

"The average depth of the ocean floors is now ascertained to be about 13,000 feet. As the average height of the entire land mass of the globe above sea level is about 1,000 feet, and the sea area about two and three-fourths times that of the land, it follows that the total volume of ocean water is thirty-six times that of the land above the sea level. These deductions, seemingly unimportant except to the votary of science, are destined, perhaps, to serve the highest practical purposes of deep-sea telegraphy. The intelligence now carried out of the enormous collection of later ocean researches shows the modern engineer and capitalist the feasibility of depositing a telegraphic cable over almost any part of the ocean's floor.

"Not less interesting is a deduction Dr. Carpenter makes from the deep sea temperature observations in the North Atlantic. In consequence of the evaporation produced by the long exposure of the equatorial Atlantic currents, its waters contain such an excess of salt as, in spite of its high temperature, to be specifically heavier than the colder underflows which reach the equator from the opposite Arctic and Antarctic basins; and, consequently, it substitutes itself by gravitation for the colder water to a depth of several hundred fathoms. Thus it conveys the solar heat downward in such a manner as to make the North Atlantic between the parallels of 20° and 40° a great reservoir of warmth. The climatic effect of this vertical transfer of equatorial heat is obvious. If the great heat-bearing currents which enter the North Atlantic traversed its bosom as surface currents, they would expend their warmth largely in the high latitudes. But, as their heavy and highly-heated volumes in large measure descend to the deeper strata south of the fortieth parallel, their stores of tropical temperature are permanently arrested off our eastern coast, and ultimately made subservient to our climate."

Mark Twain's Visit to Niagara.

HIS STARTLING DISCLOSURES—HE IS PITCHED OVER THE CATARACT BY THE INDIANS.

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the known world. I have been visiting this favorite watering-place recently, for the first time, and was well pleased. A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said that the first time he went, the hack fares were so much higher than the falls, that the falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, numbered, placarded and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with moral principle till they are as meek as missionaries. There are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers; and, whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself, its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the falls, and so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medical. Why are people left in ignorance that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property, merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre. You are sometimes in doubt there about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must not do. No, the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In your room at the hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most con-

venient way, by means of placards on the wall like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Don't scrape matches on the wall."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots outside the door they will be blackened, but the house will not be responsible for their return." (This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blackened unless they are returned.)

"Give your key to the omnibus driver, if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel wherever you wander you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much instruction to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horse to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent. in gold levied on all peanuts or other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the superintendent of any neglect on the part of employes to charge for commodities or services."

"Don't throw stones down; they may hit people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the falls."

To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me. It was because I noticed at last that they always happened to prohibit exactly the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; the sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; the sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicking below, when a sign I have just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me (and I a friendless orphan). There was no resource now but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that critical moment, "All signs fail in dry time." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble Red Man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales, legends and romances; I love to read of his inspired sagacity; and his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest; and his grand truthfulness; his hatred of treachery, and his general nobility of character; and his stately metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for his dusky maiden; and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement—especially the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead-work and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was fillled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to

come face to face with the noble red man. A la y clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array was made by the Indians, and that they were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island I came upon a noble old son of the forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work upon a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baleful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. addressed the relic as follows:

"Is the Wawho-Wang-Wang of the Whack-a-Whack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war-path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of his dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the paleface? Speak, sublime relic of bygone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!"

The relic said:

"An' is it meself, Dinnis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin', lantern-jawed, spider-legged ruffin? By the piper that played before Moses, I'll eat ye!"

I went away.

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War Chiefs, Squaws, and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the Paleface from the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer of Mountains—you, Roaring Thundergust—you,

Bully Boy with a Glass Eye—the Paleface from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once-proud nation. Poker, and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap, unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating, in your simplicity, the property of others, has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless. Trading for forty-rod whisky, to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the rag-tag-and-bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hole-in-the-Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious gutter-snipes—"

"Down wid him!"

"Scoop the blagard!"

"Hang him!"

"Dhrownd him!"

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead baskets and moccasins—single flash and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury they threw me over the Horseshoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top, the

remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the fall, whose ceiled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip, and gaining on it—each round trip a half a mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missed it every time by a hair's breadth. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept round him he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes—in my other vest. Help me out, please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came around again, I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you please explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the Coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said, "Take my place and I'll go and get you one.'

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition Coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The Judge fined me, but I had the advantage of

him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a critical condition. At least, I am lying, anyway—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.

The Marvelous Power of a Cyclone.

In discussing the two cyclones which visited the Bay of Bengal in October, 1876, Mr. Elliott, meteorological reporter to the Government of Bengal, incidentally gives some idea of the cyclonean forces which are developed by such storms. The average "daily evaporation" registered by the Bengal instruments in October is "two inches." The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily over so large an area as the Bay of Bengal is enormous. "Roughly estimated," said Mr. Elliott, "it is equal to the continuous working power of 300,000 steam engines of 1,000 horse power." A simple calculation will show that it suffices to raise aloft 45,000 cubit feet of water in twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bosom of the bay, and transports it to the clouds which overhang it. When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to the area of this whole Indian Gulf, the mind is lost in the effort to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons! Yes, it would be easy to show that such figures, fabulous as they seem, do not adequately represent the cyclonic forces of a single storm.

Strange Dreams.

Some years ago, says the *Temple Bar*, it is related, a peddler was murdered in the north of Scotland, and the crime remained for a long time a mystery. At length a man came forward, and declared that he had had a dream in which there was shown to him a house, and a voice directed him to a spot near the house, where was buried the pack of the murdered man; and, on search being made, the pack was actually found near the spot. At first it was thought that the dreamer was himself the murderer, but the man who had been accused, confessed the crime, and said that the dreamer knew nothing about it. It turned out afterward that the murderer and the dreamer had been drinking together for several days a short time after the murder. It has been suggested, as a possible solution, that the murderer allowed statements to escape him whilst under the influence of drink, which had been recalled to the other in his dream, though he had not the slightest remembrance of them in his sober hours.

A gentleman dreamt his house was on fire; and the dream made so vivid an impression that he immediately returned, saw it on fire, indeed, and was just in time to save one of his children from the flames.

A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and this dream was repeated so often that she repaired to the old lady's house, and set a gentleman to watch in the night. About 3 o'clock in the morning the black servant was discovered going to his mistress' room, as he said, with coals to mend the fire—a sufficiently absurd excuse at such an hour and in the middle of summer. The truth was apparent when a strong knife was found buried beneath the coals.

The case of the gentleman from Cornwall who dreamt eight days before the event that he saw Mr. Perceval mur-

dered in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham, and distinctly recognized from prints, after the murder, both the assassin and his victim, whom he had never seen previously, seems capable only of a supernatural explanation, especially when it is remembered that the gentleman was with difficulty dissuaded by his friends from going to London to warn Mr. Perceval (known to him in his dream as Chancellor of the Exchequer). He urged that it had occurred three times in the same night, but his friends thinking it a fool's errand, he allowed the matter to drop till the news of the murder rudely resuscitated it.

A gentleman from Yorkshire formed one of a party for visiting the Exhibition of 1862. A few days before leaving for London, he had a most vivid dream of the Tower, the armory, and more especially the room in which the regalia and crown jewels are kept. He heard the old woman who showed the room address the audience, and treasured up carefully her very peculiarities of voice, dress, manner, and features, and created considerable amusement among his friends by mimicking the phantom show-woman when he awoke. He went to London at the proper time, and, of course, visited the Tower, where he was astounded and somewhat sobered by the phantom's counterpart, which was identical in every respect.

The mother of a medical student dreamt that her son had got into some serious trouble in London, and could not rest till she had left her home in the Midland counties and sought him out. To her sorrow the dream was painfully verified, and the consequences might have been serious if she had not arrived in time.

Several years ago the newspapers were filled with details of a horrible murder, of which the facts, related from memory, seem to be these: Mrs. Martin, the wife of a farmer, was in terrible distress of mind because her daughter

Maria was missing. It was feared she had been murdered by her sweetheart, in a fit of jealousy, and hidden somewhere. For a long time no trace of the body could be found. At length the mother had a dream, in which it was revealed to her that the corpse of her child was buried under the barn floor. This proved to be the case, the body was recovered, and the murderer detected.

A barrister of great penetration relates the story of a lady who dreamt that a railroad guard was killed in a collision. She described the man and circumstances so faithfully that there was no difficulty in identifying the guard (who was actually killed the same night in a lamentable accident) as the man she saw in the dream. The lady rarely left home, and the guard was quite unknown to her.

Archdeacon Squire, in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1748, tells the story of a certain Henry Axford, of Devizes, who caught a violent cold when he was 28 years of age, which rendered him speechless, and he remained dumb for four years. In July, 1741, in his sleep he dreamt that "he had fallen into a furnace of boiling wort, which put him into such an agony of fright that he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue from that moment as effectually as ever."

Horace Bushnell, D. D., in his "Nature and the Supernatural," recounts a case which he thinks cannot be explained by natural causes. Sitting by the fire one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor in the Napa valley of California, there entered a venerable-looking person named Captain Yount, who had come to California as a trapper more than forty years before. There he lived, had acquired a large estate, and was highly respected. The Captain said that "six or seven years previous he had a dream in which he saw what appeared to him to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains, and

perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. The whole scene appeared vividly before him; he noted a huge cliff and the very features of the persons, and their looks of agonizing despair. He awoke, but shortly after fell asleep again, and dreamt precisely the same thing. Being now impressed with the truth of the story, he told it to an old hunter shortly afterward, who declared that he knew the spot which exactly answered to his description. This decided him, and taking a company of men, with mules, blankets, etc., they hurried to the Carson Valley Pass, 150 miles distant, where they found the emigrants in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive."

Strange Avocations.

SINGULAR WAYS IN WHICH SOME PEOPLE EARN A LIVING.

Said a witness under cross-examination: "I am an early-caller. I calls different tradesmen at early hours, from 1 till 5:30 in the morning, and that is how I get my living. I gets up between 12 and 1; I goes to bed at 6 and sleeps till the afternoon. I calls bakers between 1 and 2—the bakers are the earliest of all." What sort of a living he made is not recorded. A pound a week, we would say, would be the outside figure, and to earn that he would need a couple of scores of customers. The early-caller's fee is well-earned, since but for his intervention his clients would often lose a day's pay, if not be thrown out of work altogether, by failing to keep time.

Not so deserving of encouragement are the "tup-pennies," carrying on their vocations in those quarters of London where pawnbrokers and poor people abound. They are feminine intermediaries between the pawnbroker and folks anxious to raise a loan upon their belongings, who, rather

than transact such business for themselves, are willing to pay two-pence for every parcel conveyed to everybody's "uncle," or redeemed from his clutches. These go-betweens, it is averred, also receive a quarterly commission from the tradesmen they favor with their patronage; and so, one way and another, contrive to make a comfortable living out of their neighbors' necessities.

There are men in Paris, birds of a feather with the chiffonier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the linseed poultices that have served the turn of doctor and patient; afterward pressing the oil from the linseed, and disposing of the linen, after bleaching it, to the paper-maker. Others make a couple of francs a day by collecting old corks, which, being cleaned and pared, fetch, it is said, half a franc per hundred.

A lady resident of the Faubourg St. Germain is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third *marchand d'asticots* boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock; for which he pays them from five to ten pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby something over £300 a year.

This curious avocation is not unknown in England. Some twelve years ago, we are told, Mr. Wells, a fishing-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to insure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a farm for the rearing of lobworms, cockspurs, ring-tailed brandlings, and other

worms in demand among the disciples of Walton, who abound in the old lace town. To keep his farm stocked men and boys go out at night collecting worms in the meadows and pastures; a warm, moist night yielding from two to six thousand worms. As soon as they are brought in they are placed in properly selected moss—field-moss for choice—to scour until they become little more than skin—freshly-caught worms being too tender for the anglers to handle; while "when a worm is properly educated, he is as tough as a bit of india-rubber, and behaves as a worm should do when put upon the hook." When this condition is attained the worms are packed in moss and put up in light canvas bags for the market. This worm merchant does not entirely depend upon the industry of his collectors, but breeds large quantities himself in his own garden—the component parts of his breeding-heap being a secret he not unnaturally keeps to himself.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Terrific Balloon Adventure.

The French æronauts, Messrs. Gasta, Pommariol, Gauthier and Perron, narrowly escaped destruction while making a scientific excursion in the clouds recently. They left Angers at 6 o'clock in the evening, duly equipped. They were in high spirits, and for a time all went well. As night came on, and they made preparations to descend, a terrific storm arose. The balloon swept on with resistless force over miles and miles of country, until, to their horror, the æronauts suddenly saw the lights of Nantes in the distance. Beyond lay the immense, somber ocean. They at once saw that they must descend at all hazards or perish. Opening the valve they came down with a tremendous run, and in one minute they actually struck the earth no less than six

times. Each time the balloon rebounded like an india-rubber ball to the tremendous height of over two hundred feet. The travelers clung tenaciously to the ropes, uttered not a single word, but grimly prepared for death. At last the silence was broken by M. Gauthier, who exclaimed, "My legs are broken!" The balloon swept on, dragging over the ground, which it regularly plowed up wherever it passed. At last the æronauts were seen by some peasants, who hastened to their assistance, and with great difficulty extricated them from the wreck. The balloon, thus lightened, rose, and once more dashed into the forest of La Rocheservieres, where it went to pieces.

MM. Gasta and Pommariol were no sooner on terra firma than they fainted. All of the four travelers were more or less injured.

Terrible Adventure with a Rattlesnake in a Mine.

Dr. Bartleson, of Arizona, had quite a thrilling experience recently. While at Socorro on business he thought he would take a look at the mines near town. The object of interest is the old mine—we have forgotten the name—worked ages ago, for aught any one now living knows, and which has two shafts, one recently reopened to a depth of forty-five feet, where drifts indicate the first level. No explorations beyond a few feet from the depth named have been made, though it is evident that the two shafts mentioned are connected at this level. Desirous of a jaunt under ground, and at the same time expressing astonishment that none of the miners of the camp or owners of the mine had worked up sufficient curiosity to extend the discovery, the doctor was lowered into the shaft. Emerging from the bucket, a taper was lighted and the drift along the vein entered upon.

A chamber ten by twelve by eight was soon entered by crawling a distance on all fours, after an examination of which and a selection of some ores, the tour of discovery was continued. To proceed it was again necessary to crawl, and the doctor once more assumed the infantile position of locomotion. An advance of a few feet had been made when a cold, clammy substance was touched by the hand, and two bright, glistening orbs gradually rose in air and flashed back with intensified brightness the feeble rays of the taper. Almost instantly a hissing, rattling sound startled the hearing, and the doctor realized that he had encountered a rattlesnake. To retreat was the work of a second, and the chamber just left was soon regained. Assuming an upright position, the doctor cast a hasty glance at the aperture from whence he had emerged, and lo and behold, there approached his adversary, which, when seeing the disturber of his peace, coiled himself for a spring.

A look was sufficient to satisfy the doctor that the snake was one of the largest of his species and a determined foe. Immediate action was necessary. To retreat was to invite and hasten the attack, with the chances in favor of the snake. To take the aggressive, then, was the work of another second, and picking up a chunk of ore, the doctor hurled it with all his might at the protruded, vibrating head of the snake, just as he was in the act of springing. The exertion of throwing the ore extinguished the taper, and the horror of the then situation can well be imagined, but never accurately described—the darkness, the dread uncertainty of the locality of the reptile, the torturing ignorance of the success or failure of the blow, the fear to move, all combined to intensify the hair-raising, chilling terror of the situation.

To relight the taper was determined upon, though not without the realization of the dread fact that the snake

would take advantage of the first ray of light and spring upon its foe. With fear and trembling the doctor eagerly followed the advancing rays of the taper as they lit up the chamber, and his feelings of relief and joy can well be imagined as he saw stretched before him, not three feet distant, the stunned body of the snake—the aim with the rock had been a success. At this time the doctor bethought himself of his revolver, and, placing it near the reptile's head, effectually dispatched him. The snake was six feet in length, very large around, and numbered nineteen rattles. The doctor had explored sufficiently, and regained the surface as soon as possible.

An Executioner's Revenge.

The Paris *Figaro* tells a terrible story of a headman's revenge. Fourteen years ago the murderer Avinain was condemned to death. When, on the morning of his execution, "Mons. de Paris" entered his cell for the purpose of making his usual preparations for conveying him to the scaffold, the culprit received him with an outburst of abuse, couched in the foulest imaginable language, to which the "executioner of high works" listened impassively, apparently paying no attention to the torrent of insults and imprecations that flowed from Avinain's lips. Arrived upon the scaffold, however, he bound his "patient" to the plank, and then deliberately lowered the death-dealing knife to within a few inches of the murderer's neck, examined its edge, raised it again to its usual height, and finally loosened the catch, with the customary result. As the remains of the decapitated assassin were being removed from the scaffold, one of the officials present observed to the executioner that he had not performed his task as quickly as usual.

"No," replied the latter, with an indescribable smile, "I let him wait a little." Experience had taught the practical headsman how dire is the agony of the last few moments preceding the dreadful passage from life to death; so, mindful of the wrong inflicted upon him by the doomed man's insults, he avenged the outrage with hideous completeness by "letting him wait a little."

A Curious Story.

As John B. Conyer, a farmer residing at Palestine, Ind., was watering nine cows at a pump-trough recently, they made a stampede down the lane as fast as their legs would carry them. The cause of this sudden freak was a mystery to the hired man, but it was not long before he was let into what appeared to be the secret of the stampede. Suddenly, although the sky was clear and the atmosphere still, a young cyclone, not over twenty feet in breadth, darted down from the sky, and, striking the earth near the pump, twisted off five large beech trees as though they were weeds.

A Strange Vision.

About midnight, just after the accident in the Consolidated Imperial Mine, Nevada, the wife of Matthew Winnie was found on her way to the works. She said she had been awakened just befere by her husband, who came all mangled to her and told her he had been killed in the mine. She got up, dressed herself and started to ascertain the truth of what she was only too well convinced was true. There had in reality been a fearful accident. Mr. Winnie was indeed killed, and the trembling women went back to her children and her desolate home.

Bedstead Superstition in Germany.

Having ordered a neatly constructed single bedstead, says a correspondent of London *Notes and Queries*, with somewhat high and ornamental sides, I was surprised when it was brought home to find that the ornamentation of one side of the bedstead was not repeated on the opposite side, it being, in fact, quite plain. I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction to the maker, saying that when a bedstead was placed with its head against the wall of a room, the sides, then showing, will appear quite unlike—one ornamented and the other plain. At this the maker expressed his surprise that I should be ignorant of a Germon custom and prejudice; "for," says he, "in Germany single bedsteads are only placed sidewise against a wall or partition, and only removed from this position and placed with the head against the wall to receive a dead body." And the worthy maker assured me that nowhere in Germany could a native be induced to sleep on a single bedstead which had not its side placed against a wall or partition. The same objection does not hold against placing two single bedsteads side by side, with their heads against the wall.

How He Lost His Wagon Wheel.

In Lincoln County, Nevada, there is a spring of ice-cold water that bubbles up over a rock and disappears on the other side, and no one has been able to find where the water goes. At another point in the same county is a large spring, about twenty feet square, that is apparently only some eighteen inches deep, with a sandy bottom. The sand can be plainly seen, but on looking closer it is perceived that this sand is in a perpetual state of unrest, and no bottom has ever been found. It is said that a teamster,

on reaching this spring one day, deceived by its apparent shallowness, concluded to soak one of his wagon wheels to cure the looseness of its tire. He took it off and rolled it into the, as he thought, shallow water. He never laid his eyes on that wagon wheel again.

A Monster Clock.

The large clock at the English House of Parliament is the largest one in the world. The four dials in this clock are twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half-minute the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight days and a half, and will only strike for seven and a half, thus indicating any neglect in winding it up. The winding up of the striking apparatus takes two hours. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the wheels are cast iron; the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing nearly fifteen tons, and the hammer alone weighs more than four hundred pounds. This clock strikes the quarter hours and by its striking the short-hand reporters regulate their labors. At every strike a new reporter takes the place of the old one, while the first retires to write out the notes that he has taken during the previous fifteen minutes.

A Singular Passenger Train.

An event probably without precedent in railroad annals has just happened at Provins. A passenger train leaving Paris at 8:20 p. m. arrived safely at its destination, but on getting down to let the passengers out of the cars, the guard was astounded to find neither passengers nor passenger cars. They had forgotten to hook the cars on at Paris.

Josh Billings' Philosofee.

Don't dispize your poor relashuns. They may be taken suddenly ritch sum day, and then it will be awkward to explain things to them; undoubtedly so.

Next to a klear konshience for solid comfort cums an easy boot. Try both.

If a young man ain't got a well-balanced head, I like to see him part hiz hair in the middle. Don't you?

I don't take any foolish chances. If I wuz called upon to mourn over a dead mule, I should stand in front ov him and do mi weeping.

Thare is no man so poor but what he can afford to keep one dog, and I hav seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.

I say to 2 thirds of the ritch people in this world, make the most of your money, for it makes the most of you. Happy thought.

I never argy agin a success when I see a rattle-snaix's ed sticking out of a hole; I bear off to the left and say to miself that hole belongs to that snaix.

The infidel argys just az a bull duz chaned to a post. He bellows and saws, but he don't git loose from the post, I notiss. Not much.

I thank the Lord that thare is one thing in this world that money kant buy, and that is the wag ov a dog's tail. Yure unkle.

I have seen men so fond ov argument, that they would dispute with a guide-board at the forks ov a kuntry road about the distance to the next town. What fools.

Thare are but fu sights in this life more sublime and pathetick than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a mustach. It iz thus.

About the hardest thing a fellow kan do iz to spark 2 gals at one time and preserve a good average. Try it.

I notiss one thing, the man who rides on the kars every day is satisfied with one seat; but he who rides once a year wants 4. That's so.

The man whom you kant git to write poetry or tell the truth until you git him haff drunk, ain't worth the investment.

Whenever I see a real handsum woman engaged in the wimmin's rights bizzness, I am going to take off mi hat and jine the processhun. See if I don't.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Two Little Pictures.

I.

Miss Minnie Doyle is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking.

"You terrible thing," she hissed, "I am going to tell father on you."

"This is only corn silk," muttered the boy penitently.

"I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you don't get into that beastly, horrid, degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers."

II.

It is evening. Miss Doyle is sitting on the front stoop with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honeysuckles and syringa waft bliss to their already intoxicated souls.

"Would little birdie object to my smoking a cigarette?"

"Not at all," replied Miss Doyle; "I like cigarettes. They are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything."

"Then I'll light one."

He lights a cigarette, and they talk about the weather for two hours and a half.

Red-Hot Ice.

When, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the Lord Chamberlain presents the ingenious play-bill of Bully *Bottom's* very tragical comedy to *Theseus*, the King exclaims, "Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief! Hot ice and wondrous strange snow! How shall we find the concord of this discord?" Such, however, is the advance of science that the poet's puzzle has been solved, and the concord of hot ice been recently discovered by Mr. Thomas Carnelley, of Firth College, Sheffield. This diligent experimentalist has found out that any solid can be heated to a considerable temperature if the precaution be taken to keep it under a pressure less than a certain "critical pressure," which is different for different substances. Under this condition the solid heats and sublimes away into a vapor without first melting into a liquid. There is no intermediate state between its solid and its gaseous condition. Acting upon the hint which this general principle gave him, Mr. Carnelley put a lump of ice under an air-pump and reduced the ordinary atmospheric pressure on it to something less than the "critical pressure" for ice, and he was then able to heat the solid block of crystal ice so hot that it burned the fingers on being touched. Nor was this all—he actually succeeded in freezing a quantity of water in a red-hot crucible!—*London Globe.*

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Dog that was Pensioned by a Legislature.—A Remarkable Story.

In the Territory of New Mexico the Legislature, by joint action, recently pensioned a dog for noble services. In that country there are many sheep farms, and shepherd dogs are so well trained in caring for the flocks of their masters, that it is their daily practice to take out the flocks in the morning to pasture, guard them all day, and, at night, return them to the fold or coral. This work of the Mexican dogs is so common and so faithfully performed that it is looked upon as a matter of course, and nothing more than should be expected from a well-trained dog. This being the case, it would appear that the dog worthy of a pension in that Territory, must have performed some very marvelous feat indeed, and something out of the common line of canine achievement. And he did. He did not save his mistress' life from the murderous fury of the savage, nor her child from being brained against a door-post or being choked by a huge black snake, for his master was not married, and had no wife or babe, but led a solitary life in his solitary ranch in a very solitary part of New Mexico.

It chanced that the dog in question, on returning of an evening with his sheep to the fold, discovered that his mas-

ter was not stirring about, but remained inside the shanty and kept very quiet. The next evening it was the same. The dog, when he penned up the sheep, repaired to the shanty, smelled through a crack in the door his master's presence, but the master was still quiet and did not breathe. The dog scratched, barked, and even howled, but no response came from within. The door remained closed; no smoke arose from the chimney to greet the early morn. But the dog, true to his appointed duty, went out with the sheep on the third day, and cared for them while they cropped the herbage on the hillsides. But he was getting hungry, and that night when he drove the flock into their pen, the last one to attempt to go in became the victim of his appetite. This method of providing for his own wants became a portion of the faithful dog's daily duty. Occasionally the last sheep to try to enter the fold was seized by him and served for supper and for breakfast and dinner the following day. As stated before, the ranch to which the dog belonged was in a solitary part of the Territory, and out of the track of travel and social intercourse or visitation.

For two years from the time of the master's death—as ascertained by data left by the latter—the faithful dog tended the flock committed to his charge, and had fresh mutton for supper every night. The flock was not decimated by this steady drain upon its resources. On the contrary, it increased its numbers, and when, at the end of two years from the time of the death of the proprietor the ranch was visited and the remains of the poor fellow found, the dog was still at his post of duty, jealously guarding his flock, and driving them to the best pastures every day, and to the fold at night, before which he slept, to keep the wild sheep-eaters of the plains at a civil distance. Such fidelity excited admiration wherever the story was told, and the

Arcadian legislators of the Territory, in a fit of generosity and enthusiasm, at their session two years ago (they have biennial sessions in that happy country) granted a pension for life to that dog, to be paid from the State Treasury as a reward for his fidelity, and no doubt as an encouragement to all other shepherd dogs in that Territory to be good dogs and faithful.

A Duck as a Trout-Fisher.

As a gentleman was fishing in a mill-dam below Winchester, Va., he accidentally threw his line over a strong white duck, which, suddenly turning round, twisted the leader around her own neck, and fixed the hook of the dropper-fly in her breast. Thus entangled and hooked, she soon broke off the leader above the dropper, and sailed down the stream with the end of the fly trailing behind her. She had not proceeded far before a trout of about a pound and a half took the fly effectually. Then began a struggle as extraordinary as was ever witnessed—a duck at the dropper and a large trout at the end of the fly. Whenever the trout exerted itself, the terror of the duck was very conspicuous; it fluttered its wings and dragged the fish. When the trout was more quiet the duck evidently gave way, and suffered herself to be drawn under some bushes, where the shortness of the leader did not allow the trout to shelter itself. The duck's head was frequently drawn under water. By chance, however, the leader got across a branch which hung downward into the water; and the duck, taking advantage of the purchase which this gave her, dragged her opponent from the hole, and obliged him to show his head above water. Then it became a contest of life and death. The trout was in its last agonies, and the duck in a very weak state, when the leader broke and suffered them to depart their own way.

An Elephant's Gratitude.

A story comes from Tenbury, England, where a menagerie had been paying a visit, which illustrates the well-known character of the elephant for humane feelings in a remarkable degree. Among the animals was a very fine female elephant called Lizzie, which was attacked with a violent fit of colic and suffered intensely. A local chemist, whose success as an animal doctor is well known, treated Lizzie and saved the animal's life. On the procession passing the chemist's shop one day, the elephant immediately recognized her benefactor, who was standing at the door of his shop, and, going up to him, gracefully placed her trunk in his hand. The chemist visited the exhibition at night, and met with an unexpected reception from his former patient. Gently seizing the "doctor" with her trunk, the elephant encircled him with it, to the terror of the audience, who expected to see him crushed to death; but Lizzie had no such intention, and, after having thus demonstrated her gratitude by acts more eloquent than words, she released the doctor from her embrace and proceeded with her appointed task.

A Dog's Joke on His Master.

A gentleman connected with the United States Lake Survey was engaged one day on the skirt of a wood in Indiana. Near him, sleeping lazily in the sun, lay his faithful dog, Tiger. Thinking to have some fun with the dog, he gave a shout and a jump iuto the thicket as if all the game ever protected by game laws from marauding hunter was dash ing through the bushes. As he expected, Tiger came bounding and barking to the fray, and soon detecting the trick that was played upon him, sneaked back to his lair

and laid down again. The Surveyor resumed his duties, and was hard at work for two or three hours, when, all at once, the dog rose from his sleep, set his ears and eyes in the direction of the wood, gave a bark, and made a rush for the forest depths. The Surveyor followed the noble brute to a tree, up which he was sending canine congratulations to the prey; but when the Surveyor came, and began anxiously to scan the boughs for the hiding game, Tiger gave a satisfied "ah wooh!" bestowed a glance of contempt at the Surveyor, and, striking a dignified gait, stalked back to his couch with the appearance of a dog that had squared up all accounts with the Lake Survey, and had left nothing due on either side.

The Crows in Convention.

James Hillman, a respectable and well-to-do farmer, living between Orwigsburg and Landingville, Pa., is the authority for the following remarkable story: Mr. Hillman has on his farm fifteen acres of timber, which is joined by two other pieces of woodland of about the same size. One morning, during the early part of the week, Mr. Hillman's attention was attracted by large flocks of crows which came from the south, and, as if by common consent, settled in the woods mentioned above. During the ensuing three days the crows in the woods were reinforced by new arrivals, until several thousands were present, and the noise they made attracted the attention of people for miles around. Sentinel crows were posted on the defences around the woods, and through them the approach of a man or boy was quickly communicated to the body of crows. The crows remained in this patch of woods until Monday morning, when they all left about the same time, taking their course of flight in a northwesterly direction. They left the

woods in flocks containing 200 or 300 each, at intervals of five or ten minutes, and the departure of one of these flocks was the signal for loud and prolonged cawing on the part of those remaining behind. They all departed in the same direction, and the last flock took to wing about an hour after the first started. Since then there has not been a crow seen in the neighborhood. Mr. Hillman says that during their stay in the woods, the crows did not commit any depredations on the neighboring cornfields, and but few of them ever ventured beyond the confines of the timber.

Superstition and a Black Cat.

The steel works of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company at Scranton, Pa., have the reputation of being well managed, and as free from accident as any similar establishment in the United States, but for all that the mill is not free from superstitions. While visiting the works on a certain occasion, and watching the glow of the gleaming steel as it passed through the various processes from the river of fire flowing into the converters to the white, snake-like bar that ran, a finished rail, under the saw, an incident occurred which at once startled and amused me. A group of perspiring workmen, with weapons of various kinds in their hands, and their faces wearing an expression of awe, rushed past me, exclaiming:

"There she goes!"

Some of them flung pieces of iron and slag at a retreating object that ran rapidly through the mill and out at a distant door. At first I thought some great accident had occurred. The men seemed very much frightened, and seemed disappointed when the object of their attention had escaped. I asked the cause of their commotion.

"Why, didn't you see it?" said one. "It was that black cat again!"

My curiosity being excited, I asked one of the foremen for an explanation.

"It seems odd," he said, "and I know some persons will laugh at us, but I tell you that black cat is an omen of evil for this establishment. Every time we are about to have a big accident she enters that door and runs from one end of the works to the other. At first we took no notice of her, but finally her visits became as regular as clock work whenever anything serious was about to occur, and the men began to take warning from her and neglected their work when she came. They noticed that she never halted in the mill, but ran from end to end of it like a streak of lightning. That's why you saw us so anxious to kill her. The foremen wish to get her out of the way, as her visits are so demoralizing to the workmen, and the fact that she seems to lead a charmed life and get away every time unhurt, rather strengthens the superstition concerning her."

A Famous Goose.—The Companion Bird to the One that Saved Rome.

An interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' orderly-room at Whitehall. It consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription: "Jacob—Second Battalion Coldstream Guards." Beneath it are the words, "Died on duty."

In 1838 a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions, and two battalions of the guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the citadal of Quebec,

and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighborhood. Near one of these guards was a farm-yard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals that were at that period a great pest to the colonists, and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it. One day the sentry, whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm, had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking toward the spot whence it proceeded, he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him, closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter, but this would have alarmed the guard and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator of the scene, while every step brought reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier in its frantic endeavor to reach the refuge which the sentry box could afford; and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose, but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth, the ready bayonet of the sentinel had passed through his body. The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed his head between his legs and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy, nor could it ever be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down, day after day with each successive sentry that was placed there, until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it as a regimental pet to England.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved its preserver's life. Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not, must of course forever remain a problem; but

it so happened that he was on that particular post about two months afterward, when a desperate attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the scudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, a strange, rustling sound, and, bringing his musket to his shoulder, he shouted loudly: "Who goes there?" Not a sound, save the echo of his own voice in the distance and the sighing of the winter wind among the branches of the trees which sood in the deserted farm yard, responded to the challenge.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat followed by the devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again "stood at ease" before the sentry-box. This was the enemy's opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavoring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up toward the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were preparing with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, rose suddenly on its wings, and swept round the sentry-box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded and rushed blindly forward; but the sentry, fully aroused to his danger, bayoneted one and shot at the other as he was running away. Meanwhile, the other conspirators approached to the assistance of their colleagues; but the bird repeated its

tactics and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard—whom the firing of his musket had alarmed—came upon the scene and made them flee for their lives.

When this incident became known, poor old Jacob became the hero of the garrison; and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death.

Upon the arrival of the regiment in London, the bird resumed its duties with the sentinels posted on the barrack gates; it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked proudly up and down with the sentry, or stood to "attention" beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at his disposal. Children were his especial favorites, as they used to bring the creature all kinds of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in military parlance, he was "standing easy." For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at length run over by a van. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird; but it was of no avail, and he died like a true English soldier, at the post of duty after a "sentry-go" of not less than twelve years.

Lynching a Sparrow.

Many singular and almost incredible stories, says the Syracuse *Herald*, have been told concerning the little English sparrows that infest our parks and highways, but an instance that recently came under notice can be vouched for. A few days since an unusual commotion was noticed among a large number of sparrows in the vicinity of H. C. Brower's house, at the corner of West Jefferson and Clin-

ton streets. The attention of a member was obnoxious the others, and a continued effort was made to drive it from the nest which it made in the cornice. After a time two of the sparrows left the others, and soon returned with a string, which was, in some indescribable manner, attached to the neck of their obnoxious mate and the other end attached to the cornice, from which the little fellow was suspended till life was extinct. During this time great commotion prevailed among those who witnessed the "execution." Any of our readers who may take the trouble to visit Mr. Brower's house may see the sparrow still suspended by the neck where he was left by his mates.

A similar execution, says the Oswego *Times*, took place in this city, not long since, and was noticed in the *Times*. The victim still hangs, or did until recently, on a tree on the south side of East Park.

Anaconda Stories.

A Paris paper says: "A singular accident occurred recently at the Museum. In an attack of indigestion, superinduced by over-indulgence in greased rabbits, one of the boa-constrictors was taken with an attack of vomiting so violent that he turned himself wrong-side out, head and all, as one would a stocking! The savants at the Museum are at their wits' end, having never before encountered a case of the sort." This case (says the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*) is indeed an unusual one, but by no means unprecedented. A few years ago there was a boa-constrictor owned by the late Mr. Van Amburgh, whose performances were even far more extraordinary than those recorded above. Some of the feats of this accomplished serpent were commemorated in the following lines, written by the

poet Longfellow in return for a free admission to the show:

"Next comes the Anaconda-Boa-Constrictor,
Called Anaconda for brevity:
Can swallow an elephant as well as a toad,
And noted for great longevity.
He can swallow himself, crawl through himself,
Come out with much facility,
Tie himself in a bow-knot, snap his tail,
And wink with great agility."

Thus it will be seen that, even in the somewhat repulsive department of educated reptiles, our free and glorious Republic is immeasurably in advance of the vain but torpid Europeans.

Miss Clinton's Crickets.

Miss Lucille Clinton, says a writer in the New York *Sun*, a handsome young artist, who leads a kind of hermit life in her studio, at Broadway and Eighteenth street, is in love with crickets and cats. About ten years ago Miss Clinton, being then a young—very young—school-girl, read Dickens' story of "The Cricket on the Hearth." Miss Clinton was so affected by the story that she determined to have a cricket at any cost. She hunted the fields for days and weeks before she even heard a cricket, and it was a long time after she did hear the first cricket that she was able to find and capture one, so deceptive is the voice and so shy are the movements of the cricket. Then it was a long time again before the young admirer of crickets learned enough about the wants and habits of those sprightly creatures to be able to carry them through the winter alive and bring up the young in the spring. She was very patient, though, and now what Miss Clinton doesn't know about crickets isn't worth knowing. She has a large "fernery" full of crickets, and a large quantity of eggs, that are ex-

pected to produce a good many more crickets, if no misfortune happens.

Last evening Miss Clinton gave a sort of cricket soiree, having invited a number of persons in to hear the crickets "sing." The concert was given by about 100 stalwart crickets. The listeners, all but Miss Clinton, were ready to make affidavit that all the crickets sang exactly alike and dreadfully out of tune. But Miss Clinton was equally positive that each cricket had a voice that differed from the voices of all other crickets; and she ought to know.

"Every time I go to the country," said the interesting young artist, "I spend most of the time cricketing. I'm glad I wasn't in the country yesterday and day before, for I would surely have been sun struck while looking for crickets. I have already been prostrated twice while cricketing. When I am riding through the country, whether it is in my own conveyance or in a stage, I always have to stop if I hear a cricket. Sometimes I make the other passengers awful angry by making the driver wait while I go off into a field to look for a cricket. They will say I am crazy, and that there is no cricket there at all. But I always find him, and when I bring him back they say I was right, and then they all begin to like crickets from that time. I often tame then so that they will creep up my arm to the shoulder—I mean outside you know. My cat likes the crickets almost as well as I do. I couldn't go to sleep if I couldn't hear them singing."

A Remarkable Dog Story,—"The Sixth Sense."

In an article on "The Sixth Sense," published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. Felix L. Oswald tells the following strange story:

"We often hear of the wondrous sagacity—generally ascribed to memory or acuteness of scent—which enables a dog to find his way home by unknown roads, even from a considerable distance. I think it can be practically demonstrated that this faculty has nothing to do with memory, and very little with scent, except in a quite novel sense of the word.

"Last fall, my neighbor, Dr. L. G——, of Cincinnati, Ohio, exchanged some suburban property for a house and office near the City Hospital, and at the same time discharged a number of his four-footed retainers. A litter of poodle puppies were banished to Covington, Kentucky, across the river, and two English pointers were adopted by a venatorial ruralist in the eastern part of Ohio. The puppies submitted to exile, but one of the pointers, like the black friar in the halls of Amundeville, declined to be driven away. He returned, by ways and means known to himself alone, once from Portsmouth and twice from Lucasville in Scioto county, the last time in a blinding snow storm and under circumstances which led his owner to believe that he must have steered by memory rather than by scent. But how had he managed it the first time? The matter was discussed at a reunion of amateur sportsmen and naturalists, and one opponent of the doctor's theory proposed as a crucial test that the dog be chloroformed and sent by a night train to a certain farm near Somerset, Kentucky (one hundred and sixty miles from Cincinnati); if he found his way back he could not have done it by memory.

The doctor objected to chloroform, remembering that dogs and cats often forget to awake from anæsthetic slumbers; but finally Hector was drugged with a dose of Becker's elixir (an alcoholic solution of morphine), and sent to Somerset in charge of a freight-train conductor. The conductor reports that his passenger groaned in his

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA

Mrs. O'Leary's Cow that set Chicago on Fire in 1871.

stupor 'Like a Christian in a whiskey fit,' at length relieved himself by stretching and went to sleep again. But in the twilight of the next morning, while the train was taking in wood at King' Mountain, eighteen miles north of Somerset, the dog escaped from the caboose and staggered toward the depot in a dazed sort of way. Two brakemen started in pursuit, but seeing them, the dog gathered himself up, bolted across a pasture and disappeared in the mist. At 10 a.m. on the following day he turned up in Cincinnati, having run a distance of one hundred and forty-two miles in about twenty-eight hours.

Still the test was not decisive. The dog might have recovered from his lethargy in time to ascertain the general direction of his journey, and returned to the northern terminus by simply following the railroad track backward. The projector of the experiment, therefore, proposed a new test, with different amendments, to be tried on his next hunting trip to Central Kentucky. On the last day of January the dog was sent across the river, and, *nem. con.*, the experimenter fuddled him with ether and put him in a wicker basket, after bandaging his nose with a rag that had been scented with a musky perfume. Starting with an evening train of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, he took his patient south-west to Danville Junction, thence east to Crab Orchard, and finally north-east to a hunting rendezvous near Berea, in Madison County. Here the much-traveled quadruped was treated to a handsome supper, but had to pass the night in a dark tool-shed.

"The next morning they lugged him out to a clearing behind the farm, and slipped his leash on top of a grassy knob, at some distance from the next larger wood. The dog cringed and fawned at the feet of his traveling companion, as if to conciliate his consent to the meditated enterprise, and then slunk off into a ravine, scrambled up the

opposite bank, and scampered away at a trot first, and by and by at a gallop—not toward Crab Orchard, *i. e.*, south-east, but due north toward Morgan's Ridge and Boonsboro—in a bee-line to Cincinnati, O. They saw him cross a stubble field, not a bit like an animal that has lost its way and has to turn right and left to look for landmarks, but, 'like a horse on a tramway,' straight ahead, with his nose well up, as if he were following an air-line toward a visible gaol. He made a short *detour* to the left, to avoid a lateral ravine, but further up he resumed his original course, leaping a rail fence, and went headlong into a coppice of cedar bushes, where they finally lost sight of him.

A report to the above effect, duly countersigned by the Berea witnesses, reached the dog's owner on February 4th, and on the afternoon of the following day Hector met his master on the street, wet and full of burrs and remorse, evidently ashamed of his tardiness. That settled the memory question. Till they reached Crab Orchard the dog had been under the full influence of ether, and the last thing he could possibly know from memory, was a misleading fact, namely, that they had brought him from a south-westerly direction. Between Berea and Cincinnati he had to cross two broad rivers and three steep mountain ranges, and had to pass by or through five good-sized towns, the centers of a network of bewildering roads and by-roads. He had never been in that part of Kentucky before, nor ever within sixty miles of Berea. The inclination of the water-shed might have guided him to the Kentucky River, and by and by back to the Ohio, but far below Cincinnati, and by an exhaustively circuitous route. The weather, after a few days of warm rains, had turned clear and cool, so that no thermal data could have suggested the fact that he was two degrees south of his home. The wind, on that morning, varied from west to north-west; and, if it wafted

a taint of city atmosphere across the Kentucky River Mountains, it must have been from the direction of Frankfort or Louisville. So, what induced the dog to start due north?

Wiped Out—A Story of the Plains.

The *Detroit Free Press* gives the following graphic illustration of a stampede among a herd of buffaloes:

What is that?

Look closer and you will see that it is a gaunt, grim wolf, creeping out of the little grove of cottonwoods, towards a buffalo calf gamboling around its mother.

Raise your eyes a little more, and you will see that the prairie beyond is alive with buffalo. Count them. You might as well try to count the leaves on a giant maple! They are moving foot by foot as they crop the juicy grass, and living waves rise and fall as the herd slowly sweep on. Afar out to right and left—mere specks on the plain—are the flankers; brave old buffaloes, which catch a bite of grass and then sniff the air and scan the horizon for intimation of danger. They are the sentinels of the herd, and right well can they be trusted.

The wolf creeps nearer!

All the afternoon the great herd has fed in peace, and as it now slowly moves toward the distant river it is all unconscious that danger is near. Look you well and watch the wolf, for you are going to see such a sight as not one man in ten thousand has ever beheld.

Creep—crawl—skulk—now behind a knoll—now drawing himself over the grass—now raising his head above a thistle to mark the locality of his victim. It is a lone, shambling, skulking wolf, lame, and spiteful, and treacherous. Wounded or ailing, he has been left alone to get on

as best he may, and his green eyes light up with fiercer blaze as he draws nearer and nearer to his unconscious prey.

There! No, he is yet too far away. Creep, creep, creep. Now he is twenty feet away, now fifteen, now ten. He hugs the earth, gathers his feet under him, and he bounds through the air as if shot from a gun. He is rolling the calf over and over on the grass in three seconds after he springs.

Now watch!

A cry of pain from the calf—a furious bellow from the mother as she wheels and charges the wolf—a startled movement from a dozen of the nearest animals, and a rush begins. The one wolf is magnified into a hundred, the hundred into a thousand. Short, sharp bellows, snorts of alarm, a rush, and in fifty seconds after the wolf has wet his fangs with blood that living mass is in motion to get away from an unknown terror. The waves rise higher and higher as the confusion spreads. One instant it seems as if 10,000 solid acres of prairie were moving bodily away—again waves rise and fall as the cowards behind rush upon those in front who wait to sniff the air and learn the danger. In one minute the alarm runs down the herd to the leaders—further than the eye can see, and the entire herd is going off at a mad gallop, heads down, eyes rolling, and no thought but that of escape. If Lake Erie were to dash itself against a wall, the shock would be no greater than the awful crash with which this mass of rattling hoofs, sharp horns, and hairy bodies would meet it. The clatter of hoofs and rattle of horns would drown the noise of a brigade of cavalry galloping over a stone-paved road.

Ride out on their trail. Here where the stampede began the ground is torn and furrowed as if a thousand cannon had been firing solid shot at targets. Here and there are calves which have been gored or crushed—here and there

older animals with broken legs and disabling wounds. Here, where the herd was fairly off, you might as well hunt for a gold dollar as a blade of grass. You look for three miles as you look across it. It is a trail of dirt, and dust, and ruts, and furrows, where half an hour ago was a carpet of green grass and smiling flowers. The most dreadful cyclone known to man could not have left more horrible scars behind.

Miles away, on the banks of the winding, growling river, are three white-topped emigrant wagons. A camp-fire blazes up to boil the kettles,—men, women and children stand about, peering over the setting sun at the distant mountains, and glad that their journey is almost done. Butterflies come and go on lazy wing, the crickets chirp cheerily in the grass, and the eagles sailing in the blue evening air have no warning to give.

Hark! Is that thunder?

Men and women turn in their tracks as they look in vain for a cloud in the sky. That rumble comes again as they look into each other's faces. It grows louder as women turn pale and men reach for their trusty rifles. The ground trembles, and afar off comes a din which strikes terror to the heart. "Indians!" they whisper. No! A thousand times better for them if savage Pawnee dared ride down where these long-barreled rifles could speak a defense of the peaceful camp.

"A stampede of buffaloes!" gasps one of the men as he catches sight of the advance-guard under the awful cloud of dust. Rifles are ready for a shot, and the children climb up on the heavy wagon-wheels to see the strange procession gallop by.

Here they come! Crack! crack! crack! from three rifles, and a shout as each bullet tells. Next instant a shaggy head, followed by a dust-browned body, rushed

through the camp. Then another, and another. The men shout and wave their arms; the women and children turn paler yet.

The roar and din shut out every other sound, and the wagons jar and tremble with the concussion. Now another shaggy head—another—half-a-dozen—a score—a hundred—a great living wave which sweeps along with the power of a tornado, followed by others more fierce and strong, and the camp is blotted off the face of the earth more completely than by any power of Heaven. Nothing to be seen—no shout to be heard. Wave followed wave across the spot—over the bank—into the stream and across, and when the last of the herd had passed, the keenest hunter could find nothing on that spot, of wood, or iron, or cloth, or bone, or flesh, to prove that a dozen men, women and children were there wiped out of existence, and reduced to shred and dust.

Peculiarities of a Massachusetts Swan.

Visitors to Pine Grove Cemetery, Milford, Mass., are much surprised to see a swan standing on a grave near a child's rocking-horse. The swan utters a shriek if any one attempts to approach the grave. Some years ago the male to the swan died, and soon after the rocking-horse was placed on the newly-made grave, when the surviving swan immediately stationed himself as protector over the horse. If the father of the little boy who is buried there approaches, the swan makes no outcry, but no one else is allowed to approach the spot. Recently the horse was taken away and painted, and while it was absent the swan took no notice of the grave, but passed its time on the pond or in its house; but when the horse was replaced, the swan took up its position by its side, thus showing that it was the rocking-

horse and not the grave that was the object of its vigil. It is rumored that the trustees ordered the horse removed, but the owner of the lot refused to comply with the command, because his son had requested that it be placed above his grave.

Snakes Catching Fish.

One day, says a writer in *Forest and Stream*, while catching minnows as usual, I noticed a number of snakes, the common water moccasin, approaching the dam or footway of stones. The water yet lacked several inches of reaching the top of the stoneway, although it was rushing in quite rapidly, and carrying with it many bull-minnows and small white perch which were unable to resist it. Watching the snakes, I saw one after another reach the dam and take their station upon it, submerging themselves all but their heads, which were raised about an inch above the water, and pointed in the direction of the incoming tide. In this position I counted seventeen snakes, arranged in uneven intervals, in a space of less than sixty feet. I came to the conclusion at once that they were fishing, and watched them with a good deal of interest. Pretty soon I saw one head strike forward, going under the water, reappearing in a moment with a very large bull-minnow in its mouth. The snake immediately loosened its hold upon the rocks and swam for the shore, reaching which it disappeared in the bushes; and this was repeated at intervals by each of the seventeen snakes. When they returned from the bushes, having made short work of their "catch," each snake sought his own particular location on the rocks, there being no clashing of interests there. Now, how is this for reason or instinct? How do these snakes know where to locate themselves, and the particular stage of the tide at

which to start on their fishing excursion? How do they know that a number of minnows will be swept over the miniature falls made by the rocks? These are questions that go beyond my comprehension, and I leave them for others to answer. But the facts remain, and any one who will take the trouble may verify them at any time during the summer by a visit to Gravelly Creek.

Hunting the Kangaroo.

The kangaroo, as is well known, is found only in Australia and Tasmania. Its means of locomotion and defense are so peculiar, and its swiftness so great, that the chase of it is attended with excitement and dangers wholly unique. The following interesting chase is from a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

At 9 o'clock this morning ten men, including myself, started on horseback, with four dogs, on a chase. All were experienced in the business except a young Englishman and myself. We took no firearms, a large stick being the only weapon to be used. We had no difficulty in finding the animals. It was disdained to avoid such fences as we found, and we jumped several of a height of four to five feet, always approaching them at full run. We divided the party, half going to each side of a partly open plain. I soon saw a large kangaroo and two small ones coming toward our party. We waited until they were near enough to see us, when they made a right angle and went off at an astonishing pace, in jumps of fifteen to twenty feet in length, going from eight to ten feet in the air at each jump. We "went for" the big one, but he quickly got beyond our sight, the three having already distanced the dogs.

The kangaroo dogs hunt by sight, like the grayhound.

These three were all lost, we learned as we met at the point agreed upon. We next surrounded another large tract of forest, plain and meadow, this time dividing the dogs. In a few moments a hundred or more kangaroos came bounding toward the party with me. The dog with me started for them, and all the dogs and men were at once in pursuit. The kangaroos divided into several parties, each dog selecting one to follow, and each man following some of the dogs. My dog went for a boomer, and I also, in company with two others of the party. The boomer stood up, took a long look at us, and then flew. We followed him among the trees and branches, jumping logs and debris of all kinds, and across plains at a fearful rate. The horses needed no urging; their blood was up now. The dog "laid to it," but made no sound. When he would get near the kangaroo the animal would jump at right angles, and change his course, while the dog would shoot on a distance before turning.

After a run of this kind for some distance the kangaroo started for a swamp. After reaching that, and going in a distance, he turned his face toward us, standing on his hind paws to a height of seven feet, and prepared for battle. The dog went for him, and the fight commenced. The dog succeeded in getting hold of his tail, and was carried in the air some distance by repeated jumps. The dog then lost his hold, and was seized and put under the water. Owing to my having the best horse, I was first to come to the dog's aid. I was warned by shouts not to approach the animal, but disregarded them and showed myself a good kangaroo hunter. The animal proved to be eight feet long. The rest of the party killed two smaller ones, and later in the day, at another chase, another large one was killed. The females do not fight, but run so swiftly that they are rarely overtaken.

Rivalries and Jealousies of Birds.

John Burroughs, under the head of "Spring Notes," in the *Christian Union*, writes the following interesting paragraph concerning the rivalries and jealousies of birds: "I notice that during the mating season of the birds, the rivalries and the jealousies are not all confined to the males. Indeed, the most spiteful and furious battles, as among the domestic fowls, are frequently between females. I have seen two hen robins scratch and pull hair in a manner that contrasted strongly with the courtly and dignified sparring usual between the males. The past March a pair of bluebirds decided to set up housekeeping in the trunk of an old apple tree near my house. One day an unwedded female appeared and probably tried to supplant the lawful wife. I did not see what arts she used, but I saw her being very roughly handled by the jealous bride. The battle continued nearly all day about the orchard and grounds, and was a battle at very close quarters. The two birds would clinch in the air or on a tree, and fall to the ground with beaks and claws locked. The male followed them about, but whether deprecatingly or encouragingly I could not tell. Occasionally he would take a hand in, but whether to separate them or whether to fan the flames, I could not tell. So far as I could see he was highly amused and culpably indifferent to the issue of the battle."

A Pretty Little Pet.

Several days ago, says a writer in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, a lady living on Browne Street heard a bird cry as if in pain, in the yard outside the door, and upon investigation found a young humming-bird in the talons of the family cat. She promptly rescued the tiny fellow and found it to be but little hurt, though enough to warrant her taking an

interest in its convalescence. She took it into the house and kept it till the next day, when, on taking it to the door to let it go, the bird flew up into a tree and refused to go further away, finally returning to her hand. Charmed with the confidence displayed by the pretty creature, the lady took it fully in charge, and since then has fed and cared for it as for any other pet. The bird is of a beautiful russet gold in color, seems to know its benefactress, and has charmingly coquettish ways. It permits its mistress to handle it without exhibiting fear, and seems to enjoy being stroked and being petted. When it gets hungry it makes a plaintive call, and is then fed from a fresh petunia, into whose depths have been sprinkled sugar moistened with water, in imitation of the honey that is the natural food of the bird in freedom. The bird enjoys its meal with gusto, and calls for about twenty of them daily. It is very seldom that one of these dainty birds is caught, and still more rarely is one kept alive, to say nothing of becoming a pet, as is the case with the one spoken of.

A Hen's Curious Hatch.

A gentleman of Raleigh, of unquestionable veracity, relates a story whose truth he asserts to be above par. For some time past a hen of his had been conspicuous by her absence from the premises, and there were fears that she had been lost. These fears were very agreeably dispelled, however, on Friday, when she made her appearance, singing in her gayest manner, and stepping along in her sprightliest style. Just behind her were some diminutive objects to which she ever and anon gave her undivided attention. The slowness of their progress caused the hen's owner to rush out and see what the brood was this time. He was astonished to see the hen cover with her wings twelve little

terrapins. Soon she was reassured, and allowed him to get a good look at her treasures. The family were called out to see the wonder. The owner of the hen then went back the way she had come, and found out how the eggs were hatched. A terrapin which had laid the eggs had deserted them, and the motherly fowl concluded to sit on them. This she had done, and the result was the twelve young terrapins.

The Fox, Crow and Rooster.

W. P. Levis, proprietor of the "Gem City" paper-mills, Dayton, O., has a miniature zoological garden at his mills on East Water street, and among the collection of birds and beasts, is a diminutive bantam rooster. A few days since a tame crow, while taking a meditative walk, came in too close proximity to a sly old fox that was feigning sleep near his den, where he is confined by a light chain. Reynard was apparently oblivious to all passing things, but that crow has now learned that appearances are very deceitful, and so are foxes. Before the crow was aware of the danger the fox had seized it. Then there was a loud "caw, caw," and a flapping of wings, which attracted the attention of the little bantam rooster. He took in the situation at a glance, and at once rushed to the rescue of his feathered companion. The plucky little rooster flew into the face of the fox, struck hard with wing and spur, and so worried the fox that he dropped the crow and gave his attention to the rooster, but his feathered antagonist proved as agile as he is brave, and so soon as he saw the poor crow, minus a few feathers, hop off safely beyond the limits of Reynard's chain, he concluded the law of self-preservation was the next best thing in order, so carried it into effect. The fox then skulked into his den.

Apparent Reasoning Power in Animals.

During a recent discussion in the columns of *Nature*, a large number of hitherto unrecorded instances of supposed reasoning in animals have come to light, and these have been subjected to a criticism which in only a few cases can be said to have proved wholly destructive. This fate, however, undoubtedly befel the instance the publication of which led to the present discussion. On a certain window-sill, thirteen feet above the ground, the birds during the late frosts were regularly supplied with crumbs. One day a water-rat was found regaling itself on the sill, which it had reached by climbing up a wall-plant, and, as it could not possibly have seen the crumbs, the narrator supposed that it must have been led there by a process of reasoning based on its observation of the birds flocking together, and the inference that food must have been the attraction. This, however, was afterward shown to be unnecessarily far-fetched, as, looking to the acute sense of smell possessed by those creatures, the rat was much more likely to have been led to the food by its nose than by any little reasoning power it might possess. The brown rat, which in spite of incessant persecution contrives to increase and multiply in the busiest haunts of men, affords the next example. The water-pipes in several houses were found to be leaking, and an examiuation proved the leakage to proceed from holes gnawed in the lead pipes by rats for the purpose of obtaining water, there being plenty of evidence about that such spots formed their regular drinking places. The question thus arose how the rats came to know that the lead pipes contained the desired fluid. To this Darwin, on being interrogated, replied: "Do not they hear the water trickling?" If this be the correct explanation, it certainly indicates considerable power of practical reasoning on the part of rats.

Many other explanations have, however, been tendered, such as the possible cracking of the pipes through frost, thus giving the rat a clue to the water within; or that the pipes might have been gnawed, as they often are, because of their obstructing the creature's tunneling operations; or that the rats did it to sharpen their teeth, or simply because, like children, they must do something to work off the energy within them, just as cats enjoy scratching the legs of a table. The weightiest of these were shown to be inapplicable in this instance, so that the rats may meanwhile be allowed the benefit of a reasonable doubt. In discussing this instance, the Rev. G. Henslow raised a somewhat new issue by granting that brutes reason, but that their reasoning is always practical, never abstract, explaining his meaning by an example. A dog that had been left alone in a room rang the bell to fetch the servant. It had, however, been taught to do so; had it rung the bell without previous instruction, the reasoning which led it to do so would have been in his opinion abstract; as it was, it was only practical. Dr. Rae, the famous Arctic traveler, attempts to supply the desideratum by recounting an experiment made to find out whether a terrier which had been taught to ring the bell really understood the purpose of the action. It was told by its mistress to ring the bell while the maid was in the room; it looked first at its mistress, then at the maid, but took no notice whatever of the order, although it was given more than once. On the girl leaving the room the order was repeated, and at once obeyed.

This does not, however, satisfy Mr. Henslow, who thinks that had the dog possessed abstract reasoning it would, on seeing the girl in the room, have supposed that it had been told to ring the bell for some one else. What Mr. Henslow desiderates would seem, however, to have been sup-

plied in the case of a cat, 12 years old, which, although never taught to knock at the door, is and has been for three years past in the regular habit of making use of a knocker just within his reach, as he stands on his hind legs, in order to gain admission. He begins with a single knock, which, if not attended to, is followed by the well-known "postman's knock." If this should prove unsuccessful, "trial is then made of a scientific rat-tat that would not disgrace a West-End footman." The same cat has still further shown his appreciation of human ways by developing a fondness for brandy and water.

The elephant generally figures in discussions of this sort, and in the present instance a singular example of its reasoning powers is sent all the way from New York. In the central part of that city an elephant was observed, during a very hot day, taking up great trunkfuls of new-mown hay and spreading them over its back, until that part had been completely thatched. It then stood motionless, enjoying the coolness its own ingenuity had produced. Instinct would have prompted it to eat the grass; the utilizing it for the purpose of screening itself from the sun's rays looks altogether like a reasonable act. To find the donkey among the number of reasoning animals is probably more surprising. The appearance, however, which it makes in the columns of *Nature* is highly creditable to it. A donkey, which, when not employed by its master's children, used to graze in a field with some cows, was in the habit, when milking-time arrived, of lifting the field-gate and holding it back until all the cows had passed out, when it allowed the gate to swing close again, and went home with them. This bit of gallantry and intellect it owed entirely to nature's teaching. As might have been expected from the greater opportunity man has of observing them, from the training which their faculties undergo, and their exemp-

tion from that struggle for a mere subsistence, which is supposed to hinder the development even of man's intellectual powers, the domesticated animals afford most of the examples of animal reasoning.

Many of the fur-bearing animals of North America, however, have long been known for their cuteness in circumventing the trapper, and Dr. Rae testifies to this in the case of the arctic foxes. Wishing to capture some of these he tried various traps, but as they were all familiar to the foxes they were of no use; he accordingly tried a form of trap new to that country, consisting of a loaded gun fixed on a stand, and pointing to the bait, which was connected to the trigger by a string thirty yards in length, and for most of its length concealed under the snow. The bait, on being seized, caused the gun to go off, and the fox thus committed involuntary suicide. By this new stratagem Dr. Rae secured one fox, but no more. The survivors set themselves to unravel the mystery, and that they succeeded was soon shown by the methods they adopted to secure the bait without losing their lives. They either cut the string connecting the bait with the trigger, or, burrowing up to it beneath the snow at right angles to the string, they pulled it down beneath the line of fire. These are only a few examples of the many which have lately been made public, and they will probably suffice to show that, however great may be the difference between the animal mind and that of man, animals are at least not destitute of reasoning power. The ultimate source of this difference is believed by many to be in the possession by man of the faculty of speech, by which he can deal with abstract ideas too complex to be capable of development without the aid of language. If this be so, the question whether human intelligence differs from that of brutes in kind, or merely in degree, "hinges entirely," as Mr. Romanes expressed it lately before the

British Association, "on the question whether the faculty of speech has an origin natural or supernatural."

Music and Mice.

Though the great naturalist, Linnæus, in speaking of the common mouse, said "delectatur musica," yet so little was it credited, that Gmelin omitted mentioning this feature in his edition of Linnæus' *Systema Naturæ.* Subsequently, however, the assertion has been satisfactorily confirmed. Dr. Archer, of Norfolk, in the United States, says: "On a rainy evening in the winter of 1877, as I was alone in my chamber, I took my flute and commenced playing. In a few minutes my attention was directed to a mouse that I saw creeping from a hole, and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting. I ceased playing, and it ran precipitately back to its hole; I began again shortly afterward, and was much surprised to see it reappear, and take its old position. The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful; it couched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstasy; I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again. The experiment I repeated frequently with the same success, observing that it was always differently affected, as the music varied from the slow and plaintive, to the brisk and lively. It finally went off, and all my art could not entice it to return."

A more remarkable instance of this fact appeared in the Philadelphia *Medical and Physical Journal*, in the year 1817. It was communicated by Dr. Cramer, of Jefferson county, on the credit of a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who states that one evening in the month of December, as a few officers on board a British man-of-war, in the harbor of Portsmouth, were seated round the fire, one of them began to play a plantive air on the violin. He had scarce-

ly performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the center of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment—it shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed that, in proportion to the graduation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal appeared to be increased, and *vice versa.* After performing actions which an animal so diminutive would at first sight seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired without evincing any symptoms of pain.

A Wily Poodle.

A blind beggar was in the habit of frequenting the Pont des Sts. Perez, France, where he used to station himself with a clarinet and a very intelligent poodle. Contributions poured freely into the little wooden bowl which the dog held in his mouth. One day the blind man, who had reached an advanced age, was not to be seen. He had fallen ill. His companion, however, continued to frequent the accustomed spot, and the passers-by, to whom he was familiar, understood that his master was unwell, and, touched by his fidelity, dropped their pence into his bowl in increased numbers. The beggar went the way of all flesh, an event which the wily poodle carefully kept to himself until he also became an absentee from the Pont des Sts. Peres. The poor animal was found lying dead in a cellar near his former master's abode, a sum of 20,000 franks in bonds of the Orleans Railway being discovered under the litter on which he was stretched.

A Fight with a Rattlesnake, and a Remedy for its Bite.

Peter O'Neill, who lives in the town of Cornwall, seven miles south of Newburg, N. Y., after listening to several rattlesnake stories one day, told the following:

"But now I want to tell you something maybe you won't believe. I've heard of one thing and another to cure the bite of a rattlesnake, but if you pay attention, you'll hear of a wonderful cure which always succeeded. 'Twas over thirty years ago, and the man, an old friend, told me about it himself. He lived in the mountains near Port Jervis. His name was Lambert. He was in the woods doing something one day, and he run across a big rattlesnake. He and the snake had a hard fight, and the old man was struck on the leg by the venomous reptile. He killed the snake, and then in some way got home while suffering intense pain. One of his sons jumped on a horse and rode five miles for a doctor. A few hours after another doctor was sent for, and the two of them could do him no good. There they stood over the old man, who lay on his cot senseless and speechless, and dying in great agony. Every minute they expected the old man to breathe his last. Who it was that spoke of the cure that brought him to life I don't know, but it was done at the last minute, when all hope had gone.

They took a lot of the 'touch-me-not weed,' that weed, you know, that when you squeeze the top of it it flies all over. It was pounded up fine in a pan or kettle that was perfectly clean, for if there was any grease about it it won't do. Then it was boiled in milk until the stems began to bubble up, when it was applied. The old man lay there on one side, twitching and jerking, and with every twitch and jerk blood would spurt out of a vein near his eye way across the room. The poison had gone way up there

through his body, and the sight was a terrible one. The preparation was rubbed all over him and in five minutes he was relieved. In half an hour he began to talk. In three-quarters of an hour he was sitting up in his cot talking, and in an hour he was about the room. He soon recovered, and was as good as ever. It was a hopeless case, and the old man would certainly have died if the weed had not been applied. I know this remedy to be a certain cure, for I've had cases to try it myself. I never think of snakes but my old friend Lambert comes into my mind."

The Dog and the Picture.

A writer in *Nature* says: In 1843 a young and self-taught artist asked me to allow him to paint my likeness in oil colors, and I consented. His studio was in the next town, three miles distant, and, as often as required, I went over; I, however, did not take my dog with me. It was done in kit-cat size, and he succeeded so well in the likeness and artistic work that when exhibited at the annual meeting of the Polytechnic society at Falmouth a medal was awarded to it.

When it was brought to my house my old dog was present with the family at the "unveiling;" nothing was said to him nor invitation given him to notice it. We saw that his gaze was steadily fixed on it, and he soon became excited, and whined, and tried to lick and scratch it, and was so much taken up with it that we—although so well knowing his intelligence—were all quite surprised; in fact, could scarcely believe that he should know it was my likeness. We, however, had sufficient proof after it was hung up in our parlor; the room was rather low, and under the picture stood a chair; the door was left open without any thought about the dog; he, however, soon found it out,

when a low whining and scratching was heard by the family, and, on search being made, he was in the chair trying to get at the picture.

After this I put it up higher, so as to prevent it being injured by him. This did not prevent him from paying attention to it, for whenever I was away from home, whether for a short or long time—sometimes for several days—he spent most of his time gazing on it, and as it appeared to give him comfort, the door was always left open for him. When I was long away, he made a low whining, as if to draw attention to it. This lasted for years, in fact as long as he lived and was able to see it. I have never kept a dog since he died; in fact I dare not, his loss so much affected me. I might tell of many of his wonderful actions; he could do most of such things as are related of other dogs. I am now only anxious to notice this recognition of my likeness, from never having heard of another such fact being recorded of any other dog.

The Wrong Pig.

A tame bear recently had an immense amount of fun in a country village of France. Its owner, a strolling showman, prevailed upon a farmer, whose house he reached at evening, to provide lodgings for the night, and the farmer, in an accommodating spirit, removed a fine pig from a stall in his barn to make room for the bear. In the middle of the night three men, who had arranged to steal the pig, broke into the stall, and in the darkness began to kick the occupant in the head, to arouse its sluggish energies. When the farmer and his guest arrived, the bear had killed one of the thieves, fatally injured another, and driven the other stark mad with fear.

How a Deer Lived Over 3,000 Years.

This is the "Old Settler's" story, which was suggested by the death of Bill Long, a famous hunter of the Susquehanna Valley, who died at the age of eighty-three. Said his friend:

"I never think o' Bill Long without havin' to laugh about a yarn he told me oncet, when I was campin' with him over on the Tionesta, long in '30. The woods was jest a humpin' theirselves with game then. There was so many deer that the settlers usety have to watch their grain fields to keep the deer from eatin' up their rye and oats; and I've heerd that two old bucks made up their minds oncet to paster on a farmer's rye out there, an' jest waltzed inter two men that was watchin' the field, and made 'em take to the top o' a ches'nut tree. Then the bucks fed 'round ez cool ez if they'd sowed that rye theirselves, and it wasn't nobody's business if they wanted to cut it 'fore 'twas ripe. Every time the men 'd make a move to git from their roost, one or t'other o' the bucks 'd make for 'em with a blat that 'd skeer the fellers out'n their wits almost, and 'd send 'em back to the top o' the tree like jumpin' jacks on a stick. The deer kep' the men on the tree durn nigh half a day, an' then walked off to the woods ez innercent ez lambs.

"One night Bill and me was a tellin' stories in the cabin, an' he axed me if I know'd how long a deer would live, purvided him nor me wan't a huntin' in the woods where the deer was puttin' up. I said no, I didn't, and he said he didn't neither. 'But,' says Bill, 'I know a feller that b'lieves that deer lives to be more'n three thousand year old.' Course we had to laugh at this, and then Bill tells me what made this feller think so.

"'The feller's name,' says he, 'is Joel Price, and he's

a bark-peeler in the Siskyhanner. I was in camp over there in 1820. There was a good many deer, and the year afore, Bill Carpenter and me hung up more'n a hundred. Bill wasn't no hunter. He was allus a losin' suthin' or other, and was so durn nervous in the woods that 'bout all he was good fur was to cook and to tend to the camp. One day I took him out to stand on the runway, and I know'd I'd put a big buck right down to him from the ridge. But I never heerd nuthin' from him, and when I got back to camp, behold ye, there was the wuthless rooster settin' by the fire smokin' his pipe, ez if he hadn't come out fur to do anything else. I axed him what he left the runway fur, and whether he got a shot. He said he'd lost his ramrod, and couldn't do nothin', so he came in. Well, the next year, ez I said afore, I camped in the same woods. Every night, most, some o' the bark-peelers 'd come to my cabin to hear me tell huntin' stories.

"'Well, this Joel Price come to my cabin every night. He was one o' these arguin' fellers that knows everything and don't know nothin' after all. He was great on gettin' relics, and takin' 'bout ancient hist'ry. He talked by the yard 'bout old Nimrod, and how he hunted, and said he b'lieved the hunters o' that time know'd 'bout guns and powder. One day he wanted to stand on a runway, and I took him out. I druv a buck right to him, and I heerd him shoot. I went over to where he was to see what he'd done. When I got there I saw he was as white as a sheet, and was a hoppin' up and down by the side o' a thunderin' big buck he had knocked dead in his tracks by some accident or other. When he saw me he more'n hollered. He had a ramrod in his hand.

"'Great hemlock, he hollered. I've killed the father o' all deer, Bill! Here's an animal that they ain't no doubt was hunted by the hunters that lived more'n three thousand

years ago. This ramrod was in his hide. See what it says.'

"I took the ramrod. On one side, near the big end, was cut the letters, B. C., 1819.

"'B. C., 1819!' hollered Joel. 'More'n three thousand years ago! Mebbe ole Nimrod hisself sent that inter this yer buck!'

"'I know'd now how Bill Carpenter had lost his ramrod the year before. He'd been loadin' when he heerd the deer a-comin', and got so nervous that he forget to take the ramrod out, and had fired it at the buck. It plugged inter the buck under the skin, which had healed up. Bill allus cut his 'nitials on every thing he had, and the year he done it in. This buck was the same one he had shot at. I told Joel how it was, but the durn fool wouldn't have it, and he b'lieves to this day that a deer 'll live to be more'n 3,000 year old if you leave it alone.'"

The Old Mastiff's Revenge.

The mastiff in question was old and toothless, but had been a good fighting dog in his day, and still loved a fight. He was dozing on his master's front porch one day when he saw a vigorous, saucy-looking yellow dog prowling about outside of the gate. The venerable mastiff made a sortie, as it were, and after several minutes' fighting got badly licked. He was too old and feeble, and had evidently lost his grip. Defeated, he skipped off to the backyard of his master's next door neighbor, who had a fine large dog in the fighting prime of his existence. A brief conversation was held in dog, and the neighboring dog accompanied the aged mastiff to the street. That big country dog was looking around for another old dog to whip, and the mastiff's healthy neighbor just went for him. The defeated yellow dog seemed pretty soon to have important business in the rural districts, judging by the way he scooted out of town.

Battling with Lions.

Mr. F. Falkner Carter, in charge of the elephants attached to the Royal Belgian expedition into Africa, gives the following exciting account of a sudden encounter which he had with lions at Kerima, Central Africa, at which place he and his caravan of one hundred and eighty men had arrived. In a letter received from him by the last mail, dated from that station, he mentions the difficulties he had experienced in procuring animal food for his men. "Our only food," he says, "consists of Indian corn, pounded between two stones, with a good share of sand, and only salt with it. It is well to have even this, but still, men accustomed all their lives to good animal food cannot live on such poor fare, and so I go out every second or third day with my gun and kill a zebra, eland, water-buck, etc. One of any of these enables us to live in clover for a single day. A recent expedition of this kind, however, nearly cost me my life. I felt that I must go in search of food, as there was not at the time a morsel in our camp, and so forth I sallied. My first shot was at a giraffe, into whom I put two bullets, and then followed him over hill and dale until noon, when heat, thirst, and want of food obliged me to give up the chase. After smoking a pipe and taking some rest, I was off again; got a shot at a zebra, but missed him. The zebra, I should mention, is the best meat in Africa. Rather disheartened, and grieving for the poor hollow-eyed fellows I should meet on my return, for whom I had nothing in the shape of food, I turned toward camp, and just at 3:30 P. M. a fine boar dashed past me. I sent a bullet through him at once, but on he went. I knew, however, we should find him dead a few hundred yards ahead, by the quantity of blood in the long grass; so I followed, but just then sighted three zebras—so dropped piggie's trail and went off to try and stalk the zebras. In

about ten minutes after I heard a fearful row, and my two gun-bearers said it was a rhinoceros. I laid hold of my No. 10 bore, handing my 'express' to my bearer, telling him and the man carrying the smooth-bore to keep close to me. I glided silently through the grass, over six feet high, until close to the spot; then I knew that if it were a rhinoceros that he was lying down, as I could not see a sign of him, so I decided it must be two wild boars fighting. Something told me they could not make such a horrible noise, which actually seemed to shake the ground and rend the very air around me. Strange to say, it never struck me that the noise might have proceeded from lions, although the place is full of them, so I advanced boldly, dividing the grass with my rifle. I then discovered three lions devouring the pig I had shot, and in that short time had finished half of it. The two nearest were within two feet of me, and the furthest three and a half feet. The brutes' beards, chests and claws were covered with blood. Though startled at first, I was perfectly cool, and yet felt perfectly certain that I must be killed, as even a tame lion is savage when eating his food. The lion opposite caught sight of me at once, curled his lips, lashed his sides with his tail, but what the others were doing I cannot say, as my friend was in the act of springing, and I dare not take my eye off him for a second. At last he crouched for the spring, and I let drive in his face, retreating a step to give me a chance with the other barrel at one of the remaining two, determined to sell my life dearly, but to my great delight these two sprang over the grass in opposite directions. I gave a sort of sigh of relief, looked around for my gun-bearers, and there they were, fifty yards off, trembling with fear and blue with fright. The rascals had run away, and I had no gun to fall back upon. I returned to pick up my dead lion."

A Novel Use for the Cat.

So engrossing is the partiality of the domestic cat for its home—so vehement its yearning to return thither when circumstances over which it has no control have resulted in its transfer to unfamiliar localities—that certain Dutch naturalists have come to the conclusion that Grimalkin may be utilized as a letter-carrier with considerable advantage to public interests. These worthies propose to organize a service of post-cats, and are at present engaged, by a series of ingenious experiments, in testing pussy's capabilities for delivering the mails. Selecting Luik for their headquarters, they thence dispatch a number of cats, securely tied up in woolen bags, to the neighboring villages, where they are freed from confinement and turned loose, with neat packages of letters firmly strapped to their backs. At once their domestic instincts come into full play, and they swiftly flee homeward with answering directness. Of thirty-seven cats, thus constrained to serve their country, not one has hitherto failed to fulfill its postal function with excellent punctuality.

It is feared, however, that when a double service shall be arranged, difficulties and delays may arise from the meeting of post-cats on the high road. If the feline postman can be inspired with a high sense of duty, overriding personal impulse, all will be well. Failing in this, we apprehend that irrrgularities in delivery will take place.

A Boy's Fight with a Panther.

Two little boys—the oldest fourteen—followed a dog to a big tree, up which a panther had gone about sixty-five feet. When the eldest lad saw the animal crouched and glaring above, he felt that it was either to be a dead pan-

ther or a death-struggle between it and himself and little brother. He was a good shot generally, but here was to be the severest test his young eye and nerves had ever been put to, and one that might well have tried an older and stouter hunter. He drew the bead and fired, feeling as he did so, he says, as if he had been lifted clear off his feet. But there was the hungry brute yet, crouching on the limb, its eyes fairly fit to burst in their malignant glare. Bang went the gun of our brave young hunter, just as the panther sprang. It seemed, said the lad, as though the animal sprang out from the tree about twenty-five feet, then came straight down, lighting on the dog, about sixteen feet from the boys. The young hunter again thought he had missed. Clubbing his gun, he advanced on the brute to strike it, but it rolled over dead before he could do so. Examination proved that his first shot had struck about four inches back of the heart, the last one in the heart. It was bravely and well done, and, but for the steady nerve and true aim of the lad, he and his little brother would doubtless have fallen victims to the animal's ravenous hunger.

His First Tiger.

Mr. Hornaday, the Rochester naturalist, gives the following description of his first shot at a tiger in the wilds of India:

"After tracking the beast for half a mile, I looked through the clump of bamboos, and sure enough there was Old Stripes in all his glory, and only thirty yards away. The sun happened to be shining full upon him, and he was simply gorgeous to behold. He looked perfectly immense. I was determined to have a shot at him, hit or miss. When

I first sighted him he was walking across the bed of the stream, going from us. I raised my rifle and waited. He reached the other bank, snuffed it a moment, and then turned and paced back. Just as he got to the middle of the stream he stopped short, raised his head and looked full at us. It was then or never. Taking a very steady, careful aim at his left eye, I fired, and without stopping to see the effect of my shot, proceeded to reload with all haste. In fact, I fully expected to see the great brute come bounding round that clump of bamboos and upon one of us, but I thought it might not be us he would attack, and while he would be clawing the scalp off one of my men I could send a ball into his brain. I expected that my men would bolt as soon as they saw me getting ready to fire. I should have done so had I been in their place, but they stood at my elbow like brave men, although totally unarmed. When I had reloaded I looked again for Mr. Stripes, and, sure enough, he was there. He was turning round and round where he stood, with his head bent round to the left, as though there was something the matter with his left eye. I waited until his neck was fairly presented, then fired again, aiming to hit the neck low. He instantly dropped. I reloaded, waited a moment to see if he was going to get up, then, with rifle at full-cock, and with the tiger carefully covered, we advanced slowly and respectfully. He was done for, and lay there kicking and foaming at the mouth, but soon became motionless, and I tried to realize that my first tiger lay dead at my feet. I tell you, you will never be able to fully realize the immense proportions of a full-grown tiger until one springs upon you in the jungle, or else lies dead at your feet. Up to that time I had had terrible doubts about a tiger being able to pick up a man in his mouth and run away with him as a fox does with a goose, but when I measured the great brute I under-

stood how it was done. Just fancy a striped tomcat 9 feet 8½ inches in length, 3 feet 7 inches high at the shoulders, 3 feet around the jaws, with teeth and claws to match, weighing 495 pounds, and you will have an idea of the size of that tiger."

A Cat's Sorrow and Gratitude.

It was apparent that it was either a cat or a dog, and an effort was made to frighten it away from the shadow so that curiosity might be satisfied; but it refused to move until actually driven, and then only a foot or two with great reluctance. This was sufficient, however, and the question was settled. It was a cat, but why did it seem loath to retreat?

By stooping close to the ground the dead body of a gray kitten about half-grown was discovered. The cat, which had been driven away, seemed alarmed by the investigation, and uttered several half-plaintive and defiant cries. The gentleman says that he then walked several steps toward the south and stopped to see what the old cat was going to do. She immediately returned to the dead body, and after walking around it for some time, she suddenly raised her head and gave another cry.

This seemed to have been caused by another intruder, and by following the direction of the cat's eyes it was seen that another cat was the cause of the distress. The latter animal was hidden in a cellar door, with the exception of its head. The light fell upon it, and there was something interrogatory about the face. This cat's object seemed to be to learn what the other was doing, whilst the guardian of the dead seemed to misunderstand the cause of the intrusion.

A well-aimed brickbat started the inquisitive cat on a

double quick, which doubtless carried him out of the neighborhood. Immediately after his departure, the mourning mother came away from the little corpse and rubbed herself against the legs of him who had routed her enemy. She also looked up into his face and mewed as if to ask pardon for her former unkindness and to give him to understand the true condition of her feline heart. Having received a little kindness in return, she resumed her lonely watch beside the dead.

Sagacity of the Canine.

"I once witnessed," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "a very singular feat performed by a dog belonging to John Graham, late tenant in Ashiesteel. A neighbor came to his house after it was dark, and told him that he lost a sheep on his farm, and that if he (Graham) did not secure her in the morning early, she would be lost, as he had brought her far. John said he could not possibly get to the hill next morning, but if he would take him to the very spot where he lost the sheep, perhaps his dog Chieftain would find her that night. On that they went away with all expedition, lest the traces of the feet should cool; and I, then a boy, being in the house, went with them. The night was pitch dark, which had been the cause of the man losing his ewe, and at length he pointed out a place to John by the side of the water where he had lost her. 'Chief tain, fetch that,' said John; 'bring her back, sir.' The dog jumped around and around, and reared himself upon an end; but not being able to see anything, evidently misapprehended his master, on which John fell to scolding his dog, calling it a great many hard names. He at last told the man that he must point out the very track that the sheep went, otherwise he had no chance of recovering it. The

man led him to a gray stone, and said he was sure she took the brae (hill side) within a yard of that. 'Chieftain, come hither to my foot, you great numb'd whelp,' said John. Chieftain came. John pointed with his finger to the ground: 'Fetch that, I say—bring that back, away!' The dog scented slowly about on the ground for some seconds, but soon began to mend his pace, and vanished in the darkness. 'Bring her back—away, you great calf!' vociferated John, with a voice of exultation, as the dog broke to the hill; and, as all these good dogs perform their work in perfect silence, we neither saw nor heard any more of him for a long time. I think, if I remember right, we waited there about half an hour, during which time all the conversation was about the small chance which the dog had to find the ewe, for it was agreed on all hands that she must long ago have mixed with the rest of the sheep on the farm. How that was, no man will ever be able to decide. John, however, still persisted in waiting until his dog came back, either with the ewe or without her; and at last the trusty animal brought the individual lost sheep to our very feet, which the man took on his back, and went on his way rejoicing."

An Odd Fish.

In the waters of British North America, as we are informed, there is a fish, an odd fish, as surprising in its way as the sea serpent, and infinitely more useful. It is a species of smelt, and may be poetically described as an aquatic glow-worm. We are told it may be literally used in the same way as a candle, by simply setting a light to the tail, when it will burn with a flame as steady as that of the 'dips' which our grandfathers used to have to put up with before gas was invented. It is a small, silvery fish, aver-

aging about fourteen inches long, is excessively fat, and affords an excellent and valuable oil, which is so inflammable that the dried carcass will serve as a torch. Among the natives the fish is known as the colahan, and by them, as by others who have tasted it, is considered one of the most delicious products of the sea, being far more delicate in flavor than the herring. The fish are caught in wicker baskets, and are smoked as much as their oily nature will allow.

Capturing Orangs in Borneo.

Mr. W. H. Hornaday, a celebrated traveler, describes one of his orang hunts as follows:

"I got one orang alive during my stay in Borneo. He was a young one—not larger than an 8 or 10 year-old boy. When we discovered him he was in a tree which stood out alone by itself. The darkies cut the tree down, and there he was. We had forked sticks all ready for him, and we put one of these over his neck, thus pinning him down to the ground. I would rather have put my hand against a buzz-saw than into his mouth. He was as mad as a tiger, and he took no pains to conceal his ferocity. On the contrary, he displayed it to the very best advantage. After we had secured him safely, we tantalized him just to see how far he would go in his anger. He actually became so enraged that he took one of his own fingers between his teeth and bit it through to the solid bone!

Then, when we got him into the boat, he managed to get hold of one of the fingers of his dead mother, lying beside him, and bit that quite as fiercely as he had his own. I tied a rope around his neck and took him to headquarters. There I assigned him to a bath-room, where he could have everything his own way. But he was surly, and wouldn't

eat much of anything, though I did my level best to keep him supplied with the delicacies of the season, and especially with boiled rice, which is deemed good for the orangoutang when in captivity. But he only hung upon the rafters with those long arms of his, and wouldn't eat, except when he tried to eat me. I couldn't induce him to become an admirer of mine, and he pined away, as orangoutangs always do in captivity. Their disposition seems to be such that they prefer death to bondage, and this is probably the reason they are so seldom seen even in the best of menageries. One night we heard a heavy thud in the bath-room, and when we went in to see what was the matter, there lay the little mias, whose own obstinacy had been the death of him."

Extraordinary Affection.

The mutual love of a rooster and a dog in Avon is recorded by *The Rochester Union* as follows: The rooster is known by the name of "Dick," to which he responds very readily when called by his owner. The dog's name is "Sandy." He is a mongrel with considerable of the terrier in him, and endowed with more than usual intelligence. It seems that when the rooster "Dick" was a very young chicken he took to the dog "Sandy," who returned the affection warmly, and cared for the little fowl with all the tenderness possible. When the dog went to sleep at night, "Dick" would snug up to him, and thus obtain the warmth of his body. Since then they have been constant associates and playmates, the rooster not seeming to care a particle for the company of other roosters or hens, while the dog preferred to play with "Dick" rather than with animals of his own kind. "Sandy" allows "Dick" to perch on his back, while he lays stretched between two chairs, and the rooster succeeds in sticking on while the dog leaps from one chair to another.

Hounds Outrun by a Hare.

The London *Telegraph* says: It has often been debated whether the fleetness and stoutness of a good hare are greater than those of a first-class greyhound. The best hares in England are said to be those on the wolds of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and here it was that the celebrated Maj. Topham, of Wold cottage, near Malton, loved to maintain that he could find a hare any morning capable of showing her heels to the best pair of greyhounds that were ever slipped, even though his own champion dog, Snowball, were in the leash. Not long before Maj. Topham's death, in 1820, a boastful lover of the leash came to Malton to pass a few days with the owner of Wold cottage. The visitor talked loudly of the marvelous superiority of two greyhounds which he had brought with him, and when Maj. Topham expressed his opinion that on the morrow he would find a hare which his friend's greyhounds could not touch, a bet of 20 guineas to 1 was laid by the backer of the dogs against a hare whose form was well known to the major, seeing that he had often slipped Snowball in pursuit of her, and always without success. On the morrow the hare was found in her usual seat in a fallow field, and away she went, keeping to the top of the ridge, while the two dogs in pursuit ran in the furrows, one to the right and the other to the left of the ridge, along which the quarry held her flying course. At first it seemed that the dogs were gaining upon her, since the hare is the most cunning of all animals which trust to their speed for safety. Shortly, she ran through a hedge which bounded the fallow field, and which the two dogs flew in their stride. But having left the hedge behind her, the hare knew well that the moment had arrived for putting on the speed. A broad down, with crisp grass, and sloping gently upward for three miles, was before her, and here it was that upon many previous occa-

sions she had left Maj. Topham's best dogs far in the lurch. Carefully watching her pursuers, she then began to increase her speed, and before a mile was traversed the two dogs were beaten off two hundred yards. As it is the peculiarity of greyhounds, or gazehounds, that they abandon the pursuit when they can no longer see the animal they are chasing, Maj. Topham was inexpressibly entertained when his friend's dogs were observed to stop and raise themselves on their long hind-legs, as is their fashion when unsighted. When the major and the friend came up with them, they were standing with their tongues out and looking at each other, while the flying hare was at the top of the hill. Not long afterward she was shot by a neighbor from behind a hedge, to the great mortification of the major, who vowed that no dog that was ever born could live with her upon the Yorkshire wolds. She was carefully weighed after death, and was found to weigh ten and a half pounds. Such was her fame that a well-known sporting writer of the past, who, under the nom de plume of Martingale, was a constant contributor some forty years since to *The Doncaster Gazette*, openly avowed his belief that, "on a comparison of the speed of the hare with that of the greyhound, the fleetest hare will defeat the fleetest dog."

Saw the Elephant and Died.

That there is a limit to elephantine endurance was proved long ago by the dismal drenching administered to a certain tailor of Delhi, whose excessive hardiness with the needle prompted him to offer gratuitous and unprovoked insult to a huge pachyderm which obtruded the tip of its trunk upon his notice as he sat in his shop-window. A still more terrible reprisal than this has recently been exercised by a vexed elephant upon an imprudent person who trifled with

the colossal beast's appetite until he provoked it to ungovernable fury. The elephant in question constituted the "great attraction" of a traveling menagerie that arrived in Amsterdam and was permitted to camp out in one of the public gardens there. An old gentleman, inspired by the elephant's amiable expression of countenance, with the conviction that "Maharajah" would stand any amount of teasing, proceeded to offer a tempting lump of bread to the animal, deftly withdrawing it, however, beyond the reach of Maharajah's trunk each time that receptacle was thrust forth to grasp it. This jocular performance having been repeated several times, the elephant suddenly stepped forward close to the side of the railing, seized his tormentor's body in his trunk, lifted him clean over the barrier interposing between them, and hurled him to the ground. Having got his enemy down, Maharajah trod upon him with such vindictive vehemence that, when the "much too merry" old gentleman was finally got out of the enclosure, he was dead.

Poisonous Fishes.

Poisonous fishes are often alluded to in ancient works, and it is but due to their authors to say that their statements have been fully confirmed by subsequent inquiry into results. There is no doubt that congers, pike, and barbel have been long, and still are, recognized in Europe as poisonous at certain seasons, and the roe of the barbel especially so.

The symptoms usually observed in cases of poisoning of this kind are nausea, colic, great heat and itching of the skin, quick pulse, giddiness, loss of vision, cold clammy perspiration, and finally death under convulsions. The exact nature of the poison has yet been but little ascer-

tained. It has been ascribed by some to the feeding of the fish on poisonous mollusca, by some to the disengagement of sulphuretted hydrogen, and by others again to a particular specific venom not yet discovered by chemical analysis. Whether the fish possesses that poisonous quality at all seasons is not sufficiently known; but it seems that most species belonging to the tribe are equally noxious, for P. Osbeck, in his "Voyage to China and the East Indies," gives the following startling account of the Tetraodon ocelatus of Linnæus: "This fish is one of the finest I ever saw, but so poisonous that whoever eats of it generally dies in two hours time. The Chinese who affirmed the fact, seeing me take the fish into my hands, earnestly desired me to wash myself, adding that it is forbidden under some great penalty to be sold among other fish."

Dr. Stuart Eldridge states that the salmon is doubtless the most common toxic fish of Japan. From the spring onward this fish is out of season, and if eaten after that period of the year occasions such accidents as the eating of tainted meat. In Japan the like dangers follow the eating of the kateuo (bonito) and the maguro. The Lethrinus nambo can be eaten with impunity until it attains a certain size—say a length of five to five and a half inches—after which it becomes poisonous. Here then it would appear that the age of the fish has something to do with its injurious qualities. Pappenheim gives a list of more than forty poisonous species, principally inhabitants of the torrid zone. Among these we find mackerels, perches, herrings, and sea pikes.

A Spider Story.

To put the ingenuity of the spider to the test, a gentleman frequently placed one on a small upright stick, and surrounded the base with water. After having discovered

that the ordinary means of retreat are cut off, it ascends the point of the stick, and, standing nearly on its head, ejects its web, which the wind readily carries to some contiguous object. Along this the sagacious insect effects its escape, not, however, until it has ascertained, by several exertions of its whole strength, that its web is properly attached to the other end.

A Struggle with a Devil-Fish.

Mr. Smale, the Government diver, who was attacked by a large octopus, or devil fish, while at work recently on the bed of the Moyne River, at Belfast, in the Colony of Victoria, gives this account of the affair: "Having thrust my arm into a hole, I found it was held by something, and the action of the water was stirring up the loose clay, and, therefore, I could not see distinctly for a few minutes; but when it did clear away, I saw to my horror the arm of a large octopus entwined around mine like a boa-constrictor, and just then he fixed some of his suckers on the back of my hand, and the pain was intense. I felt as if my hand was being pulled to pieces, and the more I tried to take it away the greater the pain became. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my feet down, as the air rushed along the interior of my dress and inflated it; and if my feet had got uppermost I should soon have become insensible held in such a position; and, also if I had given the signal to be pulled up, the brute would have held on, and the chances would have been that I should have had a broken arm. I had a hammer with me, but could not reach down to use it on the brute. There was a small iron bar about five feet from me, and with my foot I dragged this along until I could reach it with my left hand. And now the fight com-

menced, and the more I struck him the tighter he squeezed, until my arm got quite benumbed. After a while I found the grip to relax a little, but he held on till I had almost cut him to pieces, and then he relaxed his hold from the rock and I pulled him up. I was completely exhausted, having been in that position for over twenty minutes. I brought the animal up, or rather, a part of it. We laid him out, and he measured over eight feet across, and I feel perfectly convinced that this fellow could have held down five or six men."

Bismarck's Big Dog.

One of the most important and generally respected members of Prince Bismarck's household is a large hound, popularly designated the "Realm-Dog." This animal—his mighty master's inseparable companion—is stern of aspect and wrathful in disposition. He inspires fear, rather than love, in all men save one, and has acquired a somewhat formidable renown for having "collared" several eminent personages,—among them Prince Gortschakoff,—whose appearance inspired him with distrust, or in whom his instincts revealed to him the entertainment of hostile purpose toward his lord. For his extraordinary intelligence in this respect he is highly prized by the Chancellor, who is known to entertain considerable faith in the accuracy of the Realm-Dog's judgment of human character. Two delegates from Altona, charged with the presentation of a petition from that town to his Highness, were received by Prince Bismarck in special audience. The Chancellor sat in his comfortable rocking chair, the Realm-Dog stretched on the carpet by his side, while the delegates, Messrs. Nothnagel and Semple, took their seats on a leathern couch facing his Highness. Messrs. Nothnagel held a roll of

paper in his right hand, and, being an energetic speaker, accustomed to emphasize his argument by gesticulation, he waved his scroll about while addressing the Chancellor, disregardful of the fact that his movements elicited several disapproving utterances from the watchful hound. Presently the dog rose with a fierce growl, whereupon Prince Bismarck, hastily interrupting his interlocutor's remarks, exclaimed: "Do put down that scroll, I beg you. My dog, like myself, entertains a profound aversion to every kind of paper. He believes it to be a weapon." It is needless to add that Mr. Nothnagel promptly complied with the request, obviously to the satisfaction of the Realm-Dog, who forthwith subsided into his former peaceful attitude.

An Encounter with a Shark.

An adventure had by Captain David L. Longstreet of Seabright, N. J., has made him quite a hero. Captain Longstreet didn't catch the sea-serpent; far from it, for he was caught very nearly himself, as the following account of his experience will show. Accompanied by a fellow-fisherman, Longstreet cast anchor off the rocks, in ten fathoms of water, at dawn on Thursday, and for five or six hours hauled in bluefish and sea bass without noteworthy interruption. The day was fine, the sea was right, and the trail was strong. Suddenly the fish stopped biting. Longstreet was unable to account for the phenomenon, but while thinking it over he felt the strong pull of a bluefish at his hook. At the same instant he saw the dorsal fin of a shark close by the boat. The shark's tail churned the water into foam twelve feet behind the fin.

When the shark snapped at the bluefish which Longstreet was pulling to the boat, he could see that it was not

the common shark, but the black shark, or dreaded man-eater. Longstreet continues: "I let go of my line, but the bluefish darted straight for the boat, slipping under it and escaping. The shark following closely with open mouth, plunged his nose through the 'tuck' of the boat, about a foot forward of the stern, and his under jaw closed on the keel with a crash like the cut of an ax in a dry tree trunk. Water spurted into the boat. The shock threw me headforemost out of the boat. I sank, and as I rose I felt that I was being kept under by the agitation of the water by the shark's tail, which stirred the water like the propeller of a tug. But I struck out vigorously, and, to my horror, came to the surface alongside the tail of the shark. I put out my hand before I fully realized where I was, and touched his cold body, and I remember I thought, 'How hard and strong this is!'

"As I turned to swim towards the boat my right foot struck his long tail, and here is the mark of the contact. As soon as I got to swimming I felt at ease. I didn't seem to realize, as I do now, the horrible fate that awaited me if the struggling monster alongside of me got his head clear of the hole in the boat. But I expected every moment to see him turn and snap me up as he would a weak fish. I climbed into the boat, helping myself by putting my knee on the shark's back." Meanwhile the other fisherman had been shouting for help, and a relief boat soon approached, the struggling shark freeing itself and escaping."

A Snake Fight.

While the Rev. J. H. McGahen was driving on his way one day to Fulton, N. Y., as he reached a small stream of water which crosses the road, he was permitted to witness

a scene both novel and interesting. Mr. McGahen thus describes the contest:

Two large water-snakes were contending for the possession of a small fish which had been captured (the fish being about eight inches in length), while two smaller snakes, one on each side of the contestants, with heads slightly raised above the water, were apparently interested spectators to the struggle, but neither interfered. One of the larger snakes had seized the fish by the head, while the other grasped him by the tail, the former of course having much the better hold, owing to the tapering form of the fish; but it was a long pull and a strong pull; the water was lashed into quite a fury; the snake with the tail-hold wound himself twice around a small stick fastened near him, giving him quite an advantage over his antagonist.

After a desperate struggle of about five minutes, the snake with the head-hold wrested the contested prey from his opponent, and bore it rapidly away up the stream in triumph, while his vanquished snakeship, crestfallen, supperless and subdued, slunk away out of sight. It was an intensely exciting performance, but probably not a very pleasing one to the poor fish.

A Parrot Scattering Railroad Passengers.

At the Henry House, Meadville, Pa., there is a parrot which is a source of great annoyance to train men. When it sees a freight train coming it will yell at the top of its voice: "Switch off! Switch off!" The enunciation is so distinct that it not unfrequently happens that the train will be switched to avoid a supposed danger. The same bird, when it sees a passenger train, will yell, "All aboard!" and thereby cause a scattering among the passengers, who, after sitting in the cars for ten or fifteen minutes, will discover that they have been sold.

The Pigeons of Venice.

Everybody has heard of the pigeons which flock daily to the famous Square of St. Mark's, in Venice, to be fed, and many Americans have, no doubt, seen them resting upon the shoulders and arms of the woman who dispenses their daily bread to them. Many are the stories told of their origin; how their ancestors served the republic by bringing back news from its fleets, and so on; but none of them are very well established, except that the birds have always been regarded as town property, and have been fed out of a fund set apart for that purpose, which is now said to have been a donation from the Countess Policrasto. Until lately it would have been thought little less than sacrilege to touch a feather of them, but recently a Venetian boy was discovered carrying off a pigeon, evidently with a view to pie. The case was carried into court, where it was decided that the pigeons had never been legally conveyed to the town, consequently they were nobody's property, but, so to speak, wild fowl, and that boy was only following his natural instincts in catching them, and must be acquitted.

The Boss Snake.

Says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:* A gentleman who is ordinarily truthful sends us the following extraordinary snake story from Lebanon, Mo., the reader being left to judge of its accuracy:

"Last Friday terrible havoc was done on the farm of Henry Miller, in the vicinity of Lebanon. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Miller, who was conversing with the Rev. James Albery, a Methodist minister, heard a tremendous uproar in the direction of a hog-pen in which was confined a sow with a litter of ten young ones. The preacher and farmer rushed out to the pen, when they were thunder-

struck with amazement. A gigantic snake, apparently fifty feet long, had raised itself erect and was looking down on the terror-stricken hogs. Presently several young snakes, ranging from a foot to a foot and a half in length, sprang from the snake's mouth and began attacking the litter. The monster, with a continuous hissing roar, stretched out three frightful-looking fangs, which were from four to five feet in length, and advanced toward the hog, which stood in a corner trembling in every limb, unable to move, as if fascinated by the immense snake.

"Meanwhile Mr. Miller had rushed to his house, seized his shot-gun, and just as the gigantic beast was about to dart on his prey, fired. The shot did not appear to have any effect, but the monster quickly raised itself, turned in the direction of the shot, stretched forth his formidable fangs, and emitted a noxious vapor almost as nauseating as asafœtida. Then it give a low, hissing wail, upon which signal the several young snakes leaped into the maternal maw, and the huge serpent took to flight. Mr. Miller fired again. The snake trailed itself with immense rapidity. The two men followed the trail and called for assistance, but when they got to the wood they lost all trace of it. A body of men surrounded the wood an hour later with guns and revolvers, and beat the bush thoroughly. The snake had disappeared. Great alarm is felt in the vicinity. Four of the litter were killed by the young snakes.

"Mr. Albery, the Methodist preacher, was in town yesterday, and was interviewed by your correspondent. He affirmed the correctness of the above story. He described the monster as between forty and fifty feet in length, with a flattened head, the size of a large beer keg, two lustrous, flaming eyes, and three terrible-looking fangs. The body was all covered with a sort of scales, resembling those of a fish, which glistened like silver. The tail was about nine

feet long, was divided into two parts, and apparently was extremely flexible. When the snake was agitated it gave forth a hissing roar. But the most striking feature was two mammoth wings which lay along the sides of the serpent like a very long umbrella, about fifteen feet in length. Neither Mr. Albery nor Mr. Miller knew there were wings until in making its escape the animal suddenly extended them. They were something similar to the wings of a bat and were almost transparent. Each wing, when extended, must have had a surface of at least 140 feet. With their aid the animal leaped over a fence seven feet high. It was at this point that the snake became lost to view, and only its trail was discernible in the tall reeds. Both the Rev. Mr. Albery and farmer Miller are reputable, honest, and truth-loving persons, who stand high in the community, and both vouch for the truth of this story. Indeed, Mr. Miller has made an affidavit thereto."

A Teasing Parrot.

A lady on Seneca street, says a Utica paper, is the owner of a small, frisky dog and a very talkative parrot. Occasionally Polly gets demoralized, and, instead of behaving herself like a good lady bird should, she gives vent to terrible shrieks, and endeavors to be as bad as she possibly can. When she takes these spells, the dog, knowing that a reprimand is needed, goes to the cage and administers several severe rebukes in the shape of a savage little bark. Recently Poll sat upon her perch with all the dignity possible. The dog was taking a nap in an adjoining room. Suddenly, without a moment's notice, Poll let loose two or three unearthly screeches. The dog was awakened, of course, and immediately started for the cage at a full run, barking as he went. After he had scolded, as he thought,

enough he adjourned to the other room and snugged himself for another snooze. He had no more than closed his eyes before Poll shrieked again, longer and louder than before. Up jumped the dog, and out he went barking furiously. When he reached the cage, Poll, who had stopped her noise to give the dog a chance, began to bark just as loud as her four-legged associate. Penny choked himself off and gazed on in holy horror. He stood looking at the cage for several minutes. Finally his tail dropped between his legs and he turned round and left the spot. Just as he was going out of the room Poll stopped barking, a sort of pleased expression crept down her jagged beak, and as the dog faded from view she yelled after him, "Good-by, Penny," and without further ado resumed her meditations upon her perch.

The Prophecy of a Greyhound.

Richard II., of England, had a greyhound called Mach, beautiful beyond measure, who would not notice or follow any one but the King. Whenever the King rode abroad the greyhound was loosed by the person who had him in charge, and ran instantly to caress him, by placing his two fore feet on his shoulders. It fell out that as the King and the Duke of Lancaster were conversing in the court of the castle, their horses being ready for them to mount, the greyhound was untied, but instead of running as usual to the King, he left him and leaped to the Duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court, and caressing him as he used to caress the King. The Duke, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the King the meaning of his goodness, saying:

"What does this mean?"

"Cousin," replied the King, "It means a great deal for you and very little for me."

"How?" said the Duke. "Pray explain it."

"I understand by it," answered the King, "that this greyhound fondles and pays his court to you this day, as King of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed; for the natural instinct of the dog shows it to him. Keep him, therefore, by your side, for he will now leave me and follow you."

The Duke of Lancaster treasured up what the King said, and paid attention to the greyhound, who would nevermore follow Richard of Bordeaux, but kept by the side of the Duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men.—*Chronicles of Froissart.*

A Cat Story.

Joel D. Havans, living north of Battle Creek, in Barry county, Mich., has in his possession a most remarkable cat. A short time ago it had a litter of kittens, which were all drowned except one. The bereaved feline mother, coming across a nest of young rats that day, took the young rodents by the neck, deposited them in her own nest, and nursed and fondled them as affectionately as though they were her own flesh and blood. Another cat on the place, in the absence of this adopted mother, caught and killed two of these young rats, but the remaining one is as sleek and fat, and takes as kindly to the old cat as though there were ties of relationship. The cat will fight as quickly to protect this young rat as it will for its remaining kitten.

Henry Clay's Dog.

Mr. Clay had a fine Newfoundland dog that was presented by an admiring friend who lived in Nova Scotia. The dog was very intelligent, and the "Sage of Ashland" trained him with his own hand to perform a number of wonderful tricks, one of which is as follows: In one of the pastures in which Mr. Clay allowed his finest stock to run was a fine well, with a large trough attached, by means of which the cattle were supplied with water. The water was drawn from the well by the bucket-and-spindle system, but it required a great deal of manual labor to keep it in operation.

To avoid this Mr. Clay constructed a small treadmill, attached it to the spindle of the well with an iron crank, and then trained the dog to walk the treadmill. In this manner the trough was kept constantly filled with water, and the clever dog became so accustomed to the performance that, without the necessity of being bid, he made it his duty to watch the well constantly and see that the trough always had in it a sufficient supply of water to keep the coppers of the blooded stock cool.

Mr. Clay loved the dog, and was fond of watching him go through the performance. He would always have the performance exhibited to his visitors, and when the good old canine finally gave up the ghost he had him respectfully buried, and erected at the head of his grave an elegant marble slab.

MISCELLANY.

Curiosities of Animal Life.

The distinguished Leibnitz relates an instance of animal education which is quite exceptional. A countryman, living near Zecta, in Misnia, owned a dog of medium size in which was discovered a disposition to speak—at least, he uttered sounds which so far resembled words in the German tongue that one of the children of the family conceived the extraordinary idea of teaching him to talk. In two years time the young teacher was so far successful as to have taught the dog to correctly pronounce thirty words.

M. Delafond speaks of a German who had educated six rats to a surprising degree. They answered to their names with promptitude, and saluting their spectators with arch grace, executed a score of exercises with much cleverness and quick obedience.

An Englishman by the name of Wildham, in 1774, had the patience to educate several hives of bees and wasps. He displayed a comb full of these insects, and in the space of two minutes caused them to settle upon the hat of one of the spectators. Thence he caused them to alight upon his naked arm and form a muff. They next settled upon his head and face, on which they made a kind of mask. They then marched upon a table according to his orders. That which was most extraordinary in the talents of this singular man was that he could make the same experiments with

whatever swarm was offered to him, and even with wasps and flies, and that he himself was never in any danger of being stung.

Both the mocking-bird and the parrot reproduce with amazing fidelity not only spoken language, with its many-syllabled words and complex sentences, but also the multitudinous sounds and voices of other animals, strains of music, the blowing of whistles, and the various ringing of bells. More than this, there is observable a distinct and unmistakable language among the lower animals. Birds chirp and twitter slower or faster in the communication of their desires to one another; the horse neighs variously, and the dog expresses by twenty different snarls, and growls, and barks, as many shades of feeling, which ideas are understood and responded to by those of his kind to whom they are addressed.

It may be said of the lower animals that, unlike their masters, their virtues are somewhat in excess of their vices. Says Mr. Darwin:

"There can be no doubt that dogs feel shame as distinct from fear, and sometimes very like modesty when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the barking of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity."

As to love, it seems with most of our dumb companions to be all of a passion, as is instanced by every-day experience, and the record of attachments that were strong and enduring as life. The maternal affection is cherished by the brute world to a degree of heroism. There are instances where the dumb parent has starved herself to death in her desperate efforts to supply her offspring with food; others, where she has fought for them until killed; and others, where she has died of grief because of the destruction or disappearance of her infant family.

Gratitude is a leading and very remarkable principle in

the brute, especially expressed by the elephant and the dog. Constancy and devotion follow, and with real magnanimity they will receive good and evil of the same hand, and fulfill every duty with the same unswerving fidelity. These animals have been known to defend their masters directly after being abused by them, and from a sense of duty, a greyhound, after having broken his thigh, has run on till the course was concluded.

Courage and fear are exhibited by animals with singular variation, and while some are brave by inheritance, others are by example. Like human cowards, some animals will shamefully run when they can, and only fight when they must. Animals exhibit both dignity and pride, and often express profound displeasure at insults and uncleanliness. Patience under restraint, industry and moderation, are distinctive animal virtues. Most species will not only refuse to eat a bite more than nature requires, but it is mentioned of a dog, that having once been made intoxicated, he ever afterward snarled when a pewter-pot was even brought into his presence.

The principle of perseverance finds many illustrations in brute life. Robert Bruce is said to have observed a spider make repeated efforts to reach, with his web, a given point on one of the rafters of a barn, the thirteenth and last time succeeding. An ant was once remarked to fail in sixty-nine consecutive attempts to round a sharp corner of a cornice with a burden, but in making the seventieth effort the persevering little creature achieved his end.

A singular sensitiveness is expressed by many animals. Monkeys decidedly dislike being laughed at, and dogs and horses are conscious of much slighter injuries than, at first thought, is conceived. A baboon in the London Zoological Garden is insulted to the extent of a rage, when his keeper reads aloud a letter or book in his presence, and at one

time, so violent was his fit, he bit his own leg until the blood flowed.

The faculty of memory seems to be possessed by all animals, and by some to an astonishing extent. Three years after the perpetration of a certain crime, a Newfoundland dog singled out the murderer of his master from a vast concourse of people, and grasping him by the throat, with terrible vengence, would have shortly killed him. The conduct of the dog resulted in bringing the criminal to a justice which else might have escaped him.

Upon the occasion of a visit of a menagerie to a village, one of the elephants was given, fresh from the mouth of one of the bystanders, a quid of tobacco. The brute spat it upon the ground with evident disgust, and looked ruefully at its donor, who stepped out of his reach. Two years afterward the exhibition revisited the same place, when the tobacco man, passing sufficiently near the elephant, was struck a very severe blow by the trunk of the offended beast.

Animals never forget even general acquaintances, much less their masters, and some bear a grudge for an incredibly long period.

Our dumb friends very generally profit by experience, as is proven by the fact that when once deceived by a trap, ever after avoid such. For this reason young animals are more frequently caught by trappers than old ones. All of the brute creation feel wonder and curiosity, and most of them are expert imatators.

Though monkeys are perhaps the representatives of the latter class, it is largely found also among canary birds, parrots, dogs, horses, and even rats. It is not an uncommon practice for a dog to jump up at the handle of a door as if to open it. A chimpanzee will use a stone to crack a nut, and these and baboons will fight one another with

sticks in hand-to-hand encounters, and exercise the strategy or rolling stones upon the heads of the enemy from heights above. Puppies have been known to lick their feet and wash their faces after the manner of their foster mothers.

The brute creation feel and express anger as distinctly as humans, and are susceptible to the bitterest hatred, if not revenge. Elephants, and especially dogs, are also jealous, sometimes to a degree of envy, and until they are a burden to themselves. All animals are more or less selfish, very generally looking out for number one, and though they rarely become gluttons, they have been known to eat what they did not want only to prevent any other animal from possessing it.

Some Singular Aversions.

Gretry, the composer, could not endure the scent of the rose, neither could Anne of Austria. The mere sight of the queen of flowers was too much for Lady Heneage, bed-chamber woman to Queen Bess; indeed, Kenelm Digby records that her cheeks became blistered when some one laid a white rose upon it as she slept. Her ladyship's antipathy was almost as strong as that of the dame who fainted when her lover approached her wearing an artificial rose in his button-hole. A violet was a thing of horror to the eyes of the Princess de Lamballe; tansy was abominable to an Earl of Barrymore; Scaliger grew pale before the water-cress; and a soldier, who would have scorned to turn his back on a foe, fled without shame from a sprig of rue.

The Secretary of Francis I. used to stop up his nostrils with bread if he saw a dish of apples, to prevent an otherwise inevitable bleeding at the nose. A Polish King had an antipathy to both the smell and sight of this wholesome fruit, and a family of Aquitaine had a hereditary hatred of it. A Flemish damsel was sadly troubled by an uncom-

fortable aversion to the smell of bread. Cheese, mutton, musk, and ambergris have been so repugnant to some nasal organs as to send their owners into convulsions.

A poor Neapolitan was always seized with a fit upon attempting to swallow a morsel of fresh meat of any kind, and Nature thus condemed him to vegetarianism, a sorer affliction than that suffered by Guianerius, whose heart palpitated violently if he indulged in a pork dinner, or by the lady who could not taste of beer without her lips swelling to uncomfortable dimensions. Dr. Prout had a patient who declared honest mutton was as bad as poison to him. Thinking this was all fancy, the Doctor administered the obnoxious meat under various disguises, but every experiment ended in a severe vomiting fit.

Another unlucky individual always had a fit of the gout a few hours after eating fish; and a Count d'Armstadt never failed to go off in a faint if he knowingly or unknowingly partook of a dish containing the slightest modicum of olive oil. A still worse penalty attatched to lobster salad in the case of a lady, for, if she ventured to taste it at a dinner-party, her neck, before she returned to the ball-room, would be covered with ugly blotches, and her peace of mind destroyed for that evening.

According to Burton, a melancholy Duke of Muscovy fell instantly ill if he looked upon a woman; and another authority was seized with a cold palsy under similar provocation. Weinrichur talks of a nobleman who drew the line at old ladies, which did not prevent him losing his life in consequence of his strange prejudice; for being called from the supper-table by some mischievous friends to speak to an old woman, he fell down directly he beheld her, and died then and there. What an old woman did for this old hater, an eclipse did for Charles d'Escaro, Bishop of Langres. It was his inconvenient custom to faint at the com-

mencement of a lunar eclipse, and remain insensible as long as it lasted. When he was very old and very infirm an eclipse took place. The good Bishop went off as usual, and never came to again. Old John Langley, who settled in Ireland in 1651, cherished an antipathy quite as obstinately, but had no idea of dying of it. By his last will and testament he ordered his corpse to be waked by fifty Irishmen, for each of whom two quarts of aqua vitæ were to be provided, "in the hope that, getting drunk, they would take to killing one another, and do something toward lessening the race ."—*Chamber's Jovrnal.*

Some Very Remarkable Statistics !

A Detroiter has been for the last two years collecting and arranging statistics of an odd nature, and if his book is ever published readers will find nothing dry about it. He goes right to business on page 1 by estimating that the number of lickings received by the average boy up to his 14th year is 125. This includes the spanking process during infancy.

Out of every 100,000 people in this country, 19,000 get up cross in the morning, but only a hundred or so remain in that condition very long after breakfast.

Out of 50,000 men only 600 will put up money on a bet. The rest will crawfish around and finally back water on their assertions.

Only 10 women out of every 500 who start out on a journey by railroad consult a railroad-map or have the least idea of the direction they take. Four hundred and ninety-eight worry about their baggage ; 497 are certain they took the wrong train ; 494 wish they never had started.

The risk of being bitten by a dog is greatly overestimated. Out of every 1,000 big and little dogs only two care to get

up a row with the human race, and those two are ready and willing to die.

The number of men who can put in a more pleasant evening down-town than at their own fireside is on the decrease, and the number of wives who are taking a little extra pains to make home more pleasant than a concert-saloon is on the increase.

Out of every 1,000 men who get mad and swear they will see a lawyer about it, only fifteen carry out their intentions.

Out of every 1,000 women who ride on street-cars, only twelve will move along to offer another woman a chance to sit down. Nine hundred and ninety-eight of them argue that it is a man's duty to stand up, even if there is plenty of room; and the other two are supremely indifferent.

Only one woman in 5,000 pays the first price asked for a bonnet, and only one milliner in 1,000,000 expects her to.

The time occupied by the average man in buying a full suit of clothes is just one-fourth the time occupied by the average woman in buying a single pair of stockings.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ✶ END.

"HE NEVER TOLD HIS LOVE."

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA

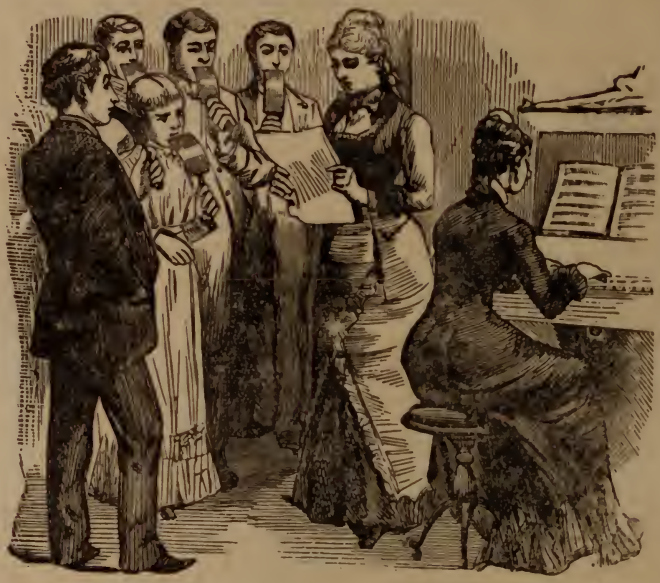
FOR THE **DEAF**, RHODES'

AUDIPHONE.

THE ONLY INVENTION

THAT ENABLES THE DEAF TO HEAR

THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE TEETH, AND THE DEAF AND DUMB TO HEAR AND LEARN TO SPEAK.



A Class of Deaf Mutes Listening to Music for the First Time, by aid of the Audiphone.
From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, Dec. 13, 1879.

INVENTED AND MANUFACTURED BY

RICHARD S. RHODES,

CHICAGO.

PRINCIPAL AMERICAN OFFICE AND AUDIPHONE PARLORS:

Methodist Church Block,

Corner Clark and Washington Sts. CHICAGO, ILL.

PAMPHLETS FREE.